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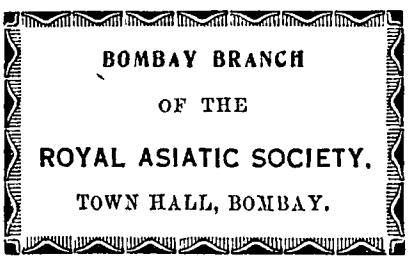

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THE MERRY MONARCH;

OR,

ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES II.

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ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES II.

ITS ART, LITERATURE, AND SOCIETY.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

35618

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

These volumes are designed to furnish the reader with a comprehensive and readable sketch of Society and Literature in the reign of Charles the Second. They will be found to deal with its diarists and poets, its dramatists and actors, its courtiers and musicians, its theologians and essayists, not, indeed, with any attempt at exhaustive criticism, but with a view to present their salient characteristics, and, at the same time, to indicate and illustrate the fertile intellectual activity of the period. It has been no part of my plan to intrude upon the province of the historian, and therefore these pages contain few references to statesmen or soldiers, diplomatists or politicians—the men who make history—or to historical events, except (in one or two instances) as regards their social aspects. Something, however, is said about the Court of Charles the Second; about the Beauties and the Wits to whom it owes its dubious reputation. I am conscious that in this branch of my subject a writer must necessarily "skate upon thin ice;" but I have been careful, I hope, to respect the just susceptibilities of the

reader, and to introduce no particulars with which the most fastidious can reasonably find fault. Originally it was my object to have included within my survey the social condition of the English people generally, and of the squire and the citizen, the parish priest and the peasant particularly—to have offered some illustrations of manners and customs and of domestic life; but a serious illness compelled me to forego this intention, and, so far, my book is incomplete. But I trust it contains in itself enough to interest and entertain the reader, and to render it acceptable as an introduction to the study of a very remarkable period of our national life. It is the result of the labour of many months; and the occasional critical expressions which it embodies are at least the product of independent judgment and careful examination, though, as I have hinted, they do not pretend to be exhaustive.

A work of this kind, however limited in scope or unpretending in execution, must necessarily be based upon a large number of authorities. But from many, perhaps, only a suggestion has been caught or an illustration borrowed, and it is not possible to make these the subject of particular reference.

To others I have been more liberally indebted, and I hope I have included them in the following list:—Samuel Pepys, *Diary*, edit. by Bright; John Evelyn, *Memoirs, comprising his Diary, from* 1641 *to* 1706, ed. by Bray; Sir J. Reresby, *Travels and Memoirs;* Gerard Langbaine, *Account of the English Dramatic Poets;* Baker, *Biographia Dramatica*, ed. by Reed and Jones; Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus;* Colley Cibber, *Apology for His Own Life*, ed. 1740; Jeremy Collier, *Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage; Life of Betterton;* Peter Cunningham,

Nell Gwynn; Dr. DORAN, *Their Majesties' Servants;* P. GENESTE, *Account of the English Stage,* 1660-1820, ed. ten vols., 1832; JESSE, *Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reigns of the Stuarts;* Count HAMILTON, *Memoirs of Count de Grammont;* MRS. JAMESON, *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.;* Dr. BURNEY, *History of Music,* 4to ed.; HAWKINS, *History of Music; Life of Purcell;* HENRI TAINE, *History of English Literature;* Dr. JOHNSON, *Lives of the Poets;* T. ARNOLD, *The English Poets;* Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Life of Dryden* and *Biographies of Novelists;* G. SAINTSBURY, *Dryden's Works,* with Life and Notes; Professor MASSON, *Life of John Milton;* B. H. R. CAPEFIGUE, *La Duchesse de Portsmouth;* CLARENDON; LINGARD; MACAULAY; J. R. GREEN; HERRICK, *Poetical Works,* edit. by Maitland; ABRAHAM COWLEY, *Works,* ed. 1707; SAMUEL BUTLER, *Hudibras,* edit. by GRAY; Sir THOMAS BROWNE, *Works,* edit. by S. WILKIN; Principal TULLOCH, *History of Rational Theology;* Dr. HENRY MORE, *Philosophical Writings,* 4th edit., 1712; Rev. J. HUNT, *History of Religious Thought;* Bishop BURNETT, *History of My Own Time; Life of Jeremy Taylor,* by KEBLE; *Life of Bishop Ken,* by a Layman; RICHARD BAXTER, *Narrative of the Most Memorable Passage of my Life and Times; Life of William Penn,* by HEPWORTH DIXON; &c., &c.

W. H. D. A.

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THE DIARISTS.

JOHN EVELYN. SAMUEL PEPYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DIARISTS.

Not a little valuable and interesting information respecting the inner life of England during the Restoration period, and many important particulars in illustration of current events and historical personages, we owe to the diary of Mr. John Evelyn. It has its significance also as a revelation of character. It shows its author to have been a man of sound judgment and considerable powers of observation and analysis; a man honest and truthful to the core, and with many generous sympathies, though not exempt from narrow partialities and prejudices; a man with some pretensions to culture, with a love of scholarship and scientific inquiry, and, at the same time, a man of sincere devotional temper and unaffected piety. In painting a picture of the England of Charles II., we are apt to crowd the canvas with the glittering figures of courtiers and beauties, wits, gallants, and frail nymphs, to the exclusion of those soberer persons who constituted the real bulk of the English people. But it is important to remember that the age and country which produced and toler-

ated a Rochester and a Buckingham, also produced a John Evelyn, and that he may fairly be taken as a type of the English gentry of that quiet, orderly, but influential class, who, in the next reign, so successfully won the victory of religious and civil liberty against the subtle and insidious efforts of the Crown.

John Evelyn was born at his father's seat, Wotton, in Surrey, on the 31st of October, 1620. He received his earlier education at Lewes Grammar School, and completed it at Balliol College, Oxford. Thence he removed to London to learn a little law as a student in the Middle Temple, and soon afterwards served as a volunteer in an English regiment during a brief campaign in Flanders. Like many other young men of good birth and estate, he inclined towards the Royal party at the outbreak of the Civil War, but failing to overtake the King's army on its march to Gloucester, after the battle of Brentford, he retired to Wotton, where, safe from the tumult and disorder of public affairs, he devoted himself to his favourite pursuits. He had two strong tastes, which influenced his whole life, for books and flowers. To enjoy the former, he built himself a study; to gratify the latter, he embellished his grounds with blooming parterres and leafy groves. Meanwhile, the great struggle between the King and the Parliament increased in intensity and widened its area. Evelyn, happy in his rural retirement, was fain to let the stress and storm pass unheeded, for he was unable to side exclusively with either party, and he felt unfitted to make any conspicuous figure in the noisy theatre of public life. But the Parliament put a strong pressure upon him to declare himself, and to escape from it he withdrew to the Continent.

During his travels in France and Italy, he found numerous opportunities of prosecuting his researches in natural philosophy, a branch of scientific inquiry which greatly interested him. At Paris he was hospitably received by Sir Richard Browne, Charles II.'s ambassador to the French Court; and to his daughter, a maiden of considerable personal gifts and rare accomplishments, he was married on the 24th of June, 1647, when she was scarcely fifteen years of age. In the following September he was compelled to return to England to settle his affairs, which, during his five years' absence, had become somewhat involved, and he left his young wife under the care of an excellent lady and prudent mother. It was not until the early days of August, 1849, that he was able to rejoin her in Paris.

In the spring of 1652 he returned to England, which had settled down quietly under the Commonwealth Government, and prepared to take up his residence at Sayes Court, near Deptford, which had come to him by right of his wife. "I went to Deptford," he writes, "where I made preparation for my settlement, no more intending to go out of England, but endeavour a settled life, either in this or some other place, there being now so little appearance of any change for the better, all being entirely in the rebels' hands, and this particular habitation and the estate contiguous to it (belonging to my father-in-law, actually in His Majesty's service) very much suffering for want of some friend to rescue it out of the power of the usurpers, so as to preserve an interest, and take some care of my other concerns." He was joined by his wife in the following June, and on the 24th of August was born their first child, a son.

When the Parliament confiscated the estates of Sir Richard Browne as those of a Royalist and "malignant," Evelyn obtained permission to purchase Sayes Court. His cultivated mind so recoiled from the turmoil and contention which then vexed the public life of England that he suggested to his friend, Robert Boyle, the establishment of a "college," or retreat, within twenty-five miles of London, where the friends of science and the votaries of philosophy might find an asylum in the *fallentis semita vitæ* from the evil influences of the time and the rude pressure of hostile circumstances. These, however, did but little affect himself, for his moderation of character and equability of temper had secured him friends in the Court of Cromwell. The worst that befell him he notes in his diary, under the date of December 25th, 1657:—

"I went to London with my wife," he writes, "to celebrate Christmas Day, Mr. Gunning preaching in Exeter Chapel on Micah vii., 2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them—some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confined to a room in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, the Countess of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon came Colonel Whalley, Goffe, and others from Whitehall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to the Marshal, some to prison. When I came before them, they took my name and abode, examined me why, contrary to the ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common

Prayers, which they told me was but the Mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Charles Stuart, but for all Christian kings, princes, and governors. They replied, in so doing we prayed for the King of Spain too, who was their enemy and a Papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions, and much threatening; and, finding no colour to detain me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight, and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffering us to finish the office of communion, as, perhaps, not having instructions what to do in case they found us in that action. So I got home late the next day. Blessed be God!"

A month later, and Evelyn experienced his first great domestic sorrow in the loss of his eldest son, Richard, a boy of five years old, of whose remarkable parts and many childish graces he has drawn a beautiful portrait. It is difficult, perhaps, to believe that at so tender an age the child could have been such a prodigy for wit and understanding, such a very angel for beauty of body, and such a wonder for mental endowments as his father represents him. Allowance must be made, no doubt, for the warmth of colouring natural to parental affection; but even then it is clear enough that he was signally worthy of the love which was poured out upon him so lavishly.

"To give but a taste of his quality," says Evelyn, "and thereby glory to God, who 'out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect His praises,' he

had learned all his Catechism; at two years and a half old he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. In grammar, both English and Latin, he had, by his fifth year, made great progress, could write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and he was accustomed to act the parts of such plays as he remembered. On one occasion, observing a copy of Plautus in a friend's hand, he asked what book it was, and when told it was too difficult for him, burst into tears. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and their morals, for he had read Æsop to good purpose. His mathematical capacity was wonderful; he had by heart several of Euclid's propositions which had simply been read to him in play, and would 'make lines' and demonstrate them. But the most pleasing feature of his character was his earnest and unaffected piety; he had a lively sense of the power and goodness and mercy of God, and of the redeeming work of Christ. Astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion; he had learned all his Catechism early, and acquired an intelligent knowledge of the Bible. Nor did he fail to understand his own responsibility; that, knowing what he did, he must take upon himself the promises which his godfathers had made on his behalf at his baptism."

During his illness he behaved with a composure and a sweetness of temper and a patience which would have done honour to an aged Christian. He would of himself select the most pathetic psalms and chapters out of Job to read to the maid who waited on him; and when she used any expressions of pity, he would reply, that all

God's children must suffer affliction. "He declaimed against the vanities of the world before he had seen any," says his father, so that the declamation must have been somewhat unreal and superfluous. He would ask those who came to see him to pray by him. The day before his death he called his father to his side, and, with much seriousness, told him that he must give house and land and all his possessions to his younger son, John, for that he, Richard, would have none of them. Next morning, being very ill, he was persuaded to keep his hands under the bedclothes, whereupon he asked, with a natural touch of childish simplicity, whether he might pray to God with his hands unfolded. Shortly afterwards, as his sufferings became severer, he inquired whether he should not offend God by using His holy name so often in calling for ease. His parents, watching by his bedside, were moved to tears by his frequent pathetic ejaculations. And so he passed away from a world in which he could not have tarried longer without receiving some stain or blot on the whiteness of his childish soul.

Deep and strong as was Evelyn's sorrow, he did not permit it to interrupt his literary pursuits or to deaden his interest in the welfare of his country. He published translations from Lucretius and St. Chrysostom, and his horticultural tastes found expression in "The French Gardener." In 1659 he issued what he himself calls his "bold" "Apology for the Royal Party," and a vigorous reply to an attack upon Charles II., which he entitled, "The Late News, or Message from Brussels Unmasked." It is a signal tribute to his high character, and a proof of the respect it commanded, that, though well-known to be a Royalist, he was left unmolested during the Common-

wealth period. His long life covered the stirring and chequered times of the Civil War, the Restoration, and the Revolution; yet, though he never abandoned a conscientious opinion, nor stooped to adulation of the ruling powers, he sustained no injury in person or property. This fact may also be accepted as evidence of the comparatively slight social dislocation occasioned by the changes in the government of the country. Evelyn's friendships, we may add, included men of all parties in Church and State, who were prompt to admire the honourable consistency with which he adhered to his own principles, while extending an enlightened and a liberal tolerance to those of others. On the whole, it may fairly be said that a young Englishman cannot do better than bear in his mind the example of Evelyn, as containing nothing but what is imitable, and nothing but what is good. All persons, indeed, may find in his character something worthy of imitation; but for an English gentleman he is, as Southey says, the perfect model.

In one of his letters to the poet Cowley, who had made for himself, at Chertsey, a retreat from the busy world, whence he professed to regard, in the Lucretian spirit, the *magnum mare* of its passions and ambitions, Evelyn writes: "I pronounce it to you from my heart as oft as I consider it, that I look on your fruitions with inexpressible emulation, and should think myself more happy than crowned heads were I, as you, the arbiter of mine own life, and could break from those gilded toys to taste your well-described joys with such a wife and such a friend, whose conversation exceeds all that the mistaken world calls happiness." Such may, at times, have been Evelyn's private aspiration, but he fully recognized it to

be the duty of every citizen to undertake such service as the commonwealth may impose upon him; and, indeed, in his "Public Employment, and an Active Life, Preferred to Solitude and All Its Appendages," a reply to Sir George Mackenzie's well-known panegyric on Solitude, he very forcibly presses the argument in favour of active intercourse with the world as a means of doing good. As he taught, so he practised. He held a succession of responsible and laborious posts which did not carry with them any great distinction or considerable emoluments; those posts in which an honest man may serve his country unobtrusively, but effectively. In 1662, we find him appointed a Commissioner for reforming the ways, streets, and buildings of London. In 1664, he was on a Commission for reorganizing and regulating the Mint; and in the same year was chosen one of the Commissioners for the care of the sick and wounded in the Dutch Wars. He was also on the Commission for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral, whose labours were rendered unnecessary by the destruction of the Cathedral in the Great Fire of 1666. In the same year we find him engaged on a Commission for regulating the manufacture of saltpetre; and in 1671, he appears as a Commissioner of Plantations on the establishment of that Board, to which, in 1672, was added the Council of Trade. In 1685, the last year of Charles II.'s reign, he acted as one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal during the absence of the Earl of Clarendon in Ireland. On the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, in 1695, he was appointed a Commissioner; and on the 30th of June, 1696, laid the first stone of the stately pile which commemorates Queen Mary's patriotic interest in the mariners of England. He was also ap-

pointed to the Treasurership, worth £200 a year, but he tells us that a long time elapsed before he received any portion of his salary.

There can be no doubt that in these various public capacities he did the State good service, not only by the industrious exercise of his administrative talents, but by the splendid example he set of disinterestedness and integrity, and the true patriotic spirit. Still more valuable, however, was the result of his literary labours; especially that "Diary" of his, which has not only an historical importance, but is deeply interesting as a vivid picture of certain phases of the social life of England in the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is in connection with this "Diary" that his name is chiefly celebrated. It differs greatly from that of garrulous Pepys—it is graver, more earnest, is less crowded with personal details; has in it more of the judicious historian, and less of the scandalous gossiper. Naturally, the two Diaries differ exactly in those points in which the characters of the two writers differed. Much that Evelyn revered Pepys despised or ignored; and what interested Pepys had no attraction for the serious Evelyn. The latter had no curiosity; the former was the Paul Pry of diarists, going everywhere, seeing everything, and inquiring about everybody. He was as graphic as a modern reporter, as inquisitive as an American interviewer. But Evelyn is always the sedate and scholarly gentleman, who regards men and manners from an elevated standpoint. He wrote his "Diary," as it were, in full dress, in the leisure and lettered seclusion of his library; Pepys jotted down his ciphers in the privacy of his chamber, with his wig thrown off, and his hose down at heel. The two resemble each other only in their zeal for the public service.

Upon his literary work, as a whole, we may adopt the criticism of the elder Disraeli: "His manner of arranging his materials, and his mode of composition, appear excellent. Having chosen a subject, he analysed it into his various parts, under certain heads, or titles, to be filled up at leisure. Under these heads he set down his own thoughts as they occurred, occasionally inserting whatever was useful from his reading. When his collections were thus formed, he digested his own thoughts regularly, and strengthened them by authorities from ancient and modern authors, or alleged his reasons for dissenting from them. His collections in time became voluminous, but he then exercised that judgment which the framers of such collections are usually deficit in. With Hesiod he knew that 'half is better than the whole,' and it was his aim to express the quintessence of his reading, but not to give it in a crude state to the world, and when his *treatises* were sent to the press, they were not half the size of his collections."

Next to his "Diary," his most valuable composition is the famous "Sylva; or, a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesty's Dominions," in which an enormous number of useful details and valuable facts have been felicitously arranged and admirably condensed. It was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society, of which Evelyn was one of the founders, by the Commissioners of the Navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. Its effect was immediate, and a national benefit. In the dedication to Charles II., prefixed to one of the later editions, its author says: "I need not acquaint your Majesty how many millions of timber-trees, besides infinite others, have been propagated and planted

throughout your vast dominions, at the instigation and by the sole direction of this work, because your Majesty has been pleased to own it publicly for my encouragement." This was a service to his country of which Evelyn might justly have been proud.

His other writings include: "Fumifugium; or, 'The Air and Smoke of London Dissipated" (1661), treating of an evil which still exists, and in an aggravated form; "Sculptura; or, The History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving on Copper" (1662); "Kalendarium Hortense; or, The Gardener's Almanac" (1664); "Terra," printed for the Royal Society in 1675; "Navigation and Commerce: their History and Progress"—an introduction to a History of the Dutch War, written at the request of Charles II., but not completed, probably because the author insisted on a straightforward statement of facts disagreeable to the King; "Numismata: a Learned Discourse on Medals" (1697); and "Aretaria: a Discourse of Sallets" (1699). Of a lighter character was his gentle satire on ladies' frippery (in the composition of which he was assisted by his daughter Mary), the "Mundus Muliebris; or, The Ladies' Dressing-Room Unlocked, and her Toilette Spread. In Burlesque. Together with the Fop Dictionary, Compiled for the Use of the Fair Sex."

At Sayes Court, which had long been famous for its graceful and gracious hospitality to men of science and of letters from all parts of Europe, Evelyn, in 1698, accommodated Peter the Great, with results which were far from satisfactory. It was natural enough that he should be disgusted by the filthy habits of the Czar and his courtiers, who filled the house with people "right

nasty," and indulged in loud noises and bowls of brandy. The beautiful and "most bocaresque gardens" they injured grievously; and it was a favourite amusement with the Czar to drive his wheelbarrow right through the holly-hedge which was Evelyn's joy and pride, and over the lawns and flower-beds in which he took so innocent and great a pleasure. Of this hedge he speaks in his "Sylva": "Is, there under the heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can show in my now ruined garden at Sayes Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy), at any time of the year glittering with its armed and varnished leaves; the taller standards at orderly distances blushing with their natural coral? It mocks the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers—*Et illum nemo impune lacessit.*"*

At Sayes Court Peter, with his barbarous Muscovites, stayed about three months, taking his departure on the 21st of April. For the damage done by him the Treasury allowed Evelyn a compensation of £162.

* Pepys, in his "Diary," has some references to Evelyn's gardens at Sayes Court:—"*May* 5, 1665.—After dinner to Mr. Evelyn's; he being abroad, we walked in his garden, and a lovely noble ground he hath indeed. And, among other rarities, a hive of bees, so as, being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mighty pleasantly." . . . "*November* 5. By water to Deptford, I then made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in tints; in distemper, in Indian ink, water-colours, graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tints, and the manners of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his "Hortus Hyemalis," leaves laid up in a book of several, or plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than an Herbal. A fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others."

On the death of his elder brother, Evelyn succeeded to the family estate of Wotton, in Surrey, where he indulged to the full his passion for gardening and planting. He speaks of it in his "Diary" with the pride of a fond affection: "The mansion-house," he says, "is situated in the most southern part of the shire, and though in a valley, yet really upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from it summit. The house, large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods, as, in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton person to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance. I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural and (until this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expanses) the most magnificent that England afforded, and which indeed gave one of the first examples of that elegancy since so much in vogue, and followed in the management of their waters, and other ornaments of that nature."

His latter years Evelyn spent very happily amidst the Arcadian pleasures of sylvan Wotton, with the exception of occasional residences in London, where he retained a house. In the Great Storm of 1703 (which both Defoe and Addison have commemorated), he notes that upwards of 200 trees were thrown down in his demesnes, "several of which," he says, "torn up by their fall, raised mounds of earth near 20 feet high, with great stones entangled

among the roots and rubbish, and this almost within sight of my dwelling, now no more Wotton (*i.e.*, Wood-town), but stripped and naked, and almost ashamed to own its name."

Evelyn died at his London residence on the 27th of February, 1705-6, and, in accordance with his own request, was interred at Wotton, though not in the spot he himself had indicated. In his will he says: "I would rather be deposited and laid in a plain vault of brick, with my dear wife, if she thought fit, under the oval circle of the laurel grove planted by me at Wotton, with a plain marble stone, and on it a pedestal of black marble, bearing an urn of white marble, which would be no great expense; otherwise, let my grave be in the corner of the dormitory of my ancestors, near to that of my father and pious mother." He does not sleep in "the laurel grove," but in "the dormitory," where a coffin-shaped tomb bears the following inscription:—

"Here lies the body of JOHN EVELYN, ESQ., of this place, second son of Richard Evelyn, Esq., who, having served the Public in several Employments (of which that of Commissioner of the Privy Seal in the reign of King James the Second was most honourable), and perpetuated his fame by far more lasting Monuments than those of Stone or Brass, his learned and useful Works, fell asleep the 27th day of February, 1705-6, being the 86th year of his age—in full hope of a glorious Resurrection through faith in Jesus Christ.

"Living in an age of extraordinary Events and Revolutions, he learnt (as himself asserted) this Truth, which, pursuant to his intention, is here declared:—That all is Vanity which is not Honest, and that there is no solid Wisdom but in real Piety."

We proceed to select from his Diary some interesting passages in illustration (1) of the writer's character, and (2) of the manners and customs of the age in which he lived.

Here is a description of a scene, which, in its coarse brutality, was a not altogether unfitting prologue to the tragi-comedy of Charles II.'s reign. The date is January 30th, 1661:—

"[This] was the first solemn mass and day of humiliation to deplore the sins which so long had provoked God against this afflicted church and people, ordered by Parliament to be annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of the execrable murder of the late King.

"This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcases of those anti-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned His Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the usurper) dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster, among the kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people, who had seen them in all their pride, being spectators. Look back at October 22nd, 1658 [Oliver Cromwell's funeral], and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!"

A higher interest attaches to our next quotation:—

"1661: May 3rd.—I went to see the wonderful engine for weaving silk stockings, said to have been the invention of an Oxford scholar, forty years since."

The credit of inventing the stocking-frame is generally attributed to William Lee, who is said to have been a native of Woodborough, near Nottingham, a man of good

estate, and a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge. According to a picturesque tradition, he invented the knitting machines in 1589, because a pretty girl with whom he was in love paid more attention to her knitting than to his soft speeches. It is, at all events, a fact that, in Cromwell's time, the London stocking-weavers petitioned to be incorporated as a guild; and in their petition they attach the name of Lee to the stocking-frame as its inventor.

"August 9th.—I tried several experiments on the sensitive plant and *humilis*, which contracted with the least touch of the sun through a burning-glass, though it rises and opens only when it shines on it.

"November 10th.—In the afternoon preached at the Abbey, Dr. Basire, that great traveller, or rather French Apostle, who had been planting the Church of England in divers parts of the Levant and Asia. He showed that the Church of England was, for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under Heaven, *that England was the very land of Goshen*" (including, of course, Charles II.'s. Court, with its gallants and harlots).

"November 26th.—I saw 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since His Majesty's being so long abroad."

As a commentary on Dr. Basire's sermon, take the following:—

"January 6th, 1662.—This evening, according to custom, His Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy-chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1,500.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about

£1,000, and left them still at passage, cards, &c. At other tables, both there and at the Groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a Court, which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom."

"February 20th.—This night was buried in Westminster Abbey the Queen of Bohemia [Elizabeth, daughter of James I.], after all her sorrows and afflictions being come to die in the arms of her nephew, the King: also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as never was seen the like in any man's memory, especially the tempest of wind, being south-west, which subverted, besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimneys (amongst others that of my parlour at Sayes Court), and made such havoc at land and sea, that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time; so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation—and Court."

"August 17th.—Being the Sunday when the Common Prayer Book, reformed and ordered to be used for the future, was appointed to be read, and the solemn League and Covenant to be abjured by all the incumbents of England under penalty of losing their livings."

Of the water-pageants in which our ancestors delighted, before the Thames became the *cloaca maxima* of a great city, we have a specimen under the date of August 22nd:—

"I was spectator of the most magnificent triumph* that

* A general term for public pageants, shows, and processions. Frequently used by Shakespeare:—"With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity. . . ." "With stately triumphs. . . ." "Those triumphs held at Oxford."

ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed and adorned with all imaginable pomp, but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the Lord Mayor and Companies, with various inventions, music and peals of ordnance both from the vessels and the shores, going to meet and conduct the new Queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the first time of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian Bucentaras, &c., on the Ascension, when they go to espouse the Adriatic. His Majesty and the Queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state, or canopy, of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons, and garlands."

It was on this occasion that a speaker in the waterman's barge thus addressed the King:—"God blesse thee, King Charles, and thy good woman there; and blest creature she is, I warrant thee, and a true. Go thy ways for a wag! thou hast had a merry time on't in the West; I need say no more! But do'st hear me? Don't take it in dudgeon that I am so familiar with thee; thou may'st take it rather kindly, for I am not alwayes in this good humour; though I *thee* thee, and *thou* thee, I am no Quaker, take notice of that."

Pepys says that on this occasion there were at least 1,000 barges and boats—"we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen."

A water-pageant was always a part of the Show on Lord Mayor's Day; the civic ruler going to Westminster in his gorgeously-gilded barge, with much pomp and circumstance, and speeches for the occasion being duly prepared

by the civic poets-laureate, who, in the Tudor reigns, were men of literary mark, such as Webster, Dekker, Peele, and Munday. During the Civil War, and under the Protectorate, these pageants seem to have been omitted,* though some attempt at their revival was made by the Mayor, Sir John Dethick, in 1655, and by Sir Richard Chiverton in 1657. At the Restoration they resumed all their ancient brilliancy. The designer of the Show in 1660, and in many succeeding years, was John Tatham; then came Thomas Jordan. The last was Elkanah Settle, who invented the yearly shows until 1708, and annually published descriptions of them. So says Pope:—

> "'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave,
> Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
> Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and wans,
> Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad fans,
> Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
> That lived in Settle's numbers one day more."

The Mayoral banquet was frequently attended by Charles II. When he was entertained by Sir Robert Clayton, a "prodigious rich scrivener," the wines were so strong and so plentiful that both host and royal guest grew exceedingly merry, and the Mayor, on Charles's rising to depart, hiccuped a request that he would sit down and "take t'other bottle." To this "the Merry Monarch" good-humouredly assented, humming the words of the old song—

> "The man that is drunk is as great as a king!"

"Sept. 16th, 1668.—There died of the Plague in London this week, 1,100; and, in the week following, above 2,000."

* Evelyn, on 29th October, 1661, writes: "I saw the Lord Mayor pass in his water triumph to Westminster, being the first solemnity of this nature after twenty years."

"Aug. 8th.—Died this week in London 4,000."

"Aug. 13th.—There perished this week 5,000."

"Sept. 7th.—Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn might be next."

"Oct. 11th.—To London, and went through the whole city, having occasion to alight out of the coach in several places about business of money, when I was environed with multitudes of poor pestiferous creatures begging alms; the shops universally shut up, a dreadful prospect."

Of this dreadful visitation, the Great Plague of London, the first official notice seems to have been an Order in Council, dated April 26th, 1665, announcing that it had broken out in the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and directing certain measures to be taken for arresting its progress. These, however, proved ineffectual, and the pestilence rapidly swept over the whole of the metropolis, making its way into the city proper towards the end of June. People then began to hurry into the country while there was yet time to escape; for, as soon as the infection became general, a strict cordon was drawn round the plague-stricken capital, to prevent the disease from being carried into the provinces. In July the King fled with his Court, and took refuge in Salisbury, leaving London in charge of Monk, Duke of Albemarle. A deep sense of despair seems to have settled down upon the inhabitants, whose gloom was deepened by the restrictions enforced upon neighbourly relations, and even

upon the intercourse of families. A red cross was branded on the door of every house where the fatal disease showed itself, and thenceforward that house was cut off, as it were, from the outer world. At night the carts rattled through the silent streets to collect the bodies of the dead and convey them to the pits, into which they were huddled without the sacred offices of the Church. Trade and commerce almost entirely ceased their action, and the horror of the situation was increased by a growing scarcity of provisions. The selfishness latent in human nature displayed itself with ghastly ostentation; the sick were left to suffer unattended; a suspected house was shunned even by the ministers of religion. "London," says Defoe, "might well be said to be all in tears; the mourners did not go about the streets, indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relatives were perhaps dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them. Tears and lamentations were seen in almost every house, especially in the first part of the visitation, for towards the latter end men's hearts were hardened, and death was so always before their eyes, that they did not so much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that themselves should be summoned the next hour."

The Rev. Thomas Vincent, one of the Nonconforming clergy, who bravely remained in the infected city, thus describes the condition of affairs in August:—"Now

people fall as thick," he says, "as the leaves in autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets; every day looks with the face of a Sabbath day, observed with a greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Now shops are shut in, people rare and very few that walk about, insomuch that the grass begins to spring up in some places, and a deep silence in every place, especially within the walls. No prancing horses, no rattling coaches, no calling in customers nor offering wares, no London cries sounding in the ears. If any voice be heard, it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves. Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help. Now, in some places, where the people did generally stay, not one house in a hundred but what is affected, and in many houses half the family is swept away; in some, from the eldest to the youngest: few escape but with the death of one or two. Never did so many husbands and wives die together; never did so many parents carry their children with them to the grave, and go together into the same house under earth who had lived together in the same house upon it. Now the nights are too short to bury the dead: the whole day, though at so great a length, is hardly sufficient to light the dead that fall thereon into their graves."

London was virtually put into perpetual quarantine by the alarmed country people, who, at a distance of even forty and fifty miles from the capital, were afraid to purchase anything that came from its marts, or to allow any

of its inhabitants to enter their houses. And, in the city itself, transactions were necessarily conducted with the utmost precaution:—"When anyone bought a joint of meat in the market, they would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but have it put into a pot full of vinegar, which he kept for that purpose. The buyer carried always small money, to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change. They carried bottles for scents and perfumes in their hands, and all the means that could be used were employed; but then the poor could not do even these things, and they went on at all hazards." The grotesque mingled with the terrible, as it always does, and quacks found ready customers for the "only true plague-water" and the "infallible preventive pills." It is sad to relate that the national clergy at this great crisis shrank timorously from their duty. "Most of the conformable ministers fled," says Baxter, "leaving their flocks in the hour of most urgent need;" it was only the nonconforming clergy who remained at the post of danger, which was also the post of honour; who went, though prohibited by a harsh and unjust law, into the forsaken pulpits, preached to the poor people before they died, visited the sick, and relieved the distressed. The fashionable physicians exhibited the same ignoble regard for their own safety. It would seem that the courage and manliness of the higher classes had deteriorated under the evil influence of a dissolute and luxurious Court.

There are some touches in Pepys which bring out most vividly the dark and unwholesome aspects of this terrible visitation. On the 3rd August he went on a visit to Dept-

ford, and met Lord Crewe returning to the town. The journey was shortened by Mr. Man's narrative of a maid-servant of a Mr. John Wright, living thereabout, who, having fallen sick of the plague, was removed to an out-house, and put in charge of a nurse, but during the latter's absence got out at the window and ran away. "The nurse coming and knocking, and, having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in a great strait what to do to get her buried. At last, resolved to go to Burntwood [Brentwood] hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frighted him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And, passing, in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother, being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in a silk dress, and struck mightily."

Can one conceive of anything ghastlier?

On one August evening he goes from Brentford to Queenhivė [Queenhithe]: "I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere," he writes, "for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God! met none, but did see now and then a link, which is the mark of them, at a distance."

On another occasion he walks to Greenwich: "In my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome Farm, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed any body to bury it; but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence: *this disease making us more hard to one another than we are to dogs.*"

On the 30th of August he writes: "Lord! how every body's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else; and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken" And on the 31st: "In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the Plague. But it is found that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them."

Early in September the still and lonely streets assumed another aspect. In the middle of each a large bonfire was kindled, and kept alight night and day, for the purification of the air. Every six houses on each side of the way were assessed towards the expense of maintaining it. A heavy rain extinguished them; but as the colder weather approached the disease began to diminish in intensity, and as the weekly death-total lowered, the people recovered their confidence. A few shops were opened. Fugitives returned. Intercourse with the outer world was gradually renewed. The King and Court, who had done nothing to reassure the inhabitants, or relieve their anxieties, made their appearance. In the first week of March the deaths by the plague had decreased to

42. By the end of April it was almost extinct, after having carried off upwards of a hundred thousand victims; and Londoners were free to turn their thoughts to the war with Holland, and the severe naval disasters, into which an arbitrary and incompetent Government had hurried the country.

A three days' sea-fight, in which Monk, at the head of an inferior force, had bravely but unsuccessfully withstood the Dutch under De Ruyter, ended in the loss of several English war-ships, and the retreat of the rest to Dover. On the 15th of June Mr. Evelyn went to Sheerness: "There I beheld the sad spectacle—more than half that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered; hardly a vessel entire, but appearing so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us." The "sad sight" drew from him a confession that "none knew for what reason we first engaged in this ungrateful war."

While the kingdom was thus convulsed by the combined shocks of war and pestilence, another affliction befell it: the destruction by fire of a great portion of its capital. We turn to the Diary of Mr. Evelyn, and under the date of "Sunday, September the 2nd," we read:—

"This fatal night, about ten, begun that deplorable fire near Fish Street, in London."

On that same night, or rather, at three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Pepys was standing in his night-gown at his bedroom window in Seething Lane, and from the glare and glow of the western sky, judging the fire was some distance off, grew sufficiently relieved to go to bed again, and to sleep. It had broken out in the house of a baker named Farryan, at Pudding Lane, near the Tower, and impelled by a strong east wind, swept over the city for

three nights and days, until it terminated at Pye Corner, in Giltspur Street.

"September 3rd.—The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

"The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when co-inspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air,

and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, nor seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, of the last day. London was, but is no more!"

Let us turn for a moment to Mr. Pepys. Taking a boat at the Tower Stairs, he proceeded slowly up the river, which was red with the flames of the burning houses at the water-side. Distracted people were hurrying to get their little property on board the lighters; no effort was anywhere being made, and probably none would then have

been successful, to check the progress of the conflagration. Pepys arrived at Whitehall, and told his story to the King, begging him, as the only possible mode of stopping the fire, to order houses to be pulled down. The King sent him to the Lord Mayor with the necessary instructions. In Cannon Street he encountered the dazed and terrified magistrate, who exclaimed: "Lord! what can I do? I am spent. People will not obey me." He had been pulling down houses, had been up all night, and weary and distraught, must go home and refresh himself. Later in the day, Pepys embarked at Paul's wharf on another tour of inspection. He fell in with the Royal barge, carrying the King and the Duke of York, who ordered the immediate demolition of a number of houses; but the fire swept on with such rapidity that little could be done. The river (says Pepys) was full of lighters and boats taking in goods, while "good goods" were floating about in the water; and he noted—a proof of the old English love of music—that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but had also a pair of virginals. It was a warm, fine evening, and Pepys remained on the river until late, though showers of sparks fell about him like a rain of fire. The flakes would leap up from a burning house, and then descend upon another many yards distant, and set that a-burning. As in many streets the buildings were all of timber, with thatched roofs, while the Thames Street warehouses were stored with oil and brandy, and pitch and tar, we need not wonder at the swift, resistless advance of the destroyer. As night came on, Pepys landed at the little ale-house on the Bankside, where he stayed and saw the fire grow "in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and

houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fire-flame of an ordinary fire.'

On Tuesday, September 4th, the whole south part of the city, as far as Ludgate Hill, was burning, and the fire began to take hold of the great Cathedral of St. Paul's, which was surrounded by scaffolding for its repair. "The stones of Paul's flew like grenades, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied; the eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward." On this day the houses near the Tower were blown up, and the same judicious expedient was adopted in other places.

On the 5th the fire moved towards Whitehall, throwing the Court into a state of great excitement. It is only fair to say that Charles and the Duke of York on this occasion set an admirable example, and particular streets were now given in charge to gentlemen of the Court, who directed the means of extinguishing the flames. The people took heart, and vigorously carried out the orders given to them. The civic authorities no longer ignored the advice which some seamen had proffered at the outset, that the houses should be blown up before the flames reached them. "It now pleased God," says Evelyn, "by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it begun sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no further than the Temple westward,' nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so

impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair: it also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently rage upon the rest as previously. There was yet no standing near the burning and glaring ruins by near a furlong's space.

"The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

"In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound."

On the 6th Mr. Pepys was up about five o'clock, and went with his men to Bishopsgate, which had hitherto escaped, but where now the fire had broken out. This gave great grounds to people, and to me too, says Pepys, to think there is some kind of plot at work; but he went with the men, and did put it out in a little time, so that that was well again. "It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out and put into beer and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and

over to Southwark, and took boat on the other side of the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom, but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch, but to the Swan, and there was trimmed, and then to White Hall, but saw nobody, and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it [the fire] stopped."

To relieve the wants of the poor and houseless liberal contributions were made by the King, the nobility, and the clergy. Collections were made in those parts of the city which had not suffered by the visitation, and alms distributed daily to the needy. At one time peril of famine seemed imminent, but the King issued proclamations calling upon the country people to bring in supplies of provisions, and facilities were offered to the people to leave the ruins by a royal decree that they should be at liberty to pursue their occupations in all towns and cities, a guarantee being given that such reception should entail no material burthen upon parishes. Truly it can have been no hardship to quit a scene so desolate and dreary! Few of us but know the bleak and cheerless aspect of the ruin caused by fire: the blackened, shattered walls, the confused mass of wreckage and dilapidation, the silence and confusion where but a few hours before all was order, and life, and comfort. Think of this miserable picture when extended over so wide an area as was covered by the Great Fire! think of the misery and gloom represented by the destruction of nine and eighty churches, thirteen thousand

two hundred dwelling-houses, a vast number of stately public buildings, hospitals, schools, and libraries! The total amount of the loss in money has been estimated at £7,335,000.*

Speaking of this historic event, Richard Baxter says:— "It was a sight that might have given any man a lively sense of the vanity of this world, and all the wealth and glory of it, and of the future conflagration of all the world. To see the flames mount up towards heaven, and proceed so furiously without restraint: To see the streets filled with people astonished, that had scarce sense left them to lament their own calamity: To see the fields filled with heaps of goods; and sumptuous buildings, ruinous rooms, costly furniture, and household stuff, yea, warehouses and furnished shops and libraries, all on a flame, and none durst come near to receive anything: To see the King and nobles ride about the streets, beholding all these desolations, and none could afford the least relief: To see the air, as far as could be beheld, so filled with the smoke, that the sun shone through it with a colour like blood; yea, even when it was setting in the west, it so appeared to them that dwelt on the west side of the city. But the dolefullest sight of all was afterwards, to see what a ruinous, confused place the city was, by chimnies and steeples only standing in the midst of cellars and heaps of rubbish; so that it was hard to know where the streets had been, and dangerous, of a long time, to pass through the ruins, because of vaults and fire in them. No man that seeth not such a thing can have a right apprehension of the

* Happily, only eight lives were lost; and by sweeping away the reeking, squalid lanes and alleys of the East End, the Great Fire may possibly have prevented the return of the Plague.

dreadfulness of it." But on the insolent courtiers who fluttered round the King, and on the higher classes generally, no such impression seems to have been produced. "None of the nobility," says Pepys, "came out of the country at all to help the King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions." The courtiers said that the rebellious city being ruined, the King was absolute, and indeed, had never been truly king before. One profligate young naval commander "made mighty sport of it," and rejoiced that the citizens' wives might be corrupted at a reduced cost.

In his "Annus Mirabilis" Dryden concludes his description of the Fire with a reference to the popular superstition which associated it and the Plague with the appearance of two comets:—

> "The utmost malice of the stars is past,
> And two dire comets, which have scourged the town,
> In their own Plague and Fire have breathed their last,
> Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown."

It might well be thought that, after two such terrible visitations, "the utmost malice of the stars" had, indeed, been exhausted; but England's cup of bitterness was not yet full. She had drunk deep of national disaster; she had yet to drink of national disgrace. The Fire and the Pestilence were evils for which her people were hardly responsible; but the appearance of a foreign fleet in the Medway was directly owing to their own weakness—to the decay of the old patriotic spirit. The England of Cromwell and Blake had undergone a pitiful change; the heroic temper of her sons had deteriorated under the corrupting influence of a venal Government and profligate Court.

Writing on the 31st of December, 1666, Pepys says: "Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to

this nation. Public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. . . . A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men thus fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, Good Lord deliver us." The few war-ships in commission were commanded by gay young nobles, wholly ignorant of sea affairs, one of whom had the audacity to say that he hoped not to see "a tarpaulin"—that is, a seaman—in command of a ship for a twelvemonth; while the tarpaulins themselves complained sadly that "the true English valour we talk of is almost spent and worn out." In the spring of 1667 it was well-known that Holland was making strenuous preparations to uphold and confirm her claim to naval supremacy.

> "Each day they bring the tale, and that too true,
> How strong the Dutch their equipage renew."

But the Government made no effort to meet the coming danger. The House of Commons had voted reluctant supplies, conscious that they would never be applied to the objects for which they were nominally designed; and the King's treasurer had expended them on the King's mistresses and the gilded profligacy of the Court. The arsenals and dockyards remained unemployed. "Meantime," says Marvell:—

> "Meantime through all the yards their orders run
> To lay the ships up, cease the keels begun.
> The timber rots, the useless axe doth rust;
> Th' unpractised saw is buried in its dust;
> The busy hammer sleeps, the ropes untwine,
> The store and wages all are mine and thine;
> Along the masts and harbours they take care
> That money lacks, our forts be in repair."

When the Dutch fleet of seventy ships, under the famous Admiral De Ruyter, appeared off the Nore, neither ships nor ports were manned, and not a shot was fired to stay their progress up the river. The authorities in London at last awoke to a sense of their dangerous position; and Monk, Duke of Abermarle rushed down—"in his shirt," says Marvell—to Gravesend, "with a great many idle lords and gentlemen." He collected a few score dock-yard men; raised a couple of rude and feeble batteries, and sunk seven ships in the Medway to obstruct its channel. The Dutch fleet, continuing to advance, reached Sheerness on the 11th of June. "The alarm was so great," writes Evelyn, "that it put both country and city into fear—a panic and consternation, such as I hope I shall never see more; everybody was flying, none knew why or whither." The Dutch fleet, assisted by a high tide and a strong east wind, entered the Medway, broke the chains and booms, easily silenced the batteries, and proceeded to attack Upnor Castle. This fort, however, was so strongly defended that the Dutch made little impression upon it. They then directed their fire against the men-of-war which lay at anchor in the river; as these were unprotected, their crews were soon overpowered. Three of them (the *Royal London*, the *Great James*, and the *Royal Oak*) were burned to the water's edge; and one, the *Royal Charles*, which had brought the King to England in 1660, was carried away as a memorial of victory. In connection with the loss of the *Royal Oak* occurred an incident which is the only bright spot in this dreary record of national disgrace. Captain Douglas, its commander, had made the stoutest defence within his means, and done his best to keep off the enemy. But the Dutch

fire-ships succeeded in setting his vessel on fire, and the flames spread with a rapidity that baffled all human effort to arrest them. The crew sprang overboard and made for the shore. The officers, as they left the blazing wreck, entreated the brave Douglas to follow their example. But, like the Roman sentry at Pompeii, the heavens might fall, and yet he would not desert the post of duty. "Never was it known," he exclaimed, "that a Douglas quitted his post without orders!" Calm and resolute, he remained upon the burning poop, the only man who in that day of shame upheld the ancient renown of England.

"Down on the deck he laid himself and died,
With his dear sword reposing at his side;
And on the flaming plank he rests his head,
As one that warmed himself and went to bed.
His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,
And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks.
Fortunate boy! if either pencil's fame,
Or if my verse can propagate thy name,
When Œta and Alcides are forgot,
Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot."

With the *Royal Charles* as a trophy, the Dutch quietly sailed back to the Thames, where for several weeks they maintained a real blockade, cutting off the Londoners from their supplies of sea-borne coal. On the 24th of June Evelyn writes: "The Dutch fleet still continuing to stop up the river so as nothing could stir or come out, I was before the Council, and commanded by His Majesty to go with some others and search about the environs of the city, now exceedingly distressed for want of fuel, whether there could be any peat or turf fit for use." On the 28th the Dutch were still lying triumphantly at the Nore: "a dreadful spectacle," says Evelyn, "as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonour never to be wiped

off." * Such a spectacle, happily, we have never since seen; such dishonour never since incurred.

We have thus, with the help of Evelyn's Diary, glanced at the three great events which distinguished the years 1666-1667. Our further extracts must be few and brief:—

"1667, September 19th.—To London, with Mr. Henry Howard, of Norfolk, of whom I obtained the gift of his Arundelian Marbles, those celebrated and famous inscriptions, Greek and Latin, gathered with so much cost and industry from Greece, by his illustrious grandfather, the magnificent Earl of Arundel,† my noble friend, whilst he lived. When I saw those precious monuments universally neglected, and scattered up and down about the garden and other parts of Arundel House, and how exceedingly the corrosive air of London impaired them, I procured leive to bestow them on the University of Oxford. This he was pleased to grant me, and now gave me the key of the gallery, with leave to mark all those stones, urns, altars, &c., and whatever I found had inscriptions on them, that were not statues. This I did, and getting them removed and piled together with those which were incrusted in the garden walls, I sent immediately letters to the Vice-Chancellor of what I had procured, and that if they esteemed it a service to the University (of which I had been a member), they should take order for their transportation."‡

The University *did* esteem it a service, and rewarded Evelyn with a public vote of thanks.

* "Everybody now-a-days," says Pepys, "reflect upon Oliver and commend him; what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him."

† Thomas, Earl of Arundel, died 1592.

‡ The statues were afterwards (1725) presented to the University by the Countess of Arundel.

"1670-1671, January 10th.—This day I first acquainted His Majesty with that incomparable young man [Grinling] Gibbons, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor, solitary, thatched house, in a field in our parish, near Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit. He answered he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece. On demanding the price, he said £100. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in Nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong. In the piece was more than one hundred figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discreet in his discourses."

This rare and exquisite genius, Grinling Gibbons, was a native of Rotterdam, where he was born on the 4th of April, 1648. He came to London in 1667, after the Great Fire, and was first brought into notice by Evelyn, who, as we have seen, introduced

him to Charles II. Evelyn calls him "without controversy, the greatest master both for invention and rareness of work, that the world had in any age; nor doubt I at all," he adds, "that he will prove as great a master in the statuary art." He executed the base of Charles I.'s statue at Charing Cross, and also the bronze statue of James VI. in the Privy Garden, Whitehall, for which, it is said, he received £300. Not for his statuary, however, but for his carving in wood, which for fidelity, grace, and delicacy has never been surpassed, is he most highly esteemed. His industry must have been little inferior to his ability—so many of our great houses and churches contain specimens of his skill. At Petworth is a very elaborate series of carvings, for some of the panels of which Turner, two centuries later, painted landscapes. At Fawley Church, Bucks, is a finely-carved pulpit, which formerly belonged to the private chapel at Canons, the seat of Pope's Duke of Chandos, and the satirist's "Timon's Villa." Some beautiful carvings of fruit, flowers, and dead game, are extant at Cassiobury. The carved monument to Dorothy Clarke, in Fulham Church came from his patient chisel; and the Londoner will find much of his best work at Hampton Court. At Cranbrook House, Ilford, and at Burleigh, in Northamptonshire, further proofs of his genius may be obtained; and at Bush Hill Park (near Winchmore Hill) is preserved his famous "large carving in wood of St. Stephen Stoned." Of course his art is illustrated at Windsor, and some of its finest specimens may be seen in the State Ante-Room. The tomb of Viscount Camden, in Exton Church, Rutlandshire, contains both statuary and ornament, and is a masterpiece of faithful execution.

Gibbons died at his house in Bow Street, in 17—. Horace Walpole describes him as "an original genius, a citizen of nature. There is no instance before him," he adds, "of a man who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with the free disorder natural to each species. . . . It is said that he lived in Belle Sauvage Court, Ludgate Hill, and was employed by Betterton in decorating the theatre in Dorset Gardens. He lived afterwards at Deptford with a musician, where the beneficent and curious Mr. Evelyn found and patronized both. This gentleman, Sir Peter Lely, and Baptiste May, who was something of an architect himself, recommended Gibbons to Charles II., who was too indolent to search for genius, and too indiscriminate in his bounty to confine it to merit; but was always pleased when it was brought home to him. He gave the artist a place in the Board of Works, and employed his hand on ornaments of most taste in his palaces, particularly at Windsor."

We continue our quotations from Evelyn:—

"1683, December 6th.—The Thames frozen.

"1683-4, January 1st.—The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set up on the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

"January 6th.—The river quite frozen.

"January 9th.—I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over.

"January 16th.—The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the city.

"January 24th.—The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames. This humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sheds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet-plays and interludes, casks, tippling, and other lewd plans, so that it seemed to be a Bacchanalian triumph, a carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many packs of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of food so dear, that there were great contributions made to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles,

exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the bearers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents."

The frost lasted for seven weeks, producing ice eighteen inches thick. The pastimes on the river were visited by King Charles, accompanied by his Queen, the Princesses Mary and Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, on the 31st of January.

The Thames had previously been frozen over in 1564; and the same thing has since occurred in 1715-16, 1740, 1788-9, and 1814.

"1685, January 25.—Dr. Dove preached before the King. I saw this evening such a scene of profuse gaming, and the King in the midst of his three concubines,* as I had never before seen—luxurious dallying and profaneness."

"February 4th.—I went to London, hearing His Majesty had been the Monday before (February 2), surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. King (that excellent chirurgeon as well as physician) had not been accidentally present to let him bleed (having his lancet in his pocket) † His Majesty had certainly died that moment; which might have been of direful consequence, there being nobody else present with the King save this doctor and one more, as I am assured. It was a mark of the extraordinary dexterity, resolution, and presence of mind in the doctor to let him blood in the very paroxysm, without staying the coming of other physicians, which regularly should have been done, and for want

* Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland; Louise de la Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth; and Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin.

† Others say a penknife was used.

of which he must have a regular pardon, as they tell me.* This rescued His Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. He still complained, and was relapsing, often fainting, with sometimes epileptic symptoms till Wednesday, for which he was cupped, let bleed in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges, which so relieved him that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazettes; but that day, about noon, the physicians thought him feverish. This they seemed glad of, as being more easily allayed and methodically dealt with than his former fits; so they prescribed the famous Jesuit's powder. But it made him worse, and some very able doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations used by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak. Thus he passed Thursday night with great difficulty; when, complaining of a pain in his side, they drew twelve ounces more of blood from him. This was by six in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relief; but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dying, and, after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning, being the 6th of February, 1685."

Evelyn adds an inevitable moral reflection:—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and

* The Privy Council approved of his action, and ordered him a gift of £1,000, but it was never paid.

toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large gallery-table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

To Evelyn's narrative it is necessary to add a few details. On the Thursday, when the King's illness was understood to be mortal, two English bishops presented themselves at his bedside. He said he was sorry for all he had done amiss, accepted absolution from Bishop Ken, but steadily refused the Communion. The Duchess of Portsmouth, whose grief seems to have been sincere, informed the French Ambassador, Barillon, that the King was really a Catholic, and urged him to tell the Duke of York that, if any time were lost, his brother would die out of the pale of the Church. James hastened to ask the King whether he should send for a priest. "For God's sake, brother, do," said the King, "and lose no time." But then, considering the possible political consequences, he added: "Will you not expose yourself too much by doing it?" "Sir, though it cost me my life," answered the Duke, "I will bring one to you." Not without some difficulty he found Father Huddleston, a Benedictine monk, whom he conveyed secretly up a back staircase, disguised by a flowing wig and a large cloak, and introduced into the royal bedchamber, where the Earls of Bath and Feversham were in attendance. Charles, it is said, received the priest with great joy and satisfaction, assuring him of his desire to die in the faith and communion of the Church Catholic;

that he was most heartily sorry for the sins of his past life, and particularly for having deferred his conversion so long; that he trusted, nevertheless, in the merits of Christ; that he died in charity with all the world; that he forgave his enemies, and asked forgiveness of those whom he had in any way offended; and, lastly, declaring his resolve, if it pleased God that he should recover, with His assistance to amend his life. He then made confession of his whole life with exceeding tenderness of heart, and pronounced an act of contrition with great piety and compunction. He continued to make pious ejaculations, and frequently lifting up his hands, exclaimed, "Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy," until the priest was ready to give him extreme unction. Afterwards, he raised himself up to receive the Sacrament, saying: "Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than lying on my bed." Having communicated, he remarked to Huddleston, who had assisted him in his escape after the Battle of Worcester, "You have saved me twice, first my body, and now my soul."

The Queen sent to ask the dying man's pardon for any offence she might have committed. "Alas, poor woman!" he said. "She beg *my* pardon! I beg *hers* with all my heart." She had been present during the earlier stages of his illness. With the graceful urbanity that was natural to him, he apologised to his attendants for being so unconscionably long in dying. To the Duke of York he recommended the care of his natural children. He begged him also to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and added, "Take care of Querouaille, and do not let poor Nelly starve."

A minute account of his last hours is given by the Rev. Francis Roper, chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, who was allowed to be present:—

"The King showed himself," he says, "throughout his illness, one of the best-natured men that ever lived; and, by abundance of fine things he said in reference to his soul, he showed he died as good a Christian: and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, do say they never saw the like as to his courage; so unconcerned he was as to death, though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble; that he hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this world: he had had enough of it, and was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness expressed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thanked our present King for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begged his pardon for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he had freely left him all, and begged of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. . . . He blessed all his children one by one (except the Duke of Monmouth), pulling them to him on the bed. And then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's Anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects. Whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself on his bed and very solemnly blessed them all."

On the morning of his death he asked the hour, and, being told it was six o'clock, "Open the curtains," he

said, "that I may once more see day." His sufferings were very severe, and at half-past eight it was with the utmost difficulty he could speak. As long as the power of speech remained he could be heard uttering the name of God, and begging pardon for his offences. Even when speechless, he showed by lifting up his hands, and by the expression of his countenance, the great thought that occupied his mind. "He disposed himself to die," says one authority, "with the piety and unconcernedness becoming a Christian, and the resolution becoming a King." Bishop Burnet admits that "he went through the agonies of death with a calm and constancy that amazed all who were about him." And Lord Chesterfield says that "he died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, in never repining at the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms."

Charles II., when he died, was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

Samuel Pepys, the author of the well-known Diary, was descended from a younger branch of the ancient family of that name, who, early in the sixteenth century, settled at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire. His father, John Pepys, was a citizen of London, and followed the trade of a tailor until 1660, when, having inherited from an elder brother a small estate at Brampton, near Huntingdon, he retired thither, and in this rural seclusion ended his days in 1680.

Samuel Pepys was born on the 23rd of February, 1633, either at Brampton or in London. It is certain that he received his early education at Huntingdon, and was

thence removed to St. Paul's School. In 1650 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, as a sizar; but, before the period of academical residence began, was transferred to Magdalene, where, in 1651, he obtained a scholarship on Dr. Smith's foundation. There is no evidence in his later life that he profited to any great extent by the University teaching, while the Registrar's book of the College contains an entry which seems to show that he loved wine and "good company" over-much. On the 21st of October, 1653, Mr. John Wood, Registrar, records "that Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill for having been scandalously overserved with drink the night before. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident, in Mr. Hill's Chamber." It is to be hoped that the admonition did Mr. Pepys good!

At the age of twenty-three Mr. Pepys fell in love with a beautiful Somersetshire girl, named Elizabeth St. Michel, and, though without occupation or vocation, married her. She was only fifteen, and had no other dowry than her charming face and figure. The penniless but susceptible young couple were generously received into the household of the enamoured bridegroom's cousin, Sir Edward Montague (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), who, throughout his public career, continued to be a firm and liberal friend and patron. Pepys accompanied the gallant seaman on his expedition to the Sound, and, on his return, was appointed, through his kinsman's influence, to a clerkship in the Exchequer. In 1660, as secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet, he went to Scheveling on board Sir Edward's flag-ship to bring home Charles II. At the Restoration, Montague was rewarded

for his services with the Earldom of Sandwich, and was made Keeper of the Great Wardrobe and Clerk of the Privy Seal. The sunshine of his prosperity embraced his young cousin, who, in June, 1660, was promoted to the Clerkship of the Acts of the Navy. The business capacity which he developed in this position secured him the confidence and favour of his superiors, and among them of the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of York. Though by no means averse to pleasure—with a strong liking for plays and music, and a still stronger liking for pretty women—he discharged his official duties with praiseworthy conscientiousness, and an industry that was then regarded as exceptional. The interests of the Navy he had deeply at heart, and strove earnestly to protect them against the peculation and jobbery by which he was surrounded. He endeavoured to check the wastefulness that was rampant in the dockyards; fought bravely against the dishonesty of the contractors; unceasingly advocated the promotion of the older officers; and did not fail to protest against the influence so injuriously exercised by the courtiers and royal favourites. It must always be remembered to his honour that he remained at his post when London was stricken with the Plague, and, as every branch of the service was then deserted, undertook the responsibility of the whole naval administration. "The sickness in general thickens round us," he wrote to Sir William Coventry, "and particularly upon our neighbourhood. You, sir, took your turn of the sword; I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence."

Soon afterwards he was appointed Treasurer to the Tangiers Commissioners and Surveyor-General of the

Victualling Department, resigning the latter office on the conclusion of peace with Holland.

After the shameful event of the appearance of a victorious Dutch fleet in the Medway, the House of Commons ordered an inquiry into the causes of the breakdown of the naval defences of the country. On March 5th, 1668, the officers of the Navy Board were summoned to the bar of the House, and attended in the full expectation of censure and dismissal, though, in the face of overwhelming difficulties, they had done their best. The debts of the office exceeded £900,000; its credit was forfeited; the sailors and dockyardsmen had mutinied for want of wages; no money could be procured either from the Treasury or the Bankers; and the equipment of the fleet had been suspended when its services were most required. Everything had conspired to embitter the Commons against the unfortunate officials; but Pepys, appointed their spokesman, in a vigorous and conclusive speech of three hours' duration, made so complete a defence that the House dropped the proposed investigation.

Pepys made no similar oratorical effort, though he sat in the House for many years, first as member for Castle Rising, and afterwards as member for Harwich. In 1669 the prosperous career, on which he dilates with so much complacency in his Diary, was interrupted by an opthalmic affection, which rendered necessary a long holiday on the Continent; and this was followed, on his return home, by the unexpected death of his wife, on the 10th of November, at the early age of 29.

In the opening weeks of 1673, an attempt, originating with the Earl of Shaftesbury, was made to discredit him

as a Papist; but it failed. And, in the summer, when the Duke of York was compelled by the passing of the Test Act to resign all his employments, he was appointed Secretary to the Navy. He found ample scope for his administrative ability in this important office, until, in 1679, he was falsely accused of being implicated in the Popish plot, and thrown into the Tower. The favour always shown to him by the Duke of York seems to have been the motive of this attack, from which he did not get entirely free until February, 1680.

In September, 1683, Pepys, by order of the King, accompanied Lord Dartmouth on the expedition against Tangiers; and in the following year, when Charles assumed the office of Lord High Admiral, he appointed him to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty, with a salary of £500 per annum. He continued to hold this employment until the close of the reign of James II.; and the reorganization of the Navy, which is sometimes carried to the credit of the Sovereign, was unquestionably due to the Secretary's laborious and sagacious initiative.

At the Restoration, Pepys was dismissed from all his offices, and the electors of Harwich, suspecting him of favouring the cause of James II., refused to re-elect him as their representative. After a brief confinement in the Gatehouse, he was allowed to retire into private life, where he amused himself with the literary pursuits for which he had always an inclination. Part of his time he devoted to the arrangement of the extensive collections he had made for a general history of the *Navalia* of England. During 1684 and 1685 he presided over the Royal Society, and for some years was in the habit of entertaining, on Saturday evenings, in York Buildings,

several of its most distinguished members, who "across the walnuts and the wine," held high discourse on literary and scientific subjects. He took an active interest in the management of Christ's Hospital; he was also a considerable benefactor to St. Paul's School, and men of letters found in him a generous and enlightened patron. The naturalist Ray characterizes him as "*ingenuarum artium et eruditorum fautor et patronus eximius.*"

His failing health compelled him, in 1700, to give up his residence in York Buildings, and he retired to the house of his old friend and servant, Mr. William Hewer, at Clapham Common,* where, after a lingering illness, he expired on the 26th of May, 1703, aged seventy. Dean Hickes, who attended him on his death-bed, writes: "The greatness of his behaviour, in his long and sharp trial before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in everything that was revealed of the world to come. I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him, and had administered it a third time but for a sudden fit of illness that happened at the appointed time of administering of it. Twice I gave him the absolution of the Church, which he desired, and received with all reverence and comfort; and I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much

* Evelyn writes on the 23rd Sept., 1700: "Went to visit Mr. Pepys at Clapham, where he has a very noble and wonderfully well-furnished house, especially with Indian and Chinese curiosities." He afterwards refers to it as "Your Paradisian Clapham." The house had belonged to Dr. John Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, author of the "Eikon Basilike," and after his death to his brother, Sir Denis, who collected a fine library and art-gallery, and died in 1688. It was then purchased by Mr. William Hewer, who died here in 1715. The house was pulled down in 1760.

fortitude and patience, in so long and sharp a trial, or greater resignation to the will, which he most devoutly acknowledged to be the wisdom of God; and I doubt not he is now but a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, *Mens cujusque is est quisque.*"

One of Pepys' most attached and oldest friends was his brother Diarist, John Evelyn. Differing widely in character, they were linked together by their literary and scientific tastes.

An anonymous contemporary, in the Supplement to Collier's Dictionary, draws a portrait of Pepys, which must be regarded as painted in too flattering colours: "It may be affirmed of this gentleman," he says, "that he was, without exception, the greatest and most useful Minister that ever filled the same situations in England; the Acts and Registers of the Admiralty proving this fact beyond contradiction. The principal rules and establishments in present use in these offices are well-known to have been of his introducing, and most of the officers serving therein, since the Restoration, of his bringing up. He was a most studious promoter and strenuous assertor of order and discipline through all their dependencies. Sobriety, diligence, capacity, loyalty, and subjection to command were essentials required in all whom he advanced. Where any of these were found wanting, no interest or authority were capable of moving him in favour of the highest pretending; the Royal command only excepted, of which he was also very watchful, to prevent any undue procurements. Discharging his duty to his Prince and Country with a religious application and perfect integrity, he feared no one, courted no one, and neglected his own fortune. Besides this, he was a person

of universal worth, and in great estimation among the Literati, for his unbounded reading, his sound judgment, his great elocution, his mastery in method, his singular curiosity, and his uncommon munificence towards the advancement of learning, arts, and industry, in all degrees: to which were joined the severest morality of a philosopher, and all the polite accomplishments of a gentleman, particularly those of music, languages, conversation, and address. He assisted, as one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, at the Coronation of James II., and was a standing Governor of all the principal houses of charity in and about London, and sat at the head of many other honourable bodies, in divers of which, as he deemed their constitution and methods deserving, he left lasting monuments of his bounty and patronage."

The remarkable Diary which constitutes his best claim to remembrance he begun to keep on the 1st of January, and he continued it for upwards of nine years, when his failing eyesight compelled him to abandon his daily task. It is written in shorthand, the cipher used bearing a close resemblance to that which was long in vogue as Rich's system. Forming six manuscript volumes, the Diary was included among the books and papers which Pepys bequeathed to Magdalene College; but its valuable contents were not made public until Lord Braybrooke's edition appeared in 1825. A fuller edition has since been published by the Rev. Mynors Bright.

The Diary is as unique of its kind as the "Autobiography of Thomas Bunche," by Amory, or Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris." In its frank self-revelations, it stands unequalled. Probably regarding his secrets as safe in their cipher embodiment, Pepys jotted down his most private

thoughts and the minutest details of his household economy. He put on record his egotism, his love of flattery, his likings and dislikings, his petty disagreements with his wife (of whom, however, he was exceedingly fond), and his not very creditable flirtations with the pretty women whom his large circle of acquaintanceship embraced. He hides nothing of himself, nor from himself; and writes down his selfish and crafty little deeds of wickedness as candidly as he does the great public events of his day. We must grant that he was a man of wide and liberal sympathies. His vivacity was inexhaustible, and it was with an interest ever fresh he turned to the last new play, the last new song, the last new beauty, or the last new discovery in science. He puts down, with equal gravity, his assumption of "a false taby wastecoate with gold lace," and the progress of the Plague in London. He preserves at almost equal length his discourses on high affairs of State, and his junketings with Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Knip. Unlike Evelyn, he has no sense of dignity—he does not think it beneath him to make formal entry that "I dined with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripes of my own directing, covered with mustard, as I have heretofore seen them done at my Lord Crewe's, of which I made a very great meal, and sent for a glass of wine for myself." The fact is, everything in which Samuel Pepys was concerned was to Samuel Pepys, for the time being, an event of engrossing importance, than which the whole world presented nothing greater.

It was fortunate for posterity that this egotistical, gossiping, self-seeking, yet shrewd observer, was led to keep the detailed record of the early years of Charles II.'s reign which his Diary presents. Its audaciously candid

talk makes it invaluable. It is the very minuteness of its details which renders it so precious, for it enables us to fill up the outlines in which historians love to deal. "Pepys," says Lord Jeffrey, "seems to have been possessed of the most extraordinary activity, and the most indiscriminating, insatiable, and miscellaneous curiosity that ever prompted the researches or supplied the pen of a daily chronicler. He finds time to go to every play, to every execution, to every procession, fire, concert, riot, trial, review, city feast, or picture-gallery that he can hear of. Nay, there seems scarcely to have been a school examination, a wedding, christening, charity sermon, bull-baiting, philosophical meeting, or private merry-making in his neighbourhood at which he is not sure to make his appearance, and mindful to record all the particulars. He is the first to hear all the Court scandal, and all the public news—to observe the changes of fashion and the downfall of parties—to pick up family gossip, and to detail philosophical intelligence—to criticize every new house or carriage that is built—every new book or new beauty that appears—every measure the King adopts, and every mistress he discards."

The interest and importance of the Diary, in the number and closeness of its photographic touches, will best be shown by a few extracts from its crowded pages. We have said that he went with Sir Edward Montague to bring back Charles II. to his recovered kingdom. Here is his description, characteristic in every touch, of the King's landing :—

"1660, May 25th.—By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast

before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork and boiled beef. . . . I spoke to the Duke of York about business, *who called me Pepys by name* [ah, what an honour !], and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was then ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk* with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said *it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world.* A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat, and so into his barge, and we back to the ship, seeing a man

* "To receive His Majesty as a malefactor would his pardon," says Monk's biographer.

almost drowned that fell into the sea. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him."

On the next day but one, May 27th, Montague was made a Knight of the Garter. Other honours followed, as the wary seaman had calculated.

"June 23rd.—To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy came to me, and there stayed to see the King touch people for the King's Evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterwards he touched them in the Banqueting-House."

This superstitious ceremony was of great antiquity, dating back as far, perhaps, as the reign of Edward the Confessor. It had fallen into disuse during the Civil War, but revived at the Restoration with increased popularity, so that in the first four years of Charles's reign he "touched" nearly 24,000 persons. It expired in the reign of George I.

Here is a quaint little personal touch :—

"July 1st (Lord's Day).—Infinite of business, my heart and head full. Met with Purser Washington, with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club. This morning came home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it."

"July 8th (Lord's Day). To White Hall Chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the

first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing-men in surplices in my life."

"July 25th.—I did send for a cup of *tee* (a China drink), of which I never had drank before."

Tea was sold in almost every street at this time, but was so valuable that the infusion of it in water was taxed by the gallon, in common with chocolate and sherbet.

"Dec. 1st.—This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but, before I went out, I left her appeased."

"Dec. 2nd (Lord's Day).—To church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon; so home to dinner. My wife and I all alone to a leg of mutton, the sauce of which being made sweet, I was angry at it, and eat none, but only dined upon the marrow-bone that we had beside."

"March 23rd.—To the Red Bull * (where I had not been since plays came up again) up to the tireing-room; where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poor, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pit, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called "All's Lost but Lust," poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, in the music-room, the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his ears and beat him so, that it put the whole house into an uproar."

† A minor theatre in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, described as :—

"That degenerate stage,
Where none of the untamed kennel can rehearse
A line of serious sense."

"April 2nd.—To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pele Mele, the first time that ever I saw the sport."

Pele Mele, from the French *paille maille*,* the name of a popular game, and of the place where it was practised. A round box bowl had to be struck with a mallet through a high arch of iron or raised ring, standing at either end of an alley; and he who did this at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, won. Charles II., who was fond of the game, caused a Pele Mele to be made "at the further end of St. James's Park," what is now called the Mall; but one had formerly existed on the site of the present Pall Mall. Says Waller:—

"Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture and his graceful mien;
Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the mall.
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot."

"November 11th.—Captain Ferrars carried me the first time that ever I saw any gaming-house, to one, entering into Lincoln's Inn Fields at the end of Bell Yard, where strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money, and very glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor, and unmanly. And thence he took me to a dancing-school in Fleet Street, where we saw a company of pretty girls dance, but I do not in myself like to have young girls exposed to so much vanity. So to the Wardrobe, where I found my lady had agreed upon a lace for my wife at £6, which I seemed much glad of that it was no more, though in my mind I

* Which was derived from the Italian *Palagamio*.

think it too much, and I pray God to keep me so to order myself and my wife's expenses, that no inconvenience in purse or honour follow this my prodigality."

"May 21st.—My wife and I to my Lord's lodging; where she and I stayed walking in Whitehall Garden. And in the Privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's laced with rich lace at the bottom that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah [Lord Sandwich's housekeeper] told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street, which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child,* was said to be heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of door, since the King's going. But we went to the Theatre, to the French Dancing Mistress (Master), and there with much pleasure we saw and gazed upon Lady Castlemaine; but it troubles us to see her look dejectedly, and slighted by people already. The play pleased us very well; but Lacy's part, the dancing mistress, the best in the world."

"May 23rd.—My wife and I to the puppet play in Covent Garden, which I saw the other day, and indeed it is very pleasant."

Puppet-shows were greatly in vogue at the Restoration, and also in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The reader will remember the farcical *dénouement* of Ben Jon-

* The Duke of Southampton, born in the following May.

son's "Bartholomew Fair," which is connected with a performance of the drama of "Hero and Leander," by puppets in one of the booths there.

"*Cokes.*—These be players, minors indeed. Do you call these players?"

"*Leatherhead.*—They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of them all. . . ."

"*Cokes.*—Well, they are civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to pun, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness."

In the early part of the eighteenth century "Paul's Puppet-Show" was one of the sights of London. It was much helped to its celebrity, no doubt, by Steele's notices of it in *The Tatler* (No. 16, May 15th, 1709).

"May 27th.—With my wife and the two maids and the boy took boat and to Fox-hall, where I had not been a great while. To the old Spring Garden; and then walked long, and the wenches gathered pinks. Here we stayed, and seeing that we could not have anything to eat but very dear, and with long stay, we went forth again without any notice taken of us, and so we might have done if we had had anything. Thence to the New one, where I never was before, which much exceeds the other; and here we also walked, and the boy crept through the hedge, and gathered abundance of roses, and after a long walk, passed out of doors as we did in the other place, and so to another house that was an ordinary house, and here we had cakes and powdered beef and ale, and so home again by water, with much pleasure."

On the 28th of May, 1667, Pepys writes:—

"By water to Fox-hall, and then walked in the Spring Gardens. A great deal of company, and the weather and

garden pleasant; and it is very cheap going thither, for a man may spend what he will, or nothing at all, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and the birds, and here fiddles and there a banjo, and here a jew's trump and there laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising."

Spring Garden derived its name from an ingenious bit of mechanism, which, on being touched by the foot, sent a shower of water over the bystanders. It was a favourite resort of the Londoners in the reign of Charles I., but during the Commonwealth the preference seems to have been given to the Mulberry Garden, on the site of the present Buckingham Palace. At the Restoration a strip of land, on the Lambeth bank of the Thames, was laid out as a public garden, and soon acquired a reputation which it retained down to our own time. From a manor called Fulke's Hall, which had belonged to Fulke de Breauté, King John's minister, came the name of Fox-hall, afterwards modified into Vauxhall.

"September 7th.—Meeting Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, he took me into Somerset House; and then carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was, with our Queen sitting on her left hand, whom I never did see before; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts [afterwards Duke of Monmouth], the King's bastard, a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both are mighty kind to him. By and by in

comes in the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess; so that, they being altogether, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dusk, and then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine, and young Crofts in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great store of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen-Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered, 'You lie,' which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess and be hanged.' "

"December 26th.—Hither came Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbiter knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and, by and by, meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d."

[Mr. Pepys afterwards bought another copy, "it being certainly some ill-humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit;" and resolved to read it again, and see whether he could find the wit or no. But in this he did not succeed.]

"April 4th.—This being my feast—very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the course for that very dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only maid. We had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish

of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of fine lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content."

"November 3rd.—By and by comes Chapman, the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwig on, I paid him £3 for it; and away went he, with my own hair, to make up another of; and I, by and by."

"November 28th.—To St. Paul's Church Yard, and there looked upon the second part of Hudibras, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. To-day, for certain, I am told how in Holland publicly they have pictured our King with reproach: one way, is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another, with two courtiers, picking of his pockets; and a third, leading of two ladies, while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt."

"December 10th.—To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and, having gained this day in the office by my stationer's bill to the King, about 40s. or £3, calling for twenty books to lay this money out upon, and found myself at a great loss where to choose, and do see how my nature would gladly return to the laying out of money in this trade. Could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's

History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthies, the Cabbala, or a Collection of Letters of State, and a little book, 'Delices de Hollande,' with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth; and so home to supper and to bed."

Another side-light into the social condition of the Court:—

"January 20th, 1664.—Mr. Pierce tells me, that my Lady Castlemaine is not at all set by, by the King, but that he do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only, and, that, to the leaving of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queen; that he values not who sees him, or stands by him while he dallies with her openly: and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentries observe him going in and out; and that so commonly, that the Duke, or any of the nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they would ordinarily say, 'Is the king above or below?' meaning with Mrs. Stewart; that the King do not openly disown my Lady Castlemaine, but that she comes to Court. . . . That the Duke of Monmouth the King do still doat on beyond measure, insomuch that the King only, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, do now wear deep mourning, that is, by cloaks, for the Duchess of Savoy: so that he mourns as a Prince of the Blood, while the Duke of York do no more, and all the nobles of

the land not so much; which gives great offence. But that the Duke of York do give himself up to business, and is like to prove a noble prince; and so indeed I do from my heart think he will. He says that it is believed, as well as hoped, that care is taken to lay up a hidden treasure of money by the King against a bad day. I pray God it be so! but I should be more glad that the King himself would look after business, which it seems he do not in the least."

"February 3rd.—In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great coffee-house there, where I never was before: where Dryden, the poet, I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hook of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse."

This coffee-house was Will's, so called from William Urwin, the landlord, and was situated at the corner of Russell Street and Bow Street. There a chair was reserved for Dryden, near the fireplace in winter, and in the balcony in summer. The first coffee-house in London, Pasque Rosee's, had been opened only seven years before; but the new beverage had grown rapidly into popularity, and the coffee-house itself was at once recognised as a pleasant rendezvous by the wits, scholars, and other gregarious classes of the day. They afforded, moreover, an indirect channel for the expression of public opinion.

"March 27th. (Lord's day).—It being church time, walked to St. James's, to try if I could see the belle Butler, but could not; only saw her sister, who indeed is

pretty, with a fine Roman nose. Thence walked through the ducking-pond fields; but they are so altered since my father used to carry us to Islington, to the old man's, at the King's Head, to eat cakes and ale, that I did not know which was the ducking-pond, nor where I was. [The site of the ducking-pond, where the Londoners assembled to see the ducks hunted by dogs, is now occupied by the Back Road.] So home; and in Cheapside, both coming and going, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I think, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory yesterday. But, Lord! to see how the trained bands are raised upon this: the drums beating everywhere as if an enemy were upon them: so much is this city subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to hear the boys, and particularly one little one, that I demanded the business of. He told me that, that had never been done in the city since it was a city—two 'prentices put in the pillory! and that it ought not to be so."

"July 11th.—Betimes up this morning, and, getting ready, we by coach to Holborne, when, at nine o'clock, they set out, and I and my man Will on horseback by my wife to Barnet; a very pleasant day; and there dined with her company, which was very good—a pretty gentlewoman with her, that goes but to Huntingdon, and a neighbour to us in town. Here we stayed two hours, and then parted for all together, and my poor wife I shall soon want, I am sure. Thence I and Will to see the Wells, half a mile off, and there I drink three glasses, and walked, and come back and drunk two more: and so we rode home, round by Kingsland, Hackney, and Mile End,

till we were quite weary; and, not being very well, I betimes to bed."

The qualities of the Barnet Wells were discovered in 1652, and rose into repute with such rapidity that Fuller, only ten years afterwards, speaks of "the catalogue of the cures done by them as amounting to a great number: insomuch," he adds, "that there is hope, in process of time, the water rising here will repair the blood shed hard by, and save as many lives as were lost in the fatal battle at Barnet." Pepys went thither a second time on the 11th of August, 1667. He arrived by seven o'clock, and found many people a drinking; but as it was a cold morning, he contented himself with drinking three glasses, and then, returning to his inn (the Red Lion), "did eat some of the best cheese cakes that ever I eat in my life."

The well is still at the disposal of the public; it is a chalybeate water, and described as "an excellent safe purger."

"July 26th.—Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorfields, how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first, the butchers knocked down all the weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling £100 for a butcher."

"August 10th.—Abroad to find out one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates, it being so small, that Browne, that made it, cannot get one to do it. So I got Cocker, the famous writing-master, to do it,

and I set an hour by him to see him design it all; and strange it is to see him, with his natural eyes, to cut so small at his first designing it, and read it all over, without any missing, when for my life I could not, with my best skill, read one word or letter of it; but it is use. He says, that the best light for his life to do a very small thing by, contrary to Chaucer's words to the sun,* 'that he should lend his light to them that small seals grave,' it should be by an artificial light of a candle, set to advantage, as he could do it. I find the fellow, by his discourse, very ingenious: and, among other things, a great admirer of, and well read in, the English poets, and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently."

It would be unpardonable to omit from our record of the celebrities of Charles II.'s. reign a name which has become proverbial, "according to Cocker." Edward Cocker, though known to posterity as the author of the once celebrated book of "Arithmetick, being a Plain and Familiar Method suitable to the meanest capacity, for understanding that admirable Art," was held in repute in his own time chiefly as a caligraphist, a writer and engraver of "letters, knots, and flourishes." He was born in 1631, and died in 1677. His "Arithmetic" was a posthumous work (licensed on the 2nd of September, 1677), edited from the original manuscript by a Mr. John Hawkins. A portrait of the author is prefixed to it, and under the portrait are inscribed the following lines:—

"Ingenious Cocker, now to rest thou'rt gone,
No art can show thee fully, but thine own;
Thy rare Arithmetic alone can show
Th' vast sum of thanks we for thy labours owe."

* *In Troilus and Cressida*, bk. iii., lines 1466, 1467:—
"What proff'rst thou thy light here for to sell?
Go sell it them that small seals grave."

The completeness and lucidity of Cocker's treatise secured it so lasting a popularity that it ran through fifty editions in less than seventy years.

Here is a brief but curious reference to William Penn, the Quaker-founder of Pennsylvania:—

"August 26th.—Mr. Penn, Sir William's son, is come back from France, and come to visit my wife; a most modest person, grown, she says, a fine gentleman."

William Penn, at this time, was just upon twenty years old. He had already showed signs of an attachment to Quakerism, which his father had endeavoured to combat, and he was finally converted to it in 1666. At least he accepted its principles, but not its practices; for he was fond of good horses, handsome furniture, and bravery of dress. The Crown owing his father a sum of £16,000, Penn, at his father's death, compounded the debt for a tract of country in North America, nearly 300 miles long and 160 miles wide, which soon grew into a prosperous colony under the name of Pennsylvania. He provided it with a Constitution of a genuinely democratic character, and organised its government on the basis of toleration, respect for the rights of all, and justice towards the Indians. He lived to see the good fruits of his sagacious policy, and was seventy-four years old when he died (July 30th, 1718).

Mr. Pepys confesses his weakness for a pretty woman:—

"September 6th.—Called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon, to [match] the petticoat my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20s.; but she is so pretty that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much, which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it."

"He notes, on the 2nd of October following that his wife was angry with him for not coming home, and for gadding abroad to look after beauties".

"January 9th, 1665.—Walked to White Hall. I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his with the word Founder."

This book is still extant, and contains the autograph of every Fellow down to the present time.

The Royal Society grew out of that vision of an ideal institution which Lord Bacon conceived in his "New Atlantis." The first who attempted to realize it were Evelyn, Bishop Sprat, Aubrey, Dr. Wilkins, and others, who met for the purposes of scientific inquiry and discussion in "the parlour" of Gresham College. To this philosophical conference Evelyn gave the felicitous designation of "The Royal Society."* A charter was granted to them; the King declared himself their founder; and Lord Brounker acted as their first President.

"January 20th.—To my bookseller's, and then took home Hook's† book of Microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud. Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the

* Dryden, in his *Annus Mirabilis* apostrophizes it as—

"O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:
And thence, like limbers, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levelled use of human kind."

† Dr. Robert Hooke, Rector of Freshwater, born 1635, died 1702. Was the author of "Micrographia" and other scientific works.

joint to it; and assures me he never had his cholic since he carried it about him: and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his [hare's] foot, but I became very well, and so continue."

[On the 26th of March Pepys notes that though the preceding winter had been exceptionally severe, yet had he never been better in all his life, "nor had not, these ten years, gone colder in the summer than he had done all this winter, wearing only a doublet, and a waistcoat cut open on the back; abroad, a cloak, and within doors a coat he slipped on." He adds: "Now I am at a loss to know whether it be my hare's foot which is my preservation; for I never had a fit of the colic since I wore it, or whether it be my taking a pill of terpentine every morning."]

A gleam of light is thrown in the following passage on the elementary dabblings to which inquiring minds were prone in those infant days of Science:—

"March 22nd.—To Mr. Houblon's, the merchant, where Sir William Petty, and abundance of most ingenious men, owners and freighters of 'The Experiment,' now going with the two bodies [hulls] to sea. Most excellent discourse. Sir William Petty did tell me, that in good earnest, he hath in his will left some parts of his estate to him that could invent such and such things. As among others, that could discover truly the way of milk coming into the breasts of a woman; and he that could invent proper characters to express to another the mixture of relishes and tastes. And says, that to him that invents gold, he gives nothing for the philosopher's stone; for, says he, they that find out that, will be able to pay

themselves. But, says he, by this means it is better than to go to a lecture; for here my executors, that must part with this, will be sure to be well convinced of the invention before they do part with their money. . . . Thence to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the air out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the air being let in upon her, revives her immediately—nay, and this air is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments—the steam of that do do the work."

Another illustration of social manners:—

"April 12th.—Going to my Lady Batten's, there found a great many women with her, in her chamber merry—my Lady Penn and her daughter, among others, where my Lady Penn flung me down upon the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were."

"May 28th.—To see my Lady Penn, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign." [They were gold fish, brought from China—the species, *Cyprinus auratus.*]

Of the first appearance of the dreaded Plague in London we find the following graphic record:—

"June 7th.—The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me

into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chew, which took away the apprehension."

The patriotism which elevated the character of Pepys, and more than counterbalanced his vanity and love of money, glows in the following brief but telling account of the great but fruitless victory over the Dutch on the 3rd of June, 1665 :—

"This day they engaged: the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us; by which they lost the benefit of their fireships. The Earl of Falmouth,* Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle killed on board the Duke's ship, the Royal Charles, with one shot: their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face; and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earl of Marlborough, Portland, Rear Admiral Sansum, to Prince Rupert, killed, and Captains Kirby and Allison. Sir John Lawson wounded on the knee: † hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again. Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the Duke for another to command the Royal Oak. The Duke sent Jordan out of the St. George, who did brave things to her. Captain Jeremiah Smith, of the Mary, was second to the Duke,

* Sir John Denham, in his savagely satirical "Advice to a Painter," says :—

"His shattered head the fearless Duke distains,
And gave the last first proof that he had brains."

† When the flag-ship of the Dutch Admiral Opdam blew up, a shot from it mortally wounded Sir John Lawson :—

"Destiny allowed
Him his revenge, to make his death more proud.
A fatal bullet from his side did range,
And battered Lawson; oh, too dear exchange!
He led our fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his knee: since died, in glorious race:
Lawson, whose valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights Opdam in the lake below."

and stepped between him and Captain Seaton, of the Urania, 76 guns and 400 men, who had sworn to board the Duke, killed him 200 men, and took the ship; himself losing 99 men, and never an officer saved, but himself and lieutenant. His master indeed is saved, with his leg cut off. Admiral Opdam blown up, Tromp killed, and [it is] said, by Holmes [Sir Robert]; all the rest of their Admirals, as they say, Mr. Everson, whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, are killed: we have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-four of their best ships; killed and taken near 8,000 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world. They are all fled; some 43 got into the Texel, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home; then to my Lady Penn's, where they are all joyed, and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I, with my Lady Penn's people, and others, to Mrs. Turner's great room, and then down into the street. I did give the boys 4s. among them, and mighty merry: so home to bed, with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend."

It was a great victory, and might have been made a complete one. When the Dutch fled from off Lowestoft to their own shore, the English fleet pursued; but, during the night, the *Royal Charles*, the Duke of York's flag-ship, slackened sail and brought-to. In a Council of War, Admiral Sir William Penn bade his colleagues prepare for hotter work in the next engagement, knowing

that the courage of the Dutch always reached its highest point when their fortunes were most desperate. The courtiers protested that the Duke had won honour enough, and why should he venture himself a second time. His Royal Highness retired to his cabin; and in the night Brounker, one of his servants, delivered an order to the master, apparently in the Duke's handwriting, to slacken sail. To the intense mortification of the seamen, the pursuit was then abandoned, and the Dutch fleet spared to fight again. It was afterwards alleged that Brouncker forged the order; if so, he never received the punishment his treachery or cowardice deserved.

"July 26th.—Down to Woolwich, and there I first saw and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the King, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirit."

Mr. Pepys attends the marriage of Lord Sandwich's daughter with young Carteret, the son of Sir George Carteret.

"July 31st.—When we come, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home; and, going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over; hearing it was well done: they being both in their old clothes; my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfulls of them. The young lady, mighty sad, which

troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not, till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost anything was in so great families: but it was much better. After dinner, company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. . . . At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too: and so, after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial."

"December 6th.—I spent the afternoon upon a song of Solyman's words to Roxalana [in D'Avenant's *Siège of Rhodes*] that I have set, and so with my wife and Mercer [her maid] walked to Mrs. Pierce's, where Captain Rolt and Mrs. Knipp, Mr. Coleman and his wife, and Laneari, Mrs. Worshipp and her singing daughter, met; and, by and by, unexpectedly comes Mr. Pierce from Oxford. Here the best company for music I ever was in, in my life, and wish I could live and die in it, both for music and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife, and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt with her, some things together, most excellently. I spent the night in an ecstasy almost."

"1666, January 6th.—To a great dinner and much company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself 'Dapper Dicky,' in answer to hers of 'Barbary Allen,' but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter, that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I a melancholy dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town: so I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right *that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I go away.* My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards, and after cards to choose King and Queen, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the Knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirth, because of his lately being known by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes. At night home to my lodging, where I find my wife returned with my things. It being Twelfth Night, they had got the fiddler, and mighty merry they were; and I above, come not to them, leaving them dancing, and choosing King and Queen."

In the Twelfth Night cake a bean was inserted for the King, a pea for the Queen, a clove for the Knave, and so on.

Here are two or three passages in illustration of the well-known weakness of Mr. Pepys for a pretty face:—

"January 15th.—This afternoon, after sermon, comes my dear fair beauty of the Exchange, Mrs. Batelier, brought by her sister, an acquaintance of Mercer's, to

see my wife. I saluted her with as much pleasure as I had done any a great while. We sat and talked together an hour, with infinite pleasure to me, and so the fair creature went away, and proves one of the modestest women and pretty, that ever I saw in my life, and my wife judges her so too."

"January 15th.—To Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent Garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life—much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth, but all blank through the waywardness of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as think. At last, very late, and supper done, she came undressed, but it brought me no mirth at all; only, after all being done, without singing, or very little, and no dancing, Pierce and I to bed together, and he and I very merry to find how little and thin clothes they give us to cover us, so that we were fain to lie in our stockings and drawers, and lay all our coats and clothes upon the bed."

"January 18th.—To Captain Cocke's, where Mrs. Williams was and Mrs. Knipp. I was not heartily merry, though a glass of wine did a little cheer me. After dinner to the office. Anon comes to me thither my Lord Brounker, Mrs. Williams, and Knipp. I brought

down my wife in her night-gown, she not being indeed very well, to the office to them. My wife and I anon and Mercer, by coach, to Pierce's, where mighty merry, and sing and dance with great pleasure; and I danced, who never did in company in my life."

Here is a note of the Great Storm:—

"January 24th.—My Lord and I, the wind being again very furious, so as we durst not go by water, walked to London quite round the bridge, no boat being able to stir; and, Lord! what a dirty walk we had, and so strong the wind, that in the fields we many times could not carry our bodies against it, but were driven backwards. We went through Horsleydown. . . . It was dangerous to walk the streets, the bricks and tiles falling from the houses, that the whole streets were covered with them; and whole chimneys, nay, whole houses, in two or three places, blowed down. But, above all, the pales of London Bridge, on both sides, were blown away, so that we were fain to stoop very low for fear of blowing off of the bridge. We could see no boats in the Thames afloat, but what were broke loose, and carried through the bridge, it being ebbing water. And the greatest sight of all was, among other parcels of ships driven here and there in clusters together; one was quite overset, and lay with her masts all along in the water, and keel above water."

The King praises Mr. Pepys:—

"January 28th.—I went down into one of the Courts [at Hampton Court], and there met the King and Duke: and the Duke called me to him. And the King come to me of himself, and told me, 'Mr. Pepys,' says he, 'I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it.' And the Duke of

York did tell me with pleasure, that he had read over my discourse about pursers, and would have ordered it in my way, and so fell from one discourse to another. I walked with them quite out of the Court into the fields."

Valentines :—

"February 14th, 1666.—This morning called up by Mr. Hill, who, my wife thought, had come to be her Valentine —she, it seems, having drawn him, but it proved not. However, calling him up to our bedside, my wife challenged him. . . . By and by comes Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money."

To this custom Pepys has several allusions. The Valentines were drawn in a kind of lottery, and the choosing party invariably expected a present from his or her Valentine. On the 16th of February, 1667, Pepys writes: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." The presents given varied in value according to the rank and means of the giver, and, naturally, also according to the degree of estimation in which the Valentine held the person by whom he or she was chosen. For example, Pepys records that the Duke of York, when chosen by Mrs. Frances Stewart, gave her a jewel worth £800; and, in another year, Lord Mandeville gave her a ring valued

at £300. Drayton, in his lyrical address to *his* Valentine, ridicules this Valentine-lottery. He says :—

Let's laugh at them that choose
Their Valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got,
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend:
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not.

Mr. Pepys entertains good company :—

"March 7th.—In the evening, being at Sir William Batten's, I find my Lord Brounker and Mrs. Williams, and they would of their own accord, though I had never obliged them, nor my wife neither, with one visit for many of theirs, go see my house and my wife; which I showed them and made them welcome with wine and China oranges, now a great rarity since the war, none to be had. My house happened to be mighty clean, and did me great honour, and they mightily pleased with it."

"March 19th.—After dinner, we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing; and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shotrell's.* But then again to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how

* Robert Shotterel, an actor in the King's company, mentioned by Downes. He was living as late as 1684, but little is known of him.

poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty."

We have here a reference to the principal seamen of the Restoration:—

"April 18th.—To Mr. Lilly's, the painter's [Sir Peter Lely]; and there saw the heads, some finished, and all begun, of the Flagmen [*i.e.*, Admirals] in the late great fight [June 1st-3rd] with the Duke of York against the Dutch. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done indeed. Here are the Prince's, Sir G. Ascue's, Sir Thomas Teddiman's, Sir Christopher Mings's, Sir Joseph Jordan's, Sir William Berkeley's, Sir Thomas Allen's, and Captain [Sir John] Harman's, as also the Duke of Albemarle's; and will be my Lord Sandwich's, Sir W. Penn's, and Sir Jeremy Smith's. I was very well satisfied with this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house."

With the omission of Prince Rupert's, and the addition of Sir John Lawson's, this gallery of sea-captains may now be seen in the Naval Hall at Greenwich. There is also a copy of Prince Rupert's, but the original is at Windsor Castle. Prince Rupert's is a whole-length; the others are half-lengths.

Mr. Pepys will be master in his own house:—

"May 4th.—Home to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife about Browne's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurt in it; but very angry we were, and I resolved all into my having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it."

Mr. Pepys enjoys himself:—

"May 29th.—King's birth-day and Restoration Day. Waked with the ringing of bells all over the town: so up before five o'clock, and to the office. At noon I did, upon a small invitation of Sir William Penn's, go and dine with Sir William Coventry at his office, where great good cheer, and many pleasant stories of Sir William Coventry. After dinner, to the Victualling Office; and there, beyond belief, did acquit myself very well to full content; so that, beyond expectation, I got over that second rub in this business; and if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone. My wife comes to me, to tell me, that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married—she with Mrs. Anne Jones, one of this parish, that dances finely. And so I home; and she is a pretty black woman—her name Mrs. Horsely. But, Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation; but I must invite them to go to Foxhall, to Spring Gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deal of extraordinary business. However, I sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce, and some company with her. So here I spent 20s. upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and dogs, and hogs, with his voice,* which was mighty pleasant. Staid here till

* This seems to have been one of the permanent attractions of Vauxhall. Many of our older readers will probably remember the ever-notorious "Herr Joel," whose boast it was that he mimicked all the sounds of a farm-yard.

night, then set Mrs. Pierce in at the New Exchange; and ourselves took coach, and so set Mrs. Horsely home, and then home ourselves, but with great trouble in the streets, by bonfires, it being the King's birthday and day of Restoration."

We gather from the Diary some curious particulars of the great sea battle on the 2nd and 3rd of June, 1666—the battle which Dryden has celebrated in his *Annus Mirabilis* with such elaborate word-painting. Pepys tells us how, walking in Greenwich Park on the 2nd of June, he "could hear the guns from the fleet most plainly." He hastens to the water-side, and sees Charles II. and the Duke of York come down in their barge to Greenwich House, attracted by the same ominous sound. It is known that Monk was lying at the Nore, waiting for Prince Rupert to join him with his division, and bring up his force to an equality with the Dutch. The apprehension in everybody's mind is, that the junction may not have been effected, as was indeed the case, and Monk may therefore be exposed to the overwhelming attack of the whole Dutch fleet. "All our hopes now," says Pepys, "are, that Prince Rupert with his fleet is coming back, and will be with the fleet this even: a message being sent to him for that purpose, on Wednesday last; and a return is come from him this morning, that he did intend to sail from St. Helen's point [in the Isle of Wight] about four in the afternoon yesterday; which gives us great hopes, the wind being very fair, that he is with them this even, and the fresh going off of the guns makes us believe the same."

Pepys hurries down to Blackwall, and there sees the soldiers embarked, who are intended to reinforce Monk.

He notes that most of them ware drunk. "But, lord!" he says, "to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted, and let off their guns, was strange sport." Next day, Whit-Sunday, he receives the good news that the Dutch ships have suffered severely, and he hastens to church in the sermon-time, and with great joy tells it to his fellows in the pew, who, we may be sure, listened to no more of the sermon. Later in the day, the tables are turned; the ill-tidings arrive that the Prince, with his fleet, did not reach Dover "until ten of the clock at night" yesterday, having delayed, with his characteristic obstinacy, to act on the orders he had received. "This is hard to answer," writes Pepys, "if it be true. This puts great astonishment into the King, and Duke, and Court, everybody being out of countenance." He goes home by the Exchange, which is still full of people, all of whom are commenting bitterly on the failure of the Prince "in not making more haste after his instructions did come, and of our managements here in not giving it sooner, and with more care, and oftener."

On the following day, while he is sitting in his room at home, he is informed that two men from the fleet desire to speak with him, and going downstairs, encounters "Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum." He left the fleet at five o'clock last night, with a wounded comrade; they were set on shore at Harwich at two this morning; and, riding fast, arrived in London between eleven and twelve. Pepys calls a coach, and carries the two wounded men to

Somerset House Stairs, where he takes boat, and with mingled feelings of exultant patriotism and gratified vanity, for "all the world was gazing upon us, and concluding it to be news from the fleet," proceeds to the royal presence at Whitehall. The King is mighty pleased with the information Pepys brings, takes him by the hand, and talks a little about it. Afterwards the two seamen are introduced, and tell their story simply enough, as follows:—

"How we found the Dutch fleet at anchor on Friday, half-seas over, between Dunkirk and Ostend, and made them let slip their anchors. They were about ninety, and we less than sixty. We fought them, and put them to the run, till they met with about sixteen sails of fresh ships, and so bore up again. The fight continued till night, and then again the next morning, from five till seven at night. And so, too, yesterday morning they began again, and continued till about four o'clock; they chasing us for the most part of Saturday, and yesterday we flying from them. The Duke himself by and by spied the Prince's fleet coming, upon which De Ruyter called a little council, being in chase at this time, of us, and thereupon their fleet divided into two squadrons, forty in one, and about thirty in the other, the fleet being at first about ninety, but, by one accident or another, supposed to be lessened to about seventy; the bigger to follow the Duke, the less to meet the Prince. But the Prince came up with the General's fleet, and the Dutch came together again, and bore towards their own coast, and we with them; and now what the consequence of this day will be, we know not. The Duke was forced to come to anchor on Friday, having lost his sails and rigging. No particular person spoken of to be hurt but Sir W.

Clarke, who hath lost his leg, and bore it bravely. The Duke himself had a little hurt in his thigh, but signified little."

When the sailors have made an end of their story, King Charles pulls out of his pocket about twenty pieces in gold, and gives them to Daniel for himself and his companion, and then dismisses them.

Of the many bloody and desperate battles which marked the long struggle between England and Holland for naval and commercial supremacy, this, perhaps, was the bloodiest and most desperate. It extended over four days, and its result was not so glorious as the Court and Dryden would have had the people believe. "Lord! to see how melancholy the Court is, under the thoughts of this last overthrow, for so it is, instead of a victory," writes Mr. Pepys, in the frank privacy of his ciphered record. There were no daily newspapers in 1666 to blurt out inconvenient truths. The *London Gazette* and Roger L'Estrange's *News* and *Intelligencer*, "published for the satisfaction and information of the People,"* told only what the Government wished to be told; but the nation could not but see that there were no prizes in the Thames, and disabled seamen, returning to their homes, soon spread abroad unwelcome details of the disastrous fight. On the 15th of June Evelyn went to Sheerness, and there obtained convincing evidence of its calamitous character. "I beheld," he says, "a sad spectacle, more than half that gallant bulwark of the nation miserably shattered; hardly a vessel entire, but appearing so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us." Something was

* *The News* and *Intelligencer* were first published in 1663; *The Gazette* on Nov. 7th, 1665.

done to retrieve the renown of the Red Cross on the 25th of July, when Monk and Rupert chased the Hollanders into the Texel; but soon afterwards the English admirals set an evil example by entering the channel at Scholling, and burning to the ground the unfortified town of Brandaris—an outrage which the Dutch so signally avenged with the thunder of their guns in the Medway and the Nore. Yet it was in the face of such facts as these that Dryden wrote —

> Already we have conquered half the war,
> And the less dangerous part is left behind;
> Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
> And not so great to vanquish as to find—

an insult to a brave people unworthy of a generous foe!

We must bring our quotations to a close, from sheer want of space, not from lack of interest, for there is scarcely a page in Pepys which does not throw some light on persons, or events, or manners. The undignified relation in which the King stood to his imperious mistress, Lady Castlemaine, is vividly exposed in the following curious passage under the date of June 10th—that is, at the very time when the honour and security of the kingdom were reeling under the heavy shock of the recent naval disaster.—

"He [Mr. Penn, the royal chirurgeon] tells me further, how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy-stairs, but will be owned publicly; and so she is. Mr. Brounker,* it seems, was

* Brounker was gentleman of the chamber to the Duke of York, and brother to Lord Brounker, president of the Royal Society. He was a person of infamous character, and to his treachery or cowardice was due the

the pimp to bring it about; and my Lady Castlemaine, who designs thereby to fortify herself by the Duke; there being a falling-out the other day between the King and her: on this occasion, the Queen, in ordinary talk before the ladies in her dressing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold in staying so late abroad at her house. She answered, before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence, though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning, but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in, and overhearing, did whisper in the ear aside, and told her she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pall Mall, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she come, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her; so, putting all together, we are, and are like to be, in a sad condition."

Pepys had a keen eye, and suffered nothing to escape him, even to the last new fashion in ladies' dress:—

indecisive result of the great naval battle of 1665. Pepys, in his Diary, August 29th, 1667, notes: "I hear to-night that Mr. Brounker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Warden to say in the garden the day the Chancellor was with the King—that he believed the King would be hectored out of anything. For this, the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away; and everybody, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked a rogue he is by all men's report. But one observed to me, that there never was the occasion of men's holding their tongues at Court, and everywhere else, as there is at this day, for nobody knows which side will be uppermost."

"June 11th.—Walking in the galleries at White Hall, I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just, for all the world, like mine; and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with periwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus."

Let us take a passing glance at two fine gardens:—

"June 25th.—Mrs. Penn carried us to two gardens at Hackney, which I every day grew more and more in love with, Mr. Drake's one, where the garden is good, and house and the prospect admirable; the other my Lord Brooke's, where the gardens are much better, but the house not so good, nor the prospect good at all. But the gardens are excellent; and here I first saw oranges grow, some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree; and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth, the man being mightily curious of them, and eat it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are; as big as half the end of my little finger. There were also great variety of other exotique plants, and several labyrinths, and a pretty aviary."

In connection with this subject may be quoted the following:—

"July 22nd.—Walked to White Hall, where we saw nobody almost, but walked up and down with Hugh May,* who is a very ingenious man. Among other things, dis-

* Hugh May, the architect, and friend of Evelyn. He built Cassiobury for the first Earl of Essex of the Capel family, in 1667-1679. His brother, Bob May, made some figure in the Court, and had lodgings at Whitehall.

coursing of the present fashion of gardens to make them plain, that we have the best walks of gravel in the world, France having none, nor Italy; and our green of our bowling alleys is better than any they have. So our business here being air, this is the best way, only with a little mixture of statues, or pots, which may be handsome, and so filled with another pot of such or such a flower or green, as the season of the year will bear. And then for flowers, they are best seen in a little plat by themselves: besides, their borders spoil the walks of another garden: and then for fruit, the best way is to have walls built circularly one within another, to the south, on purpose for fruit, and leave the walking garden only for that use."

The pleasures of our forefathers were too often of a coarse description, though it may be doubted by those who have seen "the lower orders" disporting themselves on Bank Holidays whether we are yet in a position to cast stones at them. Mr. Pepys records, on the 14th of August, that, after dinner, he went, with his wife and her maid, Mercer to the Bear Gardens (situated on Bankside, in the immediate vicinity of the street that now approaches Southwark Bridge), and saw "some good sport of the bull's tossing the dogs—one into the very boxes." But to Mr. Pepys's credit, he thought it "a very rude and nasty pleasure." He continues: "We had a great many Hectors in the same box with us, and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager; which was a strange sport for a gentleman; where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry." The merriment, as we shall see, was sufficiently rough. "And then about

nine to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the girl and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and then mighty merry, my Lady Penn and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright, till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another, and the people over the way. And, at last, our business being most spent, we went into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, W. Batelier dancing well; and dressing, him and I, and one Mr. Banister, who, with my wife, came over also with us, like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Penn put on periwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed."

The bull and bear-baiting continued in vogue for more than a century later; but as the refinements of culture and education extended, the higher classes withdrew their support, and at length, in 1835, it was finally abolished by Act of Parliament. Under the Tudor and Stuart monarchs, however, it throve apace. Old Burton speaks of it as a pastime "in which our countrymen and citizens greatly delight and frequently use." A quaint description of it occurs in the travels of Misson, the French advocate, who lived in England about five-and-twenty years after Pepys saw the sport in the Bear Garden. "They tie a rope," he says, "to the root of the horns of the bull, and fasten the other end of the cord to an iron

ring fixed to a stake driven into the ground; so that this cord, being about fifteen feet long, the bull is confined to a space of about thirty feet diameter. Several butchers, or other gentlemen, that are desirous to exercise their dogs, stand round about, each holding his own by the ears; and when the sport begins, they let loose one of the dogs. The dog runs at the bull; the bull, immovable, looks down upon the dog with an eye of scorn, and only turns a horn to him, to hinder him from coming near. The dog is not daunted at this, he runs round him, and tries to get beneath his belly. The bull then puts himself into a posture of defence; he beats the ground with his feet, which he joins together as closely as possible, and his chief aim is not to gore the dog with the point of his horn (which, when too sharp, is put into a kind of wooden sheath), but to slide one of them under the dog's belly, who creeps close to the ground to hinder it, and to throw him so high in the air that he may break his neck in the fall. To avoid this danger, the dog's friends are ready beneath him, some with their backs, to give him a soft reception; and others with long poles, which they offer him slantways, to the intent that, sliding down them, it may break the force of his fall. Notwithstanding all this care, a toss generally makes him sing to a very noisy tune, and draw his phiz into a pitiful grimace. But unless he is totally stunned with the fall, he is sure to crawl again towards the bull, come on't what will. Sometimes a second frisk into the air disables him for ever; but, sometimes, too, he fastens upon his enemy, and when once he has seized him with his eye-teeth, he sticks to him like a leech, and would sooner die than leave his hold. Then the bull bellows, and bounds, and kicks, all to shake

off the dog. In the end, either the dog tears out the piece he has laid hold on, and falls, or else remains fixed to him with an obstinacy that would never end, did they not pull him off. To call him away, would be in vain; to give him a hundred blows, would be as much so; you might cut him to pieces, joint by joint, before he would let him loose. What is to be done then? While some hold the bull, others thrust staves into the dog's mouth, and open it by main force."

THE MUSICIANS.

Progress of the Art.
The Protectorate.
The Restoration.
Instrumental Music.
Lowe.
Clifford.
Birchenshaw.
Dr. Child.
Henry Lawes.
Dr. Wilson.
Dr. Rogers.
John Jenkins.
Dr. Colman.
Matthew Lock.
Pelham Humfry.
Banister.
Dr. Blow.
Henry Purcell.

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CHAPTER II.

THE MUSICIANS.

PROGRESS OF THE ART—THE PROTECTORATE—THE RESTORATION—INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—LOWE—CLIFFORD—BIRCHENSHAW—DR. CHILD—HENRY LAWES—DR. WILSON—DR. ROGERS—JOHN JENKINS—DR. COLMAN—MATTHEW LOCK—PELHAM HUMFRY—BANISTER—DR. BLOW—HENRY PURCELL.

A REMARKABLE impulse was given to the progress of music in England, in the latter half of the sixteenth and the early years of the seventeenth centuries, by the production of those musical dramas and masques which "so did take Elizabeth and our James." In these precursors of the modern opera the influence of the Italian composers made itself felt. The "stylo recitativo," which has undergone but little alteration to the present day, was first introduced in 1617, in "The Masque of Lethe," written by Ben Jonson for the Lord Hay. The poet was so pleased with its success that he immediately wrote another masque of the same kind, though with larger opportunities for the composer, "The Vision of Delight," acted at Court in the Christmas of 1617. It consisted of recitative, air ("Break, Phantasie, from thy cave of cloud"), chorus, and ballet. The music for both these pieces was composed by Nicholas Laniere.

But the aid and embellishment of music was not confined to the masques; songs and instrumental interludes were introduced into every form of dramatic composition, and the plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson and Massinger, were frequently enriched with lyrical ornament. Thus it happened that the vocal music of the stage came to be very various, and included airs, duets, trios, dialogues, and choruses. On the other hand, the music of the chamber continued monotonous, being confined almost exclusively to the madrigal. About 1620, however, we meet with "Ayres in four and more parts," and with solos, to be accompanied by lute or viol. Among the most popular of these were Ferrabosco's compositions. Rounds, catches, and canons were invented at this time; the first printed collection, Ravenscroft's "Pammelia. Musick's, Miscellanie: or Mixed Varieties of Pleasant Roundelayes and delightful Catches, of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Parts in one,"* being published in 1609. We extract a specimen of a Round for Four Voices:—

Love, love, sweet love, for e - vermore fare-well to
thee, for For - tune hath de - ceiv-ed me, de - ceiv-ed me;
For - tune, my foe, most con - tra - ry hath wrought me this mise -
- ry; but yet my love, my sweet love, farewell to thee, fare-well to thee.

* "None so ordinarie as musicall," says the title page, "none so musical as not to all very pleasing and acceptable."

In his desire to promote the best interests of the art which he passionately loved, Charles I., in 1636, granted to Laniere and other eminent musicians a charter, based upon one of Edward IV., incorporating them under the style of "The Marshal, Wardens, and Cominality of the Arte and Science of Musicke in Westminster," and authorising them to control and regulate all matters connected with music throughout the kingdom (the county palatine of Chester alone excepted). This corporation seems to have been suspended during the Protectorate, but at the Restoration it was revived.

In the seventeenth century instrumental music, in parts, found its way from the theatre into the chamber. At first it was used to accompany and reinforce the voice in the performance of madrigals, but its capabilities apart from the voice were soon discovered, and composers entered gladly upon a new and wide field of musical effort. Pieces of three to six parts, written for viols and other instruments, were composed under the general name of "fantasies," or "fancies," which abounded, says Hawkins, in fugues, and little responsible passages, and all those other elegancies observable in the structure and contrivance of the madrigal. Many madrigals and motets were, as a matter of fact, converted into "fantasies." So popular grew this species of composition, that almost every musical family rejoiced in the possession of two tenors, two trebles, and two basses, constituting what was called "a chest;" and for this combination, or even for "five cornets," several compositions were written, as well as for the "Virginals," by Bird and Orlando Gibbons in the "Parthenia."* These

* "Parthenia: or, The Maydenhead of the first musicke that ever was printed for the Virginalls Composed by three famous Masters, William Byrde, Dr. John Bull, and Orlando Gibbons, Gentilmen of his Ma^ties most Illustrious Chappell," 1611.

were neither very tuneful nor very elaborate; the narrow range of the "fantasie" preventing the composer from giving free rein to his faculties of grace and expression.

During the Civil War music was necessarily at a standstill; there was no time for its cultivation when the nation was arrayed in two hostile camps, and men's minds were filled with apprehensions of the issue of the struggle. It revived under the care of the Protector, who, like his secretary, Milton, had a passion for the art. In 1653 was published the first book of "Ayres and Dialogues," by Henry Lawes, and a variety of other works by Colman, Simpson, Webb, Child, Cook, and Rogers met with a cordial welcome from the public. In 1657 appeared the "Lessons for the Virginals," by Bull, Gibbons, and other masters of repute. In the same year Matthew Lock produced his first work, a "Little Consort of three Parts, for Viols." Plays, as we have seen, were prohibited, but as early as 1656 Sir William Davenant obtained a license for the performance of operas at Rutland House, in Charterhouse Square, under the title of "Entertainments in Declamation and Music, after the Manner of the Ancients."

At the Restoration the Arts sprang up into a new life, favoured by the encouragement of a luxurious and accomplished Court. The Royal Chapel nurtured a school of excellent composers, and great advances were made in composition by Humphrey, Blow, and Wise, by Tudway and Turner, all to be eclipsed in their turn by the genius of Purcell, the greatest of English musicians, who, had he lived longer, would probably have given to English music a distinct and original character. It was he who first transformed the masque into the opera; or rather, annihilated the one, and substituted the other in its place,

"and this," says Rockstro, "he did so satisfactorily, that, measuring his success by the then condition of Art in France and Italy, he left nothing more to be desired. His recitative, no less rhetorically perfect than Lulli's, was infinitely more natural, and frequently impassioned to the last degree; and his airs, despite his self-confessed admiration for the Italian style, show little trace of the forms then most in vogue, but breathing rather the spirit of unfettered National Melody, stand forth as models of refinement and freedom."

Towards the end of Charles's reign the true capacity and character of the violin began to be appreciated, and that noble instrument rose into its right position in the public favour. At Court a band of violins, tenors, and basses happily supplied the place of viols, lutes, and cornets*—a step in advance of which the musician will recognise the full importance. For accompanying the voice, however, the lute and guitar were still in request. Nor, while composition and execution were undergoing a gradual process of development, was theory neglected. In the year after the Restoration Edward Lowe published his "Short Directions for the Performance of Cathedral Service," in which, to the notation of the preces, versicles, and responses, he added chants for the Psalms and *Te Deum*, with Tallis's Litany in counterpoint, Parsons's Burial Service, and the *Te Deum*, all in four parts.

Three years later the Rev. James Clifford gave to the world "A Collection of the Divine Services and Anthems usually sung in the Cathedrals and Collegiate Choirs of

* An instrument somewhat resembling the modern "serpent."

the Church of England," to which are prefixed, "Brief Directions for the understanding of that part of the Divine Service performed with the Organ in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sundays and Holydays." In the same year a certain John Birchenshaw* translated the "Templum Musicum: or, the Musical Synopsis of the learned and famous Johannes Henricus Alstedius; being a Compendium of the Rudiments both of the Mathematical and practical part of Music; of which subject not any book is extant in the English tongue." The dry and ponderous "Theatrum" failed to supply the want; and its place was taken, in 1667, by Christopher Simpson's clear and intelligent "Compendium, or Introduction to Practical Music."

We now proceed to sketch the careers of the principal Musicians of the Restoration period.

One of the chamber-musicians to the King, and a chanter of the Royal Chapel, was Dr. William Child. Born at Bristol in 1606, he received his musical education at the Cathedral there, under Elway Bevin, the organist. In 1631, being then of Christ Church, Oxford, he took his degree of Bachelor of Music. In 1636 he was appointed one of the royal organists of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and subsequently to a similar post in the chapel at Whitehall. In 1663 he obtained his Doctor's degree. His blameless and industrious life was prolonged far beyond "the glorious Revolution;" and he was 90 years old when he died at Windsor, in March, 1697.

* In Evelyn's *Diary*, under the date of August 3rd, 1664, we read: "A concert of excellent musicians, especially one Mr. Berkenshaw, that rare artist, who invented a mathematical way of composure [composition] very extraordinary, true as to the exact notes of art, but without much harmony." Birchenshaw was music-master to Pepys, who gave him £5 for five weeks' instruction.

His grave-stone in the Chapel Royal bears the following inscription :—

> " Go, happy soul, and in the seats above
> Sing endless hymns of thy great Maker's love.
> How fit in heavenly songs to bear thy part;
> Before well-practised in the sacred art;
> Whilst hearing us, sometimes the choir divine
> Will sure descend, and in our consort join;
> So much the music thou to us hast given
> Hast made our earth to represent thine heaven."

It is said of him that, his salary as organist having fallen largely into arrear, he promised the Dean and Chapter, if the amount due were paid up, to repave the body of the choir of the Chapel. The bribe was accepted; the Dean and Chapter discharged the arrears ; and Child then carried out his liberal undertaking.

As a composer, Child's merits are very considerable. His style is remarkable for its simplicity; so much so that it would sometimes offend the performers. "When at Windsor, on one occasion, he called the choir to a practice of an anthem he had just composed, the choir-men found the composition so plain and easy, that they treated it with derision." At times, however, he indulged in rich and well-wrought harmonies, which satisfy the ear by their fulness and gratify the imagination by their colouring. This is especially the case in his Service in D. His works consist of "Psalms for Three Voices," "Divine Anthems and Vocal Compositions to several pieces of Poetry," and various catches and canons.

The name of Henry Lawes will always be held in respect from its association with that of Milton. He was born in the last days of 1595—the son of Thomas Lawes, a native of Salisbury, and a vicar-choral of its Cathedral. His

musical education he received under John Cooper (or Giovanni Copreario, as he preferred to style himself), and on January 6th, 1625, was sworn in as epistler of the Chapel Royal. A few months later, and he became one of the gentlemen of the Chapel—also clerk of the cheque—and afterwards a member of Charles I.'s private band. In conjunction with his brother William and Simon Ives, he composed the music for Shirley's masque, "The Triumphs of Peace," performed at Whitehall, on Candlemas-night, before the King and his Court; and in the same year set to music Thomas Carew's "Cœlum Britannicum," in which Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, and other nobles took part. In 1634, he composed the music for Milton's "Comus," which originated, as everybody knows, in the following circumstances:—

The Earl of Bridgewater, as Lord President of Wales, desiring to give a large entertainment to the Welsh gentry, resolved that one feature of it should be a masque, and desired Milton to write one for him. The poet founded his work on a real incident; the Earl's children, Lord Brackley and Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, having recently been benighted in passing through Haywood Forest, and the young lady for some time separated from her brothers. A beautiful allegory was woven round this incident, and "Comus" was the result. With infinite skill, Milton adapted it to the conditions under which it would be presented. The "rout," or following of Comus, disguised with the heads of various animals, supplied the necessary masking. Local feeling was gratified by the introduction of Sabrina, the nymph of the Severn; and suitable parts were provided for the

Earl's three youngest children, the Lady Alice, and her brothers John and Thomas, aged from twelve to fifteen. These children-actors Milton was careful to present in their own characters. A mimic wood was built up on the stage, through which the children passed on their way to the Earl and his Countess, who sat in front, and to whom at the close they addressed themselves. The wood typified the world, and the adventures they encountered in it the temptations to which youth and purity are exposed, and over which they triumph.

Lawes, as already a popular composer, and as music-teacher to the Lady Alice, was naturally engaged to furnish music for the masque, which was produced in the great hall of Ludlow Castle on the 29th of September, 1634, Lawes himself taking the part of Thyrsis, or the Attendant Spirit. The musical portions were "Sweet Echo," "Sabrina fair," "Back, Shepherds," "To the Ocean wed," "Now my task is smoothly done," and the Dance of the attendants of Comus, all of which are preserved in the British Museum, while "Sweet Echo" has been printed both by Hawkins and Burney. We subjoin it, for the convenience of the reader, to whom their works may not be accessible :—

Air in Comus.

As originally set by Henry Lawes.

green, And in the vi - o - let embroider'd vale, Where the love-lorn
night - in - gale night - ly to thee her sad song mourn-eth
well, Canst thou not tell me of a gen - tle pair, that
like - est thy Narcissus are? Oh, if thou have hid them in some
flow-'ry cave, Tell me but where, sweet queen of fan-cy, daugh-
- - ter of the sphere. So may'st thou be trans-plant-ed to the skies,
And hold a coun-ter-point to all heav'n's har - mo - nies.

It is worth noting that Milton's poem was edited and published by Lawes. It appeared in 1637 without the author's name. In his dedication to Lord Brackley, Lawes says that "although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much to be desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to the necessity of producing it to the public view." The poet has introduced a graceful reference to the musical genius of his friend in the speech of Thyrsis:—

"But I must put off
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods."

Milton paid him another tribute of admiration in the commendatory sonnet, beginning —

> "Harry! whose tuneful and well-measured song
> First taught our English music how to span
> Words with just note and accent, not to scan
> With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
> Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,"—

prefixed, in 1645, to "Choice Psalms put into Music for Three Voices, composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers and Servants to His Majesty," &c. This was preceded, in 1635, by "A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David. By G[eorge] S[andys]. Set to new Tunes for private Devotion. And a thorough Base for Voice or Instrument. By Henry Lawes." The songs in the plays and poems of Cartwright were set by Lawes, and the Christmas music in Herrick's "Hesperides." His genius was exercised also upon the lyrics of Waller, who contrived in the following couplets to combine a compliment to the composer with an ingenious touch of self-laudation:—

> "Let those who only warble long,
> And gargle in their throat a song,
> Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi*;
> Let *words of sense* be set by thee."

These and other melodies will be found in the three books of "Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two, and Three Voices," which he published in 1653, 1655, and 1658. During the Commonwealth period he supported himself chiefly by his exertions as a teacher; but he was employed in 1656 with Colman, Hudson, and Cooke in providing music for Sir William Davenant's "First Day's Entertainment of Music at Rutland House." At the Restoration he was reinstated in his various offices, and for the coronation of Charles II. he composed the anthem of

"Zadok the Priest." He died on the 21st of October, 1662, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

In spite of Hawkins, who criticizes his music as wanting in melody, as neither recitative nor air, "but in so precise a medium between both, that a name is wanting for it" of Dr. Burney, who finds his compositions languid and insipid, and equally devoid of learning and genius, Lawes, by impartial judges, will be elevated to a high place among our early English composers. He chose the best words to set to music, and in setting them consulted carefully their shades of meaning, their accent, and cadence, always anxious that the poet should not be forgotten in the musician, and writing always with taste and feeling. Hence it was that the best poets of the age, as Fenton says, were ambitious of having their verses composed by this "incomparable artist."

Lawes belonged to a musical family. His uncle, the Rev. Thomas Lawes, was a vicar-choral of Salisbury Cathedral. His brother John, who died in 1655 was a lay-vicar of Westminster Abbey; while his elder brother, William, killed by a stray shot during the siege of Chester, 1645, almost rivalled himself in public estimation.

Another musician who flourished in the reigns of the first and second Charles, was Dr. John Wilson, a native of Faversham, in Kent, whose extraordinary skill as a lutenist procured him the royal favour in a marked degree. After the capture of Oxford by the army of the Parliament in 1646, he found an asylum in the family of Sir William Waller. At the Restoration he was appointed chamber-musician to Charles II., and sub-

sequently, chanter in the Chapel Royal. He died in 1679 at the age of 78. Besides his published compositions, he bequeathed to the University a manuscript volume "curiously bound in blue Turkey leather, with silver clasps," with the injunction that it was not to be opened until after his death. When examined, the contents proved to consist of musical settings of some of the odes of Horace, and of passages selected from Ausonius, Claudian, Petronius Arbiter, and Statius.

Dr. Benjamin Rogers was born in 1614 at Windsor, where his father was a lay-clerk in St. George's Chapel. He himself, in his youth, obtained a similar post, then became organist of Christ Church, Dublin; but in 1641 at the opening of the Civil War, returned to Windsor. At the breaking up of the choir in 1644 he received an annual allowance as some compensation for the loss of his appointment, and on this and on his industry as a teacher he supported his family. He was fortunate, also, in the friendship of Dr. Nathaniel Ingelo, a Fellow of Eton College, who recommended him to the University of Cambridge; where, in 1658, pursuant to a mandate from the Lord Protector, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Music. When, at the Restoration, the Corporation of London entertained the King, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and the two Houses of Parliament, at a grand Guildhall banquet,* he composed for it a "Hymnus Eucharisticus," in four parts, to words by Dr. Nathaniel Ingelo. In 1662 he regained his post in

* "July 5th.—I saw his Majesty go with as much pomp and splendour as any earthly prince could go to the great City feast, the first they had invited him to since his return; but the exceeding rain which fell all that day much eclipsed its lustres. This was at Guildhall, and there was also all the Parliament-men, both Lords and Commons. The streets were adorned with pageants, at immense cost."—EVELYN.

St. George's Chapel, his stipend being augmented by half the usual amount, and a consideration of twelve pounds a year being paid him for assisting as organist; soon afterwards he was appointed organist of Eton College. These employments he gave up in July, 1664, on accepting the office of Informator Choristarum and Organist of Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1669 he proceeded to the degree of Doctor of Music, on the opening of the new theatre. He continued to enjoy his position at Oxford until 1685, when, together with the Fellows, he was rejected from Magdalen by James II., but the Society assured him a yearly pension of £30, which kept him out of the reach of want until his death in 1698, at the ripe old age of 84. Rogers composed a variety of sacred and secular music. His Service in D and some of his anthems are still popular, and the first stanza of his "Hymnus Eucharisticus," beginning "Te Deum colimus," is daily sung at Magdalen by way of "grace after dinner." The whole hymn is chanted on the top of the College tower every Sunday at five in the morning. Anthony Wood says of this master that "his compositions for instrumental music, whether in two, three, or four parts, have been highly valued, and thirty years ago, or more, were always first called for, taken out and played, as well in the public music school as in private chambers; and Dr. Wilson, the professor, the greatest and most curious judge of music that ever was, usually wept when he heard them well performed, as being wrapt up in an ecstasy; or, if you will, melted down, while others smiled, or had their hands and eyes lifted up at the excellency of them." Such enthusiasm they would fail to provoke in our own day, though we may acknowledge the sweet simplicity of their

melodies, and the "clearness and correctness" of their counterpoint.

Both as a composer and an executant, John Jenkins claims respectful notice. He was born at Maidstone in 1592. His chief patrons were two Norfolk cavaliers, Dering and Hermon L'Estrange, and in the family of the latter he resided during a considerable portion of his life. On the lute and viol he performed with great manipulative facility, and for the viol composed a number of fantasies, which won admiration, not only in England, but in foreign countries. He also wrote some lighter pieces, which he called "rants," and sonatas for the organ. His vocal productions include rounds, and songs, and anthems, and a setting of parts of "Theophila; or Love's Sacrifice," a sacred poem written by Edward Barkam (1651). In 1660 he published "Twelve Sonatas for two Violins and a Base, with a Thorough Base for the Organ or Theorbo," the first of the kind produced by an English composer. During the latter years of his life Jenkins resided in the family of Sir Philip Wodehouse, at Kimberley, Norfolk, where he died on the 27th of October, 1678. He is remembered by his attempt at imitative music in his "Five Bell Consorte."

Four years after the Restoration died Dr. Charles Colman, a composer of some merit, who, during the Commonwealth, taught music in London, and was universally allowed to be "a great improver of the *lyra-way*" on the viol. He was one of the composers engaged by Sir William Davenant for his Musical Entertainments at Rutland House. Some of his songs are given in the three editions of "Select Musicale Ayres and Dialogues," 1652, 1653, and 1659, and some of his instrumental com-

positions in "Court by Masquing Ayres," 1662. He died in Fetter Lane, London, in 1664.

In these early times of English Music an honoured name is that of Matthew Lock, from whose brow we see no just reason to strip the garland that belongs to the composer of the music for "Macbeth." Lock was born at Exeter about 1630, and as a chorister in the cathedral there studied under Edward Gibbons. In partnership with Christopher Gibbons, he composed, in 1653, the music for Shirley's masque, "Cupid and Death," represented before the Portuguese Ambassador. Three years later, he published his "Little Consort of Three Parts" for viols or violins, composed at the request of his old master and friend, William Wake, for his scholars. Such was his eminence as a musician that he was commissioned to compose the music (for "sagbutts and cornets") for the public prayers of Charles II. through London (April 22nd, 1661), from the Tower to Whitehall; and so well did he acquit himself that he received the appointment of Composer in Ordinary to the King. He composed several anthems for the Chapel Royal, and on April 12th, 1666, produced a Kyrie and Credo, in which he provided each response with different music, an innovation that called forth much hostile criticism. Locke replied with asperity in a preface to his composition, which he entitled "Modern Church Music; Pre-Accused, Censured, and Obstructed in its Performance before His Majesty, Vindicated by the Author, Matt. Lock, Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty." Shortly afterwards, having, it is said, embraced the Catholic religion, he was made organist to the Queen.

In 1669, Lock had composed "the instrumental, vocal,

and recitative music" for Sir Robert Stapylton's tragi-comedy, "The Step-mother," and in 1670 he was engaged to furnish the instrumental music for Dryden and Davenant's audacious adaptation of "The Tempest." In 1672 he wrote the music for Davenant's alteration of "Macbeth," in which were introduced the songs and choruses from Middleton's "Witch." That the music was Lock's is expressly stated by Downes in his "Roscius Anglicanus," and under his name it was printed by Dr. Boyce, about 1750-1760. It has, however, been claimed for Purcell, on the single ground that a manuscript score of it exists in his handwriting; but against this must be set the fact that when the "Macbeth" music was produced Purcell was a boy of thirteen, and had had no dramatic experience.

In 1673, Lock composed the music (with the exception of the act tunes by Draghi) for Shadwell's "Psyche," and published it in 1675, together with the "Tempest" music, under the title of "The English Opera." In a sharply-worded preface he explained his views of the right method of operatic construction, which were based evidently on his study of Lulli. About 1672 he was engaged in a singular controversy with Thomas Salmon, of Trinity College, Oxford, who, in "An Essay to the Advancement of Music," had proposed to abolish the different clefs, and substitute the letter B for the bass, M for the mean or tenor part, and Tr for the treble. Lock replied in a style of much vehemence in his "Observations upon a late book, entitled "An Essay, &c.," to which Salmon rejoined, with equal acrimony in his "Vindication of an Essay to the Advancement of Music, from Mr. Matthew Lock's Observations, inquiring into the real

Nature and most convenient Practice of that Science." Lock terminated the controversy in 1673, by his "Present Practice of Music Vindicated. . . . To which is added —Duellum Musicum, by John Phillips [the nephew of Milton]. Together with a Letter from John Playford to Mr. T. Salmon in Confutation of his Essay." Thus assailed by a threefold band of critics, the unfortunate Salmon wisely relapsed into silence. His proposed innovation had nothing to recommend it, and has never been accepted. Lock, in attacking it, was tilting at a windmill.

In 1673 this industrious, if hot-tempered, musician gave to the world his "Melothesia, or Certain General Rules for Playing upon a Continued Base, with a Choice Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord or Organ of all Sorts"—the first work of the kind published in England. And in the same year appeared his "Little Consort of Four Parts" for viols, consisting of pavan, ayre, cornet, and saraband. He died in 1677, and Purcell composed an elegy on his death.

One of the first set of children in the Chapel Royal, after the Restoration, was Pelham Humfry, or Humphrey. He was born in 1647, and was the nephew, it is said, of Colonel John Humphrey, a noted Cromwellian, and President Bradshaw's sword-bearer. His musical faculty was displayed at a comparatively early age; for in Clifford's "Divine Services and Anthems," 1663-4, are given the words of five anthems, "composed by Pelham Humfrey, one of the Children of His Majesti's Chappel." While still a chorister he joined his companions, Blow and Turner, in composing as a memorial of their common friendship "The Club-Anthem," the first portion being

written by Humfry, the latter portion by Blow, and Turner supplying a connecting bass solo. In 1664 Charles II. sent him abroad to study music, defraying his expenses, which amounted in 1664-1667 to £450. He spent his time chiefly in Paris, under the illustrious Lulli. In October, 1667, he returned to England, and was sworn in as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal; and in July, 1672, on the death of Captain Henry Cook, which Wood absurdly ascribes to his jealousy of Humfry,* was appointed Master of the Children. On the 8th of August following he and Purcell were favoured with a patent as joint "Composers in Ordinary for the Violins to His Majesty;" but he enjoyed the honour and profit of these offices only for a couple of years, dying, at the early age of 27, on the 14th of July, 1674. In his short life Humfry gave a distinct impulse to English music, embodying in his compositions the fine effects he had learned under Lulli. Some of his anthems are still in vogue; and musicians are well acquainted with the beauty of not a few of his songs.

Pepys, in his Diary, notes, under the date of February 20th, 1667, that "they talk how the King's violin, Banister, is mad, that a Frenchman [Louis Grabu] is come to be chief of some part of the King's music." This Banister was the son of one of the "waitts" of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, London; was born in 1630, educated by his father, and attained to remarkable facility of execution as a violinist. His talent attracted the notice of Charles II., who sent him abroad to study, and on his return appointed him leader of his private band. He lost his post

* Wood says that Cook was esteemed "the best musician of his time to sing to the lute, till Pelham Humfrey, his scholar, came up, after which he died of grief."

in 1667 for asserting, in the King's hearing, that the English violinists were superior to those of France. Banister was the founder of that important institution, the weekly concert, and the first musician who appealed to the public through the medium of advertisements. Whether in either capacity he merits the gratitude of the profession we leave the reader to determine. His announcements appeared in the *London Gazette*. As for example : "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house, now called the Musick-School, over against the George Tavern in White Friars, this present Monday, will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at four of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour." This appeared on December 30th, 1672, and from similar notices, occurring in a long series, it is evident that Banister carried on his concerts until his labours were terminated by his death on the 3rd of October, 1679. Banister was a sound musician : he joined Pelham Humfry in composing music for "The Tempest," on its revival in 1676, and in the same year he wrote the incidental music for Charles Davenant's tragedy of "Circe."

English Church music owes not a little to the genius of Dr. John Blow, whose services and anthems exhibit a really majestic style of treatment. Severe critics find fault with his "crudities," and it may be admitted that his contrapuntal arrangements sometimes err on the side of freedom, but in the general elevation and excellence of his work this may be forgiven. We hold it discreditable to our music publishers that so much of his music still remains in manuscript ; and are convinced that the public would gladly welcome a complete edition of his composi-

tions for the Church. Many of his sacred songs, duets, catches, organs, secular songs, and odes * have been published, either separately or in "collections," but some seventy or eighty anthems are still in manuscript. We transcribe one of his lighter efforts—a smooth and graceful Pastoral Ballad:—

Since the spring comes on, and the teem - ing earth Gives
plants and flow'rs a kind - ly birth; Since all things in one
great de - sign, Of ga - ie - ty and mirth com -
bine, Of ga - ie - ty and mirth com - bine.

John Blow, a native of North Collingham, in Nottinghamshire, where he was born in 1648, was a fellow-pupil with Humfry under Captain Cook; but he had also the advantage of being instructed by Hingeston and Dr. Christopher Gibbons. When a lad of fifteen he gave

* Such as the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," and Dryden's "Ode on the Death of Purcell."

evidence of his ability as a composer: the words of three anthems composed by John Blow, "one of the Children of His Majesty's Chapel," appear in Clifford's "Divine Hymns and Anthems," 1663, and he joined Humfry and Turner in the "Club-Anthem," to which we have already referred. In 1673 he became one of the gentlemen of the Chapel, and in the following year succeeded Humfry as Master of the Children. He was already organist of Westminster Abbey (1669), a post which he held until 1680, being reappointed in 1695. His talents were appreciated by Charles II., who asked him, on one occasion, if he could imitate Carissimi's duet, "Dite, o Cieli." Blow modestly answered that he would try; and the result was his fine song, "Go, perjured man."

In 1685 James II. appointed him one of his private musicians, and in 1699 he was made "Composer to the King," an office created under the following circumstances:—"After the Revolution," says Hawkins, "and while King William was in Flanders, the summer residence of Queen Mary was at Hampton Court. Dr. Tillotson was then Dean of St. Paul's, and the Reverend Mr. Gostling, Sub-dean, and also a gentleman of the Chapel. The Dean would frequently take Mr. Gostling in his chariot thither to attend the chapel duty; and in one of those journeys, talking of Church-music, he mentioned it as a common observation, that it then fell short of what it had been in the preceding reign, which the Queen herself had noticed. Gostling observed that Dr. Blow and Mr. Purcell were capable of producing, at least, as good anthems as most of those which had been so much admired, which a proper management would soon prove. This the Dean mentioned to her Majesty, who

profited by the hint, and, for eighty pounds per annum, purchased the exertions of two of the greatest musical composers that England ever produced. Their attendance was limited to alternate months; and, on the first Sunday of his month each was required to produce a new anthem. The salaries of the Chapel composers have since been augmented to £73 each."

His great merits as a musician were recognized by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, who bestowed on him the degree of Doctor of Music by diploma.

In 1700 Blow published a collection of his songs (in imitation of Purcell's "Orpheus Brittannicus") under the title of "Amphion Anglicus," containing compositions for one, two, three, and four voices, with accompaniments of instrumental music, and a thorough base figured for the organ, harpsichord, or theorbo-lute. A critic says: "The harmony of these polyphonic songs is pure, the contrivance always ingenious, and the melody, for the most part, excellent, the time considered in which it was produced; a time when, in composition, grace and eloquence were such scarce features."

This able and industrious musician died on the 1st of October, 1708, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory. The inscription runs as follows:— "Here lies the body of JOHN BLOW, Doctor in Music, who was organist, composer, and Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal for the space of 33 years, in the reigns of K. Cha. 2, K. Ja. 2, K. Wm. and Q. Mary, and Her present Majesty Q. Anne, and also organist of this collegiate church, about 15 years. He was scholar to the excellent musician, Dr. Christopher Gibbons, and master

of the famous Mr. Purcell, and most of the eminent masters in music since. He died October 1, 1708, in the 60th year of his age. His own musical compositions, especially his church music, are a far nobler monument to his memory than any other."

Michael Wise, another church composer of eminence, was a native of Wiltshire. He received his musical education in the Chapel Royal; in 1668 was appointed master of the choristers in Salisbury Cathedral; succeeded Raphael Cantville, in 1673, as a gentleman of the Chapel Royal; and in the following year was preferred to the post of almoner and master of the choristers of St. Paul's. Charles II. esteemed him highly, and in a progress which he once made selected him as one of his suite. For a time he enjoyed the exclusive privilege of playing at whatever church the King visited.

Besides several excellent anthems, Wise composed a number of catches, and two or three part-songs. His duet, "Old Chiron thus sang to his pupil Achilles," was long and deservedly popular.

Our survey now brings us to the greatest of the musicians of the Restoration, perhaps the greatest of English musicians, if we consider only the question of natural genius, and remember what he accomplished when the art was still in a state of imperfect development—Henry Purcell. The son of Henry, and the nephew of Thomas Purcell, both musicians and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, he was born in 1658. His father died when he was only six years old, He seems to have received his early education under Captain John Cook, but completed his studies under an abler master, Dr. Blow. However great his endowments by nature,

he owed much to his persistency of application and fixity of purpose, which were inspired by an earnest ambition. While a boy he produced several anthems, full of high promise of future excellence; and it is a remarkable testimony to his precocious powers and their sedulous cultivation that, in 1676, at the age of eighteen, he was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey. In the previous year he had been commissioned by Josiah Priest, who reminds us of Colman's three single gentlemen rolled into one, being a fashionable dancing-master, a composer of stage dances, and master of "a boarding-school for young gentlemen" in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to supply the music for a little drama, by Nahum Tate, entitled "Dido and Æneas," intended for representation by his pupils. This task he executed with so much liveliness of fancy and fertility of invention—especially in the spirited chorus, "To the hills and the vales"—that the attention of theatrical managers was drawn to the rising genius; and in 1676 he composed the music for Dryden's tragedy of "Aureng-Zebe," and Shadwell's comedy of "Epsom Wells." To Shadwell's tragedy of "The Libertine" he contributed part of the music, including the beautiful air "Nymphs and Shepherds," and the chorus, "In those delightful pleasant groves." With indefatigable energy and inexhaustible wealth of resource, he provided, in 1677, the overture, instrumental music, and vocal melodies for Aphra Behn's "Abdelazor," and composed an elegy on the death of Matthew Lock. The variety and freshness of his melodic powers are seen to great advantage in the music to the masque in Shadwell's adaptation of "Timon of Athens," produced in 1678. Bringing together all his compositions for the stage, we

find that, in 1680, he wrote the music for Nathaniel Lee's "Theodosius;" and the overture and entr'acte music for D'Urfey's "Virtuous Wife;" in 1686 (after an interval of six years, devoted chiefly to church and chamber music, in which his versatile genius was equally successful), the music including the fine air, "Ah, how sweet it is to love!" for Dryden's "Tyrannic Love;" in 1688, the songs for Mountford, the actor, in D'Urfey's comedy, "A Fool's Preferment;" in 1690, the glorious music for Shadwell's version of "The Tempest," so fluent in its strength, so rich and varied in its melody, that to this day it remains unsurpassed;* and in the same year for Betterton's adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Prophetess; or the History of Dioclesian," which contains the tenderly beautiful air, "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" and the bold and strenuous "Sound, Fame, thy brazen trumpet." In his preface to this "opera," published by subscription in 1691, he indicates his view of the then position of the art in England, and his belief in its future expansion and elevation.

"Music and Poetry," he says, "have ever been acknowledged sisters, which, walking hand in hand, support each other; as Poetry is the harmony of words so Music is that of notes; and as Poetry is a rise above Prose and Oratory, so is Music the exaltation of Poetry. Both of them may excel apart, but surely they are most excellent when they are joined, because nothing is then wanting to either of their proportions; for thus they appear like wit and beauty in the same person. Poetry and Painting have arrived to per-

* What can excel the beauty of Ariel's flowing and quaintly rhythmical air, "Come unto these yellow sands"?

fection in our own country; Music is yet but in its nonage a forward child, which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air, to give it somewhat more of gaiety and fashion. Thus being further from the sun we are of later growth than our neighbour countries, and must be content to shake off our barbarity by degrees. The present age seems already disposed to be refined, and to distinguish between wild fancy and a just, numerous composition."

In 1690 Purcell composed* his great work, "King Arthur," which may rightly be designated the first complete English opera. The drama, by Dryden, was evidently constructed with a view to the musician's requirements, and supplies that variety in the measure and that interest in the scenes which are essential to musical effect. It should not be overlooked that the music is not only original, vigorous, various, and beautiful, but imbued with a fine spirit of patriotism, as if the composer's genius had been specially inspired by association with the story of England's legendary hero. Two of the choicest numbers are the grand war-song of the Britons, "Come if you dare," and the lively lyric in praise of the fatherland, "Fairest isle, all isles excelling." The resources of the master are exhibited triumphantly in the sacrificial scene of the Saxons, the scene with the spirits, the choric dances and songs of the shepherds, the frost scene, the duet of the Syrens, and the concluding masque. By this one com-

* In 1690 his work for the theatre was confined to overture, act-tunes and songs for Dryden's comedy of "Amphitryon," and the bass solo, "Thy genius, lo, from his sweet bed of rest," in Nat. Lee's "The Massacre in Paris."

position Purcell has placed himself at the head of English musicians; and we can imagine what he would have accomplished had he known the combinations and contrasts of which the modern orchestra is capable.

Yet this noble work did not satisfy the activity of his genius in 1691. He also wrote the overture and act-tunes for Elkanah Settle's tragedies, "Distressed Innocence," and "The Gordian Knot Untied," and some songs for Southerne's comedy, "Sir Anthony Love."

In the year 1692 he composed the music for Sir Robert Howard and Dryden's "The Indian Queen," including the masterly recitative, "Ye twice ten hundred deities," the air, "By the croaking of the toad," and the charming rondo, "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly." Also songs for Dryden's "Indian Emperor," and "Cleomenes" (which Southerne finished), Dryden and Lee's "Œdipus," Southerne's comedy, "The Wife's Excuse," and D'Urfey's comedy, "The Marriage State Matched;" and further, the opera of "The Fairy Queen" (adapted from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"), which seems to have been put upon the stage in a very costly and brilliant manner. It is unfortunate that a considerable portion of the score has been lost; but some of the numbers were printed in the "Orpheus Britannicus," and others separately.

In 1693 Purcell composed the music for Congreve's comedy, "The Old Bachelor," D'Urfey's "The Richmond Heiress," Southerne's "The Maid's Last Prayer," and Bancroft's tragedy, "Henry the Second;" in 1694, portions of the music for Parts 1 and 2 of D'Urfey's "Don Quixote," songs for Southerne's tragedy, "The Fatal Marriage," Dryden's play of "Love Triumphant," and

Crowne's comedy, "The Married Beau;" and the overture, act-tunes and songs for Congreve's "Double Dealer." The famous war-song, "Britons, strike home," and the four-part chorus, "To arms," were among the gems with which, in 1695, he enriched Purcell's adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Boadicea." In the same year he composed songs for Southerne's tragedy, "Oroonoko," Ravenscroft's comedy, "The Canterbury Guests," Gould's tragedy, "The Rival Sisters," Scott's comedy, "The Mock Marriage," Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Knight of Malta," and the third part of D'Urfey's "Don Quixote." The "Don Quixote" contains Purcell's swan-song, his last composition, "From rosy hours," which, though written in his dying hours, presents no trace of weakness or decay.

From this review of his dramatic compositions we proceed to a survey of what he accomplished in church and chamber music. Perhaps it is in the service of the temple that his genius is most fully developed.* Certain it is that his church music is characterized by a wonderful power of devotion and solemnity of feeling. Exact and well-defined in its scientific development, it attains, by the richness of its harmonic combinations and the purity of its melodic strains, a strength and fulness of effect which every heart acknowledges. Let us glance at a few of his more memorable compositions. There is the anthem for six voices: "Oh God, Thou hast cast us out," with its felicitous "commixture of spirit, sweetness, and elaborated counterpoint;" the anthem for bass solo and chorus, "The Lord is King;" the coronation anthems for James

* The reader is advised to study Vincent Novello's edition (1829-1832) of "Purcell's Sacred Music," if he would understand the full scope and character of the composer's powers.

II., and his Queen "I was glad," and "My heart is inditing;" the anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," composed on the occasion of the King's narrow escape from a great storm when at sea in the Fubbs yacht, and remarkable for its expression of the mingled sensation of awe, agitation, wonder, and thanksgiving; and the noble and majestic eight-part anthem, "O Lord God of hosts!" The anthem for four voices, with instrumental accompaniments, "Blessed are they that fear the Lord," was produced on the 29th of January, 1687, as a thanksgiving for the pregnancy of the Queen, Mary of Modena.

To enumerate all his anthems, or services, or settings of the *Jubilate* and *Benedictus*, would be unprofitable. Something must be said, however, respecting his famous *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in D, with orchestral accompaniments, the first of the kind composed in England, which he wrote for the Cecilian celebration in 1694. "In this composition," says Busby, "the science and genius of a great and superior master are conspicuously displayed. To hear the chorus, 'All, all the earth, Lord, worship Thee, the Father Everlasting,' is to feel the utmost richness of sonorous combination, and to be impressed with the fullest sense of devotional duty. The duet, given to the Cherubim and Seraphim, broken and thundered upon by the chorus, with the awfully impressive word, 'Holy,' is divinely conceived; and both the harmony and the melody of 'Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter,' exhibit Purcell as a musician inspired. In the double fugue of 'Thou art the King of Glory,' the noble and elevated feelings of the author are expressed with a degree of science and decision which manifest the contrivance of a real and great master, animated and em-

boldened by the divine majesty of the object before him. From the words, 'Thou sittest at the right hand of God,' to 'ever world without end,' we find in the music a continued and unremitting echo to the sense of the language, and are everywhere reminded of the import and the grandeur of the subject treated."

This noble and majestic masterpiece was composed for the Cecilian festival of the Sons of the Clergy, and was performed every year until the production of Handel's *Te Deum*, in 1713, for the peace of Utrecht. Thenceforward, until 1743, they were alternately used. In 1743 Handel composed his Dettingen *Te Deum*, to which his knowledge of the powers and combinations of the instruments of the orchestra enabled him to give such a colossal character that it has, to a great extent, superseded Purcell's beautiful composition. Why does not some English musician arrange the latter with orchestral accompaniments in the modern fashion?

To present a brief chronological *resumé*:—

The first of Purcell's numerous odes, a form of composition in which he seems to have taken much delight, appeared in 1680—"An Ode or Welcome Song for his Royal Highness (the Duke of York) on his return from Scotland." In 1681 he wrote another Ode or Welcome Song for the King, "Swifter, Isis, swifter flow;" and in 1682, one on the King's return from Newmarket, "The summer's absence unconcerned we bear." He also wrote some inauguration songs for the Lord Mayor, October 29th. In 1683 he essayed a new branch of composition, instrumental chamber music, and published his twelve "Sonnatas of III. parts, two Viollins and Basse to the Organ or Harpsichord." Each consists of an adagio,

fugue, slow movement, and air. In his preface Purcell states that he has aimed at a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters, "principally to bring," he says, "the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humour 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbours." The attempt he confesses to be bold and daring; there being pens and artists of more eminent abilities, much better qualified for the employment than his or himself, which he well hopes these his weak endeavours will in due time provoke and influence to a more accurate undertaking. He is not ashamed to own his unskilfulness in the Italian language, but that is the unhappiness of his education, which cannot justly be counted his fault; however, he thinks he may warrantably affirm that he is not mistaken in the power of the Italian notes, or elegancy of their composition.

In the same year (1683) he produced another Ode for the King, "Fly, bold Rebellion," and one Ode, "From hardy climes," in celebration of the marriage of Prince George of Denmark to the Princess Anne. Also, a St. Cecilia's Day Ode, "Welcome to all the pleasures."

In 1684 he composed an Ode, the last he was to lay at the feet of Charles II., on the King's return to Whitehall after his Summer's Progress—"From those serene and rapturous joys."

"Why are all the Muses mute?" was the title of the Ode or Welcome Song which he addressed to James II. in 1685. "Ye tuneful Muses" was produced in 1686.

In 1687 he composed another Ode, "Sound the trumpet, beat the drum," in which occurs the duet for

altos, "Let Cæsar and Urania live." This enjoyed so extensive a popularity that succeeding composers of Royal Birthday Odes were wont to introduce it into their own productions until late into the 18th century.

In 1688 he composed his last Welcome Song for James II., and in 1689, an Ode, "Celestial Music," and a "Welcome Song at the Prince of Denmark's Coming Home." In this year he wrote the celebrated "Yorkshire Feast Song" in praise of the county and its worthies, for the annual gathering in London of natives of Yorkshire—one of his most vigorous and varied compositions. It was performed at an expense of £100 at the annual Feast held in Merchant Taylor's Hall, on the 27th of March, 1690. In this year a sharp contention arose between the composer and the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey. Purcell, considering the organ loft as his *peculium*, in virtue of his office, had received the admission fees of persons desirous of viewing the coronation of William and Mary. The Dean and Chapter claimed them, and when Purcell refused to acknowledge the claim, made an order that unless he handed over the moneys his place should be declared vacant, and his salary detained by the Treasurer. As he held his appointment, however, until his death, we may assume that the dispute was amicably arranged.

In 1690 the inexhaustible genius of Purcell produced a Birthday Ode for the Queen, "Arise, my Muse," and an ode for King William, "Sound the trumpet." Another Birthday Ode for the Queen, "Welcome, glorious Morn," appeared in 1691. A curious anecdote is related of the one which he composed in the following year to Sir Charles Sedley's words, "Love's Goddess sure was blind."

The bass to one of its airs, "May her blest example chase," is simply the tenor of the old song, "Cold and raw." It seems that Queen Mary one day was entertained by the singing of Gostling and Mistress Arabella Hunt, with Purcell as accompanist. After they had sung some admirable songs by Purcell and others, Queen Mary asked Arabella Hunt for the ballad of "Cold and raw." In his indignation that the Queen should prefer a common ballad to his own excellent compositions, Purcell resolved that she should hear it again when she little expected it, and accordingly introduced it, as we have seen, into the Birthday Ode.

In the same year he set to music Dr. Brady's Ode, "Hail, great Cecilia," which was performed at the annual celebration on St. Cecilia's Day,* the composer himself singing the alto solo, "'Tis Nature's voice." In 1693 he set Nahum Tate's Ode for the Queen's birthday, "Celebrate this festival;" and the same versifier's Ode commemorative of the centenary of Trinity College, Dublin. In 1694 he wrote another Birthday Ode for the Queen, "Come, come, ye Sons of Art!" and at the close of the year composed for her funeral the anthem, "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," in so deeply impressive and majestic a style that Dr. Croft, when he set the funeral service, wisely refrained from resetting this passage, and adopted Purcell's music. Purcell also wrote for this occasion his anthem, "Blessed

* These annual concerts were established in 1683 by "The Musical Society," whose members on St. Cecilia's Day (Nov. 22nd) first attended choral service at St. Bride's Church, and afterwards at the concert (generally given in Stationer's Hall), where an ode in praise of music was always the *pièce de resistance*. For these occasions Dryden wrote his famous Odes in 1687 and 1697.

is the man;" and early in the following year composed two elegies on the Queen's death.

Irregularities of living, and, doubtless, the excessive mental labour of which the foregoing list affords so signal an illustration, shattered the composer's constitution while he was still in the prime of manhood; and, to the great loss of English music, he died of some lingering disease, probably consumption, at his house in Dean's Yard, Westminster, on the 21st of November, 1695, aged 37.* He was buried in Westminster Abbey. On a tablet affixed to a pillar is the following well-known inscription, ascribed, though on doubtful evidence, to Dryden:—

"Here lyes
Henry Purcell, Esq.,
Who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place,
Where only his harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit. 21 mo die Novembris,
Anno Ætatis suæ, 37mo.,
Annuq; Domini, 1695."

On a flat stone over his grave was inscribed the following epitaph, renewed, a few years ago, through the agency of Turle, then organist of the Abbey:—

"Plaudite, felices superi, tanto hospite; nostris,
Præfuerat, vestris additur ille choris:
Invidia nec vobis Purcellum terra reposcat,
Questa decus secli, deliciasque breves.
Tum cito decessisse, modos cui singula debit
Musa, prophana suos religiosa suos.
Vivit Io et vivat, dum vicina organa spirant,
Dumque colet numeris turba canora Deûm."

* The old story that his fatal illness was due to a cold, caught one night when his wife kept him waiting outside his own door, in punishment for his late hours, may be dismissed as without foundation. By his will he bequeathed his whole property to his "loving wife," and appointed her sole executrix.

Which has been thus Englished:—

"Applaud so great a guest, celestial Powers!
Who now resides with you, but once was ours;
Yet let invidious earth no more reclaim
Her short-liv'd fav'rite and her chiefest fame;
Complaining that so prematurely dy'd,
Good-nature's pleasure and devotion's pride.
Dy'd? no, he lives while yonder organs sound,
And sacred echoes to the choir rebound."

The finest tribute to the great musician's memory is the sonorous verse of Dryden (set to music by Dr. Blow), in which he speaks of him as "the godlike man," and adds:—

"The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky;
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung,
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoice;
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleased alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice."

Elsewhere the poet writes:—

"Sometimes a hero in an age appears,
But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years."

One or two anecdotes of the composer may here be introduced. According to Sir John Hawkins, he had a strong dislike to the tones of the viol da gamba, on which his friend, the Rev. Mr. Sub-dean Gostling, was an enthusiastic performer. "The composer, to gratify some little pique, engaged a certain poetaster to write the following mock eulogium on the viol, which he set in the form of a round, for three voices:—

"Of all the instruments that are,
None with the viol can compare;
Mark how the strings their order keep,
With a whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep,
But above all this abounds,
With a zingle, zingle, zing, and a zit, zan, zounds."

It is said that Dryden wrote his Ode of "Alexander's Feast" with a view to its musical illustration by the genius of his friend; but for some unexplained reason Purcell declined the task.

Of his skill as an organist little is now known; but that it was highly esteemed we infer from the curious rebus, in rhyming Latin, written by Tomlinson, a translation of which was set to music by one Lenton,* in the form of a catch:—

"Galli marita, par tritico seges,
Prænomen est ejus, dat chromati leges;
Intrat cognomen blanditiis Cati,
Exit eremi in Ædibus stati,
Expertum effectum omnes admirentur.
Quid merent Poetæ? ut bene calcentur."

The translation, as set by Lenton ran thus:—

"A mate to a cock, and corn tall as wheat,
Is his Christian name who in music's complete;
His surname begins with the grace of a cat,
And concludes with the house of a hermit; note that.
His skill and performance each auditor wins,
But the poet deserves a good kick on the shins."

Purcell's widow, in 1698, with the aid of a liberal subscription, reared an endearing monument to her husband's memory in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, a collection of his vocal compositions, to which a second volume was added in 1702, and a third in 1705. It was dedicated to that able and accomplished statesman, Charles Montague, Lord Halifax, and contains songs from "The Fairy Queen," and "The Indian Queen," the Birthday Odes, that noble song, "Genius of England," and numerous other occasional productions. "The Genius of England" has an accompaniment for a trumpet, and it may here be

* John Lenton was a member of the private band of King William and Queen Anne; he wrote the overtures and act-tunes to several plays; and, in 1702, published "The Useful Instructor on the Violin."

noted that Purcell was the first English musician who wrote songs with symphonies and accompaniments for that instrument.

Among the most popular and successful of Purcell's compositions for the voice may be named: "Come, if you dare!" "Fairest isle, all isles excelling," "Come unto these yellow sands," "Celia has a thousand charms," "Ye twice ten hundred deities," "Tell me why, my charming fair?" "Mad Bess," "Blow, Boreas, blow," "Thus the gloomy world," "May the god of wit inspire," "Two daughters of this aged stream," "I attempt from love's sickness to fly," "Let the dreadful engines," "Crown the altar," "Ah! cruel nymph," "From rosy bowers," "I'll sail upon the Day-star," "Lost is my quiet," "When Mira sings," "Celebrate this festival," and "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" In most of these the words are admirably expressed; the melody and modulation always aim at more than the gratification of the external sense, are uniformly impregnated with sentiment, and never fail to be either elegant, or pathetic, or both. Whenever the subject demands fire and animation, his native spirit bursts forth with an energy, and kindles to a glow, that no apathy in the hearer can resist. In his duets and trios we find a contexture and contrivance in the *parts* only conceivable by real genius, and not to be fabricated, or accomplished, but by profound science.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS.

Arrowsmith.
Banks.
Bancroft.
Betterton.
Buckingham, Duke of
Brome.
Lord Broghill.
Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland.
Caryll.
Corye.
Cowley.
Crowne, John.
Davenant.
Dryden.
D'Urfey.
Etherege, Sir George.
Fane.
Edward Howard.
James Howard.
Sir Robert Howard.
Killigrew.
Lacy.
Lee, Nat.
Leonard.
Maidwell.
Medbourne.
Newcastle, Duke of
Otway. —
Payne.
Porter and Pordage.
Rawlins.
Revet.
Rymer.
Saunders.
Settle.
Shadwell.
Shirley.
Southern.
Stapleton, Sir R.
Tate.
Tuke.
Wycherley.
Behn, Mrs. Aphra.

CHAPTER III.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

ARROWSMITH—BANKS—BANCROFT—BETTERTON—BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF—BROME—LORD BROGHILL—LUCIUS CARY, LORD FALKLAND—CARYLL—CORYE—COWLEY—CROWNE, JOHN—DAVENANT—DRYDEN—D'URFEY—ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE—FANE—EDWARD HOWARD—JAMES HOWARD—SIR ROBERT HOWARD—KILLIGREW—LEE, NAT—LACY—LEONARD—MAIDWELL—MEDBOURNE—NEWCASTLE, DUKE OF—OTWAY—PAYNE—PORTER AND PORDAGE—RAWLINS—REVET—RYMER—SAUNDERS—SETTLE—SHADWELL—SHIRLEY—SOUTHERN—STAPLETON, SIR R.—TATE—TUKE—WYCHERLEY—BEHN, MRS. APHRA.

AT the sixty or seventy Dramatic Authors who contributed to the English Stage between 1660 and 1685 we purpose to glance in alphabetical order: an arrangement which has at least the merit of simplicity, and will probably prove more convenient to the reader than one based upon chronological data. The first place will be taken, therefore, by Arrowsmith, the author of a dull comedy, called "The Reformation" (the title alone was enough to kill it), which did not hit the taste of the town, and soon passed, with its writer, into oblivion.

As late as 1682 the indefatigable John Banks produced his tragedy of "The Unhappy Favourite: or, The Earl of

Essex," concerning which Steele, in *The Tatler*, remarks, that it does not contain one good line, and yet it was "never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience." Banks also composed "The Rival Kings," 1677; "The Destruction of Troy," 1679; "Virtue Betrayed," 1682; "The Island Queens," 1684; "The Innocent Usurper," 1694; and "Cyrus the Great," 1696. "His style," it is said, "gives alternate specimens of meanness and bombast. But even his dialogue is not destitute of occasional nature and pathos, and the value of his works as acting plays is very considerable."*

The surgeon Bancroft, who had a large practice among fine gentlemen and actors, caught from them a touch of stage-fever, and produced a play, which the audience found more difficult to swallow than his potions.

Thomas Betterton, the actor, shows a certain knowledge of stage-craft in his dramatic works: "The Woman Made a Justice," a comedy; "The Amorous Widow, or The Wanton Wife;" and an adaptation of John Webster's tragedy of "The Unjust Judge, or Appius and Virginia," which he entitled "The Roman Virgin," 1679; "The Revenge: or, A Match at Newgate," 1680; "The Prophetess: or, The History of Dioclesian, with a Masque," 1690; "King Henry IV., with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff;" and "The Bondman: or, Love and Liberty," published in 1719, after his death.

To the Duke of Buckingham full reference is made in another chapter. He is included in the category of

* Pope speaks of Banks as Settle's rival in tragedy, "though most successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, The Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and their prosaic." (Note to The Dunciad, bk. vi.)

Dramatic Authors by virtue of his immortal burlesque, "The Rehearsal," in which he is said (by those who will not believe that a Duke can be a wit) to have been assisted by Martin Clifford, Dr. Sprat, and Butler. But neither of these was capable of *the fun* which brims over in Buckingham's "Rehearsal"—fun so true and fresh that even a modern audience might appreciate it, while not detecting or understanding the parodies and contemporary allusions.

From his love of wine and his lyrical gifts Alexander Brome earned the title of "The English Anacreon." Charles Cotton apostrophizes him:—

> "Anacreon, come and touch thy jolly lyre,
> And bring in Horace to the quire;"

and Walton alludes to his vivacious lays and cavalier-ditties as

> "Those cheerful songs which we
> Have often sung with mirth and merry glee
> As we have marched to fight the cause
> Of God's anointed and His laws."

He is mentioned here by right of his comedy of "The Cunning Lovers." Born in 1620; died in 1666.

One of the aristocratic dramatists of the day was the Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, who makes so distinguished a figure in its political affairs. He was the son of the great Earl of Cork, and with his precocious talents astonished the grave professors of Dublin University. At the age of 15 he went abroad. After seeing much of men and cities, he fell in love with the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and crossed to Ireland to celebrate his wedding on the very day that the Great Civil War broke out. Drawing his sword in support of the royal cause, he fought bravely on many a field. After the

execution of Charles I. he went into exile; but secretly visiting London, came into contact with Cromwell, and was persuaded by him to assist in the expedition then fitting out for Ireland, with the understanding that he would be called upon to fight only against the native Irish. His military abilities were considerable, and his Irish campaigns were crowned with success. He won the battle of Macrome, and inflicted a severe defeat on Lord Muskerry and his "Irish Papistry." At the great Protector's death he refused his services to Richard Cromwell, and returned to his old allegiance. For his share in bringing about the Restoration Charles II. created him Earl of Orrery. His occupation as a soldier gone, he took to writing plays, of which Pepys justly complains that they are all alike, though for one or two of them he seems to have had a fancy. Thus he bestows not a few good words on Orrery's "Henry V.," in which Henry and Owen Tudor in stilted rhymes both make love to Katherine of Valois. In December, 1666, he notes: "After all staying above an hour [at Whitehall] for the players, the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw 'Henry V.,' well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high, and so far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night, and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine."

Says Dr. Doran: "In Orrery's 'Mustapha' and 'Tryphon,' the theme is all love and honour, without variation. Orrery's 'Mr. Anthony' is a five-act farce, in ridicule of

the manners and morals of the Puritans. Therein the noble author rolls in the mire for the gratification of the pure-minded cavaliers. Over Orrery's 'Black Prince,' even vigilant Mr. Pepys himself fell asleep, in spite of the stately dances. Perhaps he was confused by the author's illustration of genealogical history; for in this play, Joan, the wife of the Black Prince, is described as the widow of Edmund, Earl of Kent—*her father!* But what mattered it to the writer whose only teaching to the audience was, that if they did not fear God, they must take care to honour the King? Orrery's 'Altemira' was not produced till long after his death. It is a roar of passion, love (or what passed for it), jealousy, despair, and murder. In the concluding scene the slaughter is terrific. It all takes place in presence of an unobtrusive individual, who carries the doctrine of non-intervention to its extreme limit. When the persons of the drama have made an end of one another, the quietly delighted gentleman steps forward, and blandly remarks, that there was so much virtue, love, and honour in it all, that he could not find it in his heart to interfere, though his own son was one of the victims!"

John Caryl, or Caryll, appears in history as secretary to Mary of Modena, James II.'s Queen, and as for some time James's agent at the Court of Rome. Here is Macaulay's reference to him: "This gentleman was known to his contemporaries as a man of fortune and fashion, and as the author of two successful plays, a tragedy in rhyme which had been made popular by the action and recitation of Betterton, and a comedy which owes all its value to scenes borrowed from Molière. These pieces have long been forgotten; but what Caryl could

not do for himself has been done for him by a more powerful genius. Half a line in the Rape of the Lock has made his name immortal."

His plays are: "The English Princess, or The Death of Richard III.," 1667; and "Sir Solomon Single, or The Cautious Coxcomb," 1671.

James II. bestowed on him the titles of Earl Caryl and Baron Dartford, which, however, proved merely nominal distinctions. He returned to England in the reign of Queen Anne, and was included among the friends of Pope, to whom, it is said,* he suggested the idea of "The Rape of the Lock":—

> "What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
> What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
> I sing—This verse to Caryll, Muse, is due."

To Henry Lucius Cary, third Viscount Falkland, son of Clarendon Falkland, we owe a tragedy called "The Marriage Night," published in 1664.

A play called "Generous Enemies" was produced by Corye in 1667.

John Crowne, who died in 1703, was a native of Nova Scotia. He received a tolerable education; and as gentleman usher to a wealthy old lady having obtained some knowledge of society, resolved on taking up the profession of an author. In 1671 he made his appearance as a dramatist, and produced the first of his long list of seventeen plays, the tragi-comedy of "Juliana." Rochester then befriended him, and played him off against Dryden as a dramatic poet. Attaching himself, therefore, to the Court party, he satirised the Whigs in his comedy of "City Politics," 1675, and in the same year brought out

* See "Spence's Anecdotes," p. 194.

at Court the masque of "Calisto."* In 1677 appeared his tragedy, in two parts, "The Destruction of Jerusalem." After this, he contrived to lose Rochester's patronage, and as he had offended the Whigs, his prospects were sufficiently dubious; but Charles II. promised to do something for him when he had written one more comedy, and suggested as a model Agustin Morato's "No Puede Ser" ("It Cannot Be"). Such was the origin of Crowne's best play, "Sir Courtly Nice;" but on the last day of the rehearsal Charles II. died, and with him poor Crowne's hopes of preferment.

That he could write with terseness the following extract shows :—

> "These are great mazims, sir, it is confessed;
> Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
> Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
> In ours, it fills up all the room it finds." †

And this :—

> "I'll not such faviour to rebellion show,
> To wear a crown the people do bestow;
> Who, when their giddy violence is past,
> Shall from the King, the adored, revolt at last;
> And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
> And scorn the idol which themselves have made."

Of Abraham Cowley I speak at length under the Poets; but here I may refer to his dramatic compositions : "Love's Riddle," a pastoral comedy, 1638; "The Guardian," a comedy, 1650; and the more celebrated

* Evelyn saw the representation of this masque at Whitehall. The characters in it were represented by the Princesses Mary and Anne, the Lady Henrietta Wentworth (so unhappily associated with the Duke of Monmouth), Sarah Jennings (afterwards Duchess of Marlborough), and Mrs. Blagg, whom Evelyn has celebrated as Mrs. Godolphin. There were other less distinguished ladies and some professional actresses, while the dances between the acts were executed by "lords and ladies of high degree." Mrs. Blagg, on this occasion, wore £20,000 worth of jewels.

† Which may be compared with Lord Byron's :—

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence."

"Cutter of Coleman Street" (founded on "The Guardian"), which was produced in 1663.

I treat of Sir William Davenant in the same chapter. He wrote, in all, 25 dramatic pieces, including "The Tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombards," 1629; "The Cruel Brother," 1630; "The Just Italian," 1630; "The Temple of Love," 1634; "The Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour," 1635; "The Platonick Lovers," 1636; "The Witts," 1636; "The Unfortunate Lovers," 1643; "The Siege of Rhodes," 1663; "The Rivals," 1668; and "The Man's a Master," 1668.

It will be for the convenience of the reader that we should consider Dryden's dramatic work as a whole, taking his plays in the chronological order of their production.

His first dramatic effort was "The Wild Gallant, a Comedy" probably produced in February, 1663, for on the 23rd of that month Mr. Pepys records that "it was ill acted, and the play so poor a thing as ever I saw in my life." Dryden himself acknowledges that it was unsuccessful,* and so it deserved to be, for the plot, derived from a Spanish source, is extravagant, and the characters are absurdly unreal. There is a good deal of lively incident in it; but, as Scott remarks, few modern audiences would endure the gross deceit practised on Lord Nonsuch in the fourth act; nor is the device of Lady Constance to gain her lover, by marrying him in the disguise of a heathen divinity, more grotesque than unnatural. "Those passages, in which the plot stands still, while the spectators

* "It would be a great impudence in me," he says, "to say much of a comedy, which has had but indifferent success in the action. I made the town my judges, and the greater part condemned it: after which I do not think it my concernment to defend it with the ordinary zeal of a poet for his decried poem."

are entertained with flippant dialogue and repartee, are ridiculed in the scene betwixt Prince Prettyman and Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal; the facetious Mr. Bibber being the original of the latter personage. The character of Trice, at least his whimsical humour of drinking, playing at dice by himself, and quarrelling as if engaged with a successful gamester, is imitated from the character of Carlo, in Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' who drinks with a supposed companion, quarrels about the pledge, and tosses about the cups and flasks in the imaginary brawl." But the best conceived and best executed character in the piece is Sir Timorous.

"The Wild Gallant" was revived and published in 1669, with a new prologue and epilogue, and some alterations which showed that Dryden's Muse in the six years had gained nothing in morality.

The *dramatis personæ* are: Lord Nonsuch, an old rich humorous lord; Justice Trice, his neighbour; Mr. Loveby, the Wild Gallant; Sir Timorous, a bashful knight; Failer and Burr, hangers-on of Sir Timorous; Bibber, a tailor, and Setstone, a jeweller; Lady Constance, Lord Nonsuch's daughter; Madam Isabelle, her cousin; and Mrs. Bibber, the tailor's wife.

Of the flashes of liveliness which relieve the dialogue we give a specimen or two.

Loveby describes a garret in the tailor's house:—

"Why, 'tis a kind of little ease,* to cramp thy rebellious prentices in; I have seen an usurer's iron chest would hold two on't; a penny looking-glass cannot stand upright in the window, that and the brush fills it: the hat-case must be disposed under the bed, and the comb-case will hang down from the ceiling to the floor. If I chance to dine in my chamber, I must stay till I am empty before I can get out."

* A prison, so called from its construction.

A jest quite in the modern style:—

"*Loveby.*—But for the fountain, madam—
Constance.—The fountain's a poor excuse, it will not hold water."

Jests against the clergy:—

"If the Devil can send churchmen on his errands, Lord have mercy on the laity!"

Constance.—Our parson ran away too, when they cried out the Devil!

Loveby.—He was the wiser; for if the devil had come indeed, he has preached so long against him, it would have gone hard with him.

Setstone.—Indeed, I have always observed parsons to be more fearful of the Devil than other people.

Lovely.—Oh, the Devil's the spirit, and the parson's the flesh; and betwixt those two there must be a war; yet, to do them both right, I think in my conscience they quarrel only like lawyers for their fees, and meet good friends in private, to laugh at their clients."

Dryden's second dramatic effort was "The Rival-Ladies, a Tragi-Comedy," first acted in 1664. Pepys refers to it as "a very innocent and most pretty witty play," with which he was much pleased, and again, after reading it, he pronounces it "a most pleasant and witty fine-writ play." It is, for Dryden, commendably free from indecency. The dialogue is often very smart, and at times, glitters with wise and witty phrases. As for the plot, which is obviously borrowed from some Spanish drama of intrigue, it is so complex as almost to defy unravelling; but the incidents are numerous and entertaining. Several of the scenes are written in rhyme, in what was then called the heroic manner.

The *dramatis personæ* are: Don Gonzalvo de Peralta, a young gentleman newly arrived from the Indies, in love with Julia; Don Roderigo de Sylva, also in love with Julia; and Don Manuel de Torres, Julia's brother; Julia, Don Manuel's elder sister, promised to Roderigo; Honoria, a younger sister, disguised in a man's habit, and going by the name of Hippolito, in love with Gonzalvo; and Ange-

lina, Don Roderigo's sister, in man's habit, likewise in love with Gonzalvo, and going by the name of Aneideo. It is not difficult to imagine the embarrassments occasioned by this arrangement of the characters. Eventually, however, Roderigo and Julia are mated; Honoria wins Gonzalvo, and we are allowed to see that an alliance will be concluded between Angelina and Don Manuel.

We quote a few happy sentences:—

"I will not so much crush a budding virtue
As to suspect."

"One of those little prating girls,
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories."

"Methinks, I see
Your soul retired within her inmost chamber."

"Like a fair mourner sit in state, with all
The silent pangs of sorrow round about her."

"I am no more afraid of flying censures,
Than heaven of being fired with mounting sparkles."

"The noblest part of liberty they lose
Who can but shun, and want the power to choose."

"I feel death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass,
And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air."

We come next to "The Indian Queen," a play in which Dryden assisted that dull dramatist, Sir Robert Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Berkshire. In October, 1663, Dryden married Sir Robert Howard's sister Elizabeth, and in the following month was brought out "The Indian Queen," with costly scenery and rich decorations, of which Evelyn says that "the like of them had never been seen here, or haply, except rarely, elsewhere, in a mercenary theatre." The *dramatis personæ* include:—The Inca of Peru; Montezuma, his general; Acacis, son to Zempoalla;

Traxalla, Zempoalla's general; Garucca, a faithful servant to Aurexia; the God of Dreams; and Ismeron, a Conjurer; Aurexia, the lawful Queen of Mexico; Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen, and Orazia, daughter to the Inca. The characters of Montezuma and Zempoalla seem clearly to belong to Dryden, and much of the third act exhibits his vigorous versification.

A summary of the plot will show the kind of dramatic interest which then pleased the public. In Act I., Montezuma is loaded with rewards by the Inca of Peru for his victories over the Mexicans, and among these receives as a prisoner Prince Acacis, son of Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen. Montezuma releases the prince, and asks for the hand of Orazia, the Inca's daughter, a request at which the Inca is indignant. To revenge himself Montezuma resolves to carry his sword to the aid of the Mexicans, though Acacis reminds him of his duty, and refuses to accept his liberty. He feels bound in honour to the Inca, and, moreover, he too is not insensible to the charms of Orazia.

"*Mont.*—You are my prisoner, and I set you free.
Aca.—'Twere baseness to accept such liberty.
Mont.—From him that conquered you, it should be sought.
Aca.—No, but from him, for whom my conqueror fought.
Mont.—Still you are mine, his gift has made you so.
Aca.—He gave me to his general, not his foe."

Montezuma betakes himself to the enemy, while Acacis remains, and is set free by the Inca, when he returns with his soldiers to find that his general has gone. Still Acacis shows no inclination to depart, but undertakes the defence of the Inca and his daughter against Montezuma's revenge. The scene then shifts to the camp of the Mexicans, where Zempoalla, the mother of Acacis, receives

Montezuma with a noble welcome, and vows to the gods that she will sacrifice a prince to them if they give her arms the victory.

Act II.—The Inca and his daughter, in flying from the field of battle, are overtaken by Montezuma, who turns repentant at their sight, and when Traxalla, the Indian Queen's general, claims them as his prisoners, refuses to give them up. Acacis, who in the fight has several times saved their lives, now appears, and the Mexicans, hailing with delight their prince, leave it to him to decide the contention between Montezuma and Traxalla. He adjudges the prisoners to the former. The scene changes, and we see Zempoalla wrathful because the victorious Mexicans

> ". . . . . above their prince's dare proclaim,
> With their rebellious breath, a stranger's name."

Learning from Traxalla the decision made by her son, she commands that the Inca and his daughter shall be seized by force, their lives being forfeit to the gods by her vow. While Acacis is confessing to Montezuma his grief at his mother's usurpation of the throne on the murder of his uncle by Traxalla, a messenger enters with the ill tidings that Traxalla has carried off the Inca and Orazia from Montezuma's tent; whereupon Acacis and Montezuma agree to unite for the punishment of the rebellious general.

Act III.—Acacis and Montezuma break in upon a festival which the Indians are celebrating in honour of their victory. Zempoalla commands that they shall be brought before her, and orders Montezuma and Orazia to be thrown into "several prisons." Acasis pleads in vain for Orazia. Traxalla enters, and it soon appears that Zempoalla has fallen in love with Montezuma, while Traxalla is not less suddenly

enamoured of the Peruvian princess. A musical interlude follows, in which Zempoalla resorts to Ismeron, a conjurer, for the interpretation of a dream, and he thereupon raises the God of Dreams, whose answer, however, is as vague as an ancient oracle:—

"Seek not to know what must not be revealed;
Joys only flow where fate is most concealed:
Too busy man would find his sorrows more,
If future fortunes he should know before;
For, by that knowledge of his destiny,
He would not live at all, but always die."*

Zempoalla droops "under the weight of rage and care," and then a song is supposed to be sung by aerial spirits:—

"Poor mortals, that are clogged with earth below,
Sink under love and care,
While we, that dwell in air,
Such heavy passions never know.
Why then should mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From blood, that sallow cloud,
Which shining souls does shroud?
Then they'll show bright,
And like us light,
When leaving bodies with their care,
They slide to us and air."

At the opening of Act IV. Montezuma is discovered, asleep in prison. To him enters Traxalla, leading in Orazia, and offers him his life on condition that he resigns the princess. On his refusal, Traxalla is about to slay him, when Zempoalla appears, and threatens, in her turn, to kill Orazia. Says Traxalla:—

". . . . If she must die,
The way to her loved life through mine shall lie."

He thrusts the Indian Queen aside and steps before Orazia, who in her turn throws herself before Montezuma.

* This passage was probably in Pope's memory when he wrote the well-known lines beginning, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate."

As it is now clear that the two love one another, the Queen and her general determine that both shall die. But Acacis obtains admission to the prison, restores Montezuma his sword, and releases Orazia. Having thus obeyed honour in setting the Inca's daughter free, Acacis says he must next obey love, and fight for her. At the clash of their swords Orazia hastily returns, to find Acacis bleeding from his wounds, and at Montezuma's mercy.

"*Orazia.*—What noise is this?
Hold, hold! what cause could be so great, to move
This furious hatred?—
Mont.—'Twas our furious love.—
Aca.—Love, which I hid till I had set you free,
And bought your pardon with my liberty:
That done, I thought, I less unjustly might
With Montezuma, for Orazia, fight;
He has prevailed, and I must now confess
His fortune greater, not my passion less;
Yet cannot yield you, till his sword remove
A dying rival, that holds fast his love.
Oraz.—Whoever falls, 'tis my protector still,
And then the crime's as great, to die as kill.—
Acacis, do not hopeless love pursue;
But live, and this soft malady subdue."

She makes up her mind to return to her prison, and there, in fetters, with her father mourn. "She goes softly off, and often looks back." Montezuma and Acacis are about to follow, when Zempoalla, Traxalla, and attendants enter and seize them. Orazia returns, in order to share her lover's fate; Zempoalla dooms them to the sacrificial altar; and the act closes with a pledge from Acacis that he will fall before them, "the first sacrifice."

Act V. opens with a scene which was doubtlessly "got up" in a very effective and brilliant manner—the

Temple of the Sun, all of gold, with four Priests, in habits of white and red feathers, attending by a bloody altar, as ready for sacrifice. Then enter the Guards, Zempoalla and Traxalla, the Inca, Orazia, and Montezuma, bound. As soon as they are placed, the Priest sings:—

"You to whom victory we owe,
Whose glories rise
By sacrifice,
And from our fates below;
Never did your altars shine
Feasted with blood so near divine;
Princes to whom we bow
As they to you:—
Thus you can ravish from a throne,
And, by their loss of power, declare your own."

The action then grows somewhat "mixed." Zempoalla would save Montezuma and kill Orazia; Traxalla would save Orazia and kill Montezuma; Acacis would save both, and, stabbing himself—in order, we suppose, to remove *one* difficulty out of the way—dies, calling on Montezuma for his friendship, and on Orazia for her love. The latter weeps over her dying adorer, who professes to be

"Refreshed by that kind shower of pitying tears,"

and so expires. At this moment comes information of the near approach of the banished Queen, with old Garucca. She has declared Montezuma to be her son, and he is immediately hailed as King by a rejoicing people. Traxalla draws and thrusts at Montezuma, who wards off the blow, and kills him with a dagger placed in his hands by Zempoalla. He is on the point of attacking the guards, in order to rescue the Inca, when in come Queen Aurexia, Garucca, and their soldiers. Great is the joy of Aurexia at recovering her son! They offer pardon and amity to Zempoalla, but she, though fallen from her high

estate, preserves her proud spirit, and, grieving over her dead Acacis, kills herself:—

> "The greatest proof of courage we can give
> Is thus to die when we have power to live."

The end can now be imagined:—

> "*Montezuma (to the* INCA).—Your pardon, Royal Sir.
> *Inca.*—You have my love. [*Gives him* ORAZIA.
> *Aurexias.*—The gods, my son, your happy choice approve.
> *Mont.*—Come, my Orazia then, and pay with me
> [*Leads her to* ACACIS.
> Some tears to poor Acacis' memory;
> So strange a Fate for Men the gods ordain,
> Our clearest sunshine should be mixed with rain;
> How equally our joys and sorrows move!
> Death's fatal triumphs joined with those of Love.
> Love crowns the dead, and Death crowns him that lives,
> Each gains the conquest which the other gives.
> [*Exeunt* ORAZIA."

The sequel of "The Indian Queen" is entitled, "The Indian Emperor: or, The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards," first acted in 1665, and very warmly received. An "Argument," showing the connection between the two, was printed and dispersed among the audience on the first night of representation, to which Bayes alludes in "The Rehearsal," where he says that he has printed many reams to instil into the audience some conception of his plot. Dryden simply points out that, at the conclusion of "The Indian Queen," only two considerable characters remained alive, Montezuma and Orazia, who could be introduced into another story. Therefore, he "thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones: and considering the late Indian Queen, before she loved Montezuma, lived in clandestine marriage with her general Traxalla, from those two he has raised a son and two daughters, supposed to be left young orphans at their death. On the other side, he has given to Montezuma

and Orazia two sons and a daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to men's and women's estate; and their mother, Orazia (for whom there was no further use in the story), lately dead."

"The Indian Emperor" is an instance, says Scott, of the beautiful poetry which may be united to, or rather thrown away upon, the heroic drama. "The very first scene exhibits much of those beauties, and their attendant deformities. A modern audience would hardly have sate in patience to hear more than the first extravagant and ludicrous supposition of Cortez :—

> 'As if our old world modestly withdrew;
> And here, in private, had brought forth a new.'

But had they condemned the piece for this uncommon case of parturition, they would have lost the beautiful and melodious verses in which Cortez and his followers describe the advantages of the newly discovered world; and they would have lost the still more exquisite account, which, immediately after, Guyomar gives of the arrival of the Spanish fleet. Of the characters little need be said; they stalk on, in their own fairy land, in the same uniform livery, and with little peculiarity of discrimination. All the men, from Montezuma down to Pizarro, are brave warriors; and only vary, in proportion to the mitigating qualities which the poet has infused into their military ardour. The women are all beautiful, and all deeply in love; differing from each other only, as the haughty or tender predominates in their passion. But the charm of the poetry, and the ingenuity of the dialogue, render it impossible to peruse, without pleasure, a drama, the faults of which may be imputed to its structure, while its beauties are peculiar to Dryden."

The *dramatis personæ* include Moutezuma, Emperor of Mexico; his sons, Odmar and Guyomar; Orbellom, son to the late Indian Queen, by Traxalla; Cydaria, Montezuma's daughter; Almeria and Alibech, the late Indian Queen's two daughters; Cortez, the Spanish general, and his lieutenants, Vasquez and Pizarro.

We quote the passages praised by Scott:—

"*Cortez.*—Here nature spreads her fruitful sweetness round,
Breathes on the air and broods upon the ground;
Here days and nights the only seasons be;
The sun no climate does so gladly see:
When forced from hence, to view our parts, he mourns,
Takes little journeys and makes quick returns.
Vasquez.—Methinks, we walk in dreams on Fairyland,
Where golden ore is mixt with common sand;
Each downfall of a flood, the mountains pour
From their rich bowels, rolls a silver shower."
"*Guyomar.*—At last, as far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, somewhat, methought, did rise,
Like bluish mists, which, still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and moved towards the shore.
Mont.—What forms did these new wonders represent?
Guy.—More strange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight trees, which on the waters flew;
Wings on their sides, instead of leaves, did grow,
Which gathered all the breath the winds could blow:
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose outblowed bellies cut the yielding seas.
Mont.—What divine monsters, O ye gods, were these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas!
Come they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
Guy.—Alas, they lived too sure: I heard them roar.
All turned their sides, and to each other spoke;
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
Or these the younger brothers of the sky."

Langbaine asserts that the comedy of "Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen," is founded upon certain passages in Mademoiselle de Scudéri's "Grand Cyrus" and "Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa." However this may be,

the play is one of its author's liveliest and most effective compositions; and we are not at all sure but that, with the pruning happily rendered necessary by modern taste, it might meet a favourable reception from an audience of to-day. The dialogue is always sprightly, and sometimes poetical; and the part of Florimel offers abundant opportunities to a clever actress.

The *dramatis personæ*, with the original cast, may here be given: Lysimantes, first Prince of the Blood, Mr. Burt; Philocles, the Queen's favourite, Major Mohun; Celadon, a courtier, Mr. Hart; Queen of Sicily, Mrs. Marshall; Candispe, Princess of the Blood, Mrs. Quin; Asteria, the Queen's confidante, Mrs. Knipp; Florimel, a maid of honour, Mrs. Ellen Gwynn; Flavia, another maid of honour, Mrs. Frances Davenport; Olinda and Sabina, sisters, Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Elizabeth Davenport; Melissa, their mother, Mrs. Cory.

With such a cast, almost any play must have been successful; but the "triumphant reception" which "Secret Love" commanded was specially due to the inimitable acting of Nell Gwynn, for whom the part of Florimel seems to have been written. It was produced on March 2nd, 1667, both Charles II. and the Duke of York being present. Pepys, the invaluable, records that "the play is mightily recommended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit of Nell Gwynn's acting." He adds that "he can never hope to see the like done again by man or woman," and that "so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw

any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." No doubt, as Mr. Saintsbury suggests, the portrait which Celadon draws of Florimel is pretty accurately descriptive of its bewitching representative: "A turned-up nose that gives an air to your face:—Oh, I find I am more and more in love with you!—a full nether lip, an out-mouth, that makes mine water at it; the bottom of your cheeks a little blub, and two dimples when you smile: For your stature, 'tis well; and for your wit, 'twas given you by one that knew it had been thrown away upon an ill face.—Come, you're handsome, there's no denying it."

Here is a fine description of the Queen of Sicily:—

> "Doubtless she's the glory of her time:
> Of faultless beauty, blooming as the spring
> In our Sicilian groves; matchless in virtue,
> And largely souled when'er her bounty gives,
> As, with each breath, she could create new Indies."

As a brief specimen of the lively dialogue given to Celadon and Florimel, take the following:—

"*Flo.*—I would have a lover that, if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his neck, poison himself, for very despair: He that will scruple this is an impudent fellow if he says he is in love.

Cel.—Pray, madam, which of these four things would you have your lover to do? For a man's but a man; he cannot hang, and drown, and break his neck, and poison himself, all together.

Flo.—Well, then, because you are but a beginner, and I would not discourage you, any of these shall serve your turn, in a fair way.

Cel.—I am much deceived in those eyes of yours, if a treat, a song, and the fiddles, be not a more acceptable proof of love to you, than any of those tragical ones you have mentioned."

The trail of the serpent pollutes Dryden's comedy of "Sir Martin Mar-all; or, The Feigned Innocence"—an adaptation of the Duke of Newcastle's translation of Molière's "L'Etourdi"—in which but little of the wit, and none of the airiness, of the original, is preserved—mixed up with an excessively indelicate under-plot from

Quinault's "L'Amour Indiscret." It seems to have hit the taste of the public when produced in 1667,* for it ran for thirty-three nights, and was four times acted at Court. Doubtlessly, much of its success was owing to the humour of the inimitable Noakes, who played Sir Martin Mar-all. It must be admitted that those portions of the play in which Sir Martin appears are sufficiently diverting; but these would not excuse to a modern audience the singular coarseness of the scenes between Lord Dartmouth, Mrs. Christian, and Lady Dupe. There is an inconceivable grossness in the idea of a young girl coolly calculating the highest profits to be obtained by becoming the pretended victim of a seduction, while her aunt speculates with her on the best means of stimulating the ardour of her would-be seducer! What are we to think of the man who could put on the stage a dramatic representation of such an idea? What are we to think of the audiences who could tolerate and even applaud such a representation? We may inquire, with Taine, "What could the drama teach to gamesters like St. Albans, drunkards like Rochester, prostitutes like Castlemaine, old boys like Charles II.? What spectators were those coarse epicureans, incapable even of an assumed decency, lovers of brutal pleasures, barbarious in their sports, obscene in words, void of honour, humanity, politeness, who made the Court a house of ill fame?" It was Dryden's misfortune—or shall we not rather say his sin?—that he *wrote down* to this lewd, coarse audience, and degraded his strong rich genius by exposing it to the rank airs of a moral cesspool.

"The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island, a Comedy,"

* At the Duke of York's Theatre, Aug. 16, 1667.

a travesty of Shakespeare's immortal play in which Miranda is turned into a courtesan, and provided with a sister named Dorinda, while Caliban is furnished with a sister also, was chiefly written by Davenant. It was acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1667. A perusal of it, with its affectation, its prettiness, and its indelicacy, will convince the reader of the truth of a couplet in Dryden's prologue :—

"But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

The comedy of "The Evening's Love; or, The Mock Astrologer," was produced in 1668. Evelyn refers to it as "a foolish plot, and very profane,"* and expresses his regret "to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times." Pepys, though not very fastidious, was "troubled at it," pronouncing it "very smutty, and nothing so good as *The Maiden Queen*." He adds, on the publisher's authority, that Dryden himself thought it only "a fifth-rate play." It is founded on "Le Feint Astrologue," by Corneille the younger, which, in its turn, owed the breath of life to Calderon's "El Astrologo Fingido," of Calderon. The quarrelling scene in the fourth act is taken almost bodily from Molière's "Le Dépit Amoreux." There is liveliness enough and to spare in the comedy, but it reminds one of a man disporting in muddy water. The critical preface attached to it is in Dryden's best style.

We subjoin the *dramatis personæ* and original cast:— Wildblood and Bellamy, two young English gentlemen, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Mohun; Maskall, their servant, Mr. Shat-

* Some of the characters meet in the dark in a chapel, whereupon Dryden puts in the mouth of one of them the following brilliant jest:—
"*Wild.*—There's no knowing them, they are all children of darkness.
Bell.—I'll be sworn they have one sign of godliness among them, there's no distinction of persons here."

terel ; Don Alonzo de Ribera, an old Spanish gentleman, Mr. Wintershal ; Don Lopez de Gamboa, a young noble Spaniard, Mr. Burt ; Don Melcher de Guzman, a gentleman of a great family, but of a decayed fortune, Mr. Lydal ; Donna Theodosia, and Donna Jacintha, daughters to Don Alonzo, Mrs. Bartell, and Mrs. Ellen Gwynn ; Donna Aurelia, their cousin, Mrs. Marshall ; Beatrix, woman and confidante to the two sisters, Mrs. Knipp ; Camilla, woman to Aurelia, Mrs. Betty Shute.

In Scott's opinion, "Tyrannic Love; or, The Royal Martyr," is one of Dryden's most characteristic productions. "The character of Maximin, in particular, is drawn in his boldest plan, and only equalled by that of Almanzor, in 'The Conquest of Granada.' Indeed, although in action, the latter exhibits a larger proportion of that extravagant achievement peculiar to the heroic drama, it may be questioned whether the language of Maximin does not abound more with the flights of fancy, which hover betwixt the confines of the grand and the bombast and which our author himself has aptly termed the Dalilahs of the theatre." To us it seems a curiously unequal play; passages of real beauty and sublimity alternating with the wildest outbursts of extravagance. Some of the happiest strokes in Buckingham's "Rehearsal" are levelled at these tumidities.

"Tyrannic Love" was produced at the King's Theatre in the spring of 1669, with the following cast: Maximin, Tyrant of Rome, Major Mohun ; Porphyrius, Captain of the Prætorian Bands, Mr. Hart ; Charinus, the Emperor's son, Mr. Harris ; Placidius, a great officer, Mr. Kynaston ; Valerius and Albinus, Tribunes of the Army, Mr. Lydall and Mr. Littlewood ; Nigrinus, a Tribune and Conjurer,

Mr. Beeston ; Amariel, guardian-angel to S. Catherine, M. Bell; Apollonius, a Heathen Philosopher; Berenice, wife to Maximin, Mrs. Marshall ; Valeria, daughter to Maximin, Mrs. Ellen Gwynn; S. Catherine, Princess of Alexandria, Mrs. Hughes; Felicia, her mother, Mrs. Knipp; Erotion and Cydon, attendants, Mrs. Uphill and Mrs. Eastland.

At the close of the play, Valeria (Nell Gwynn) is about to be carried off dead by the bearers, but revives in order to speak the epilogue. It was in this part, so runs the story, that Mistress Gwynn completed her conquest of Charles II.

Here is Taine's estimate of this once celebrated play :—

"The royal martyr is St. Catherine, a princess of Royal blood as it appears, who is brought before the tyrant Maximin. She confesses her faith, and a pagan philosopher, Apollonius, is set loose against her, to refute her. Maximin says :—

> 'War is my province?—Priest, why stand you mute?
> You gain by heaven, and, therefore, should dispute.'

Thus encouraged, the priest argues ; but St. Catherine replies in the following words :—

> '. . . . Reason with your fond religion fights,
> For many gods are many infinites ;
> This to the first philosophers was known,
> Who, under various names, adored but one.'

Apollonius scratches his ear a little, and then answers that there are great truths and good moral rules in paganism. The pious logician immediately replies :—

> 'Then let the whole dispute concluded be
> Betwixt these rules, and Christianity.'

Being nonplussed, Apollonius is converted on the spot,

insults the prince, who, finding St. Catherine very beautiful, becomes suddenly enamoured, and makes jokes:—

> 'Absent, I may her martyrdom decree,
> But one look more will make that martyr me.'

In this dilemma he sends Placidius, 'a great officer,' to St. Catherine; the great officer quotes and praises the gods of Epicurus; forthwith the lady propounds the doctrine of final causes, which upsets that of atoms. Maximin comes himself and says:—

> 'Since you neglect to answer my desires,
> Know, princess, you shall burn in other fires.'

Thereupon she beards and defies him, calls him a slave, and walks off. Touched by these delicate manners, he wishes to marry her lawfully, and to repudiate his wife. Still, to omit no expedient, he employs a magician, who utters invocations (on the stage), summons the infernal spirits, and brings up a troop of demons who dance and sing voluptuous songs about the bed of St. Catherine. Her guardian-angel comes and drives them away. As a last resource, Maximin has a wheel brought on the stage, on which to expose St. Catherine and her mother. Whilst the executioners are going to strip the saint, a modest angel descends in the nick of time, and breaks the wheel; after which the ladies are carried off, and their throats are cut behind the wings. Add to these pretty inventions a two-fold intrigue, the love of Maximin's daughter, Valeria, for Porphyrius, captain of the Prætorian bands, and that of Porphyrius for Berenice, Maximin's wife; then a sudden catastrophe, three deaths, and the triumph of the good people, who get married, and interchange polite phrases. Such is the tragedy, which is called French-like."

But, in truth, there is little that is French-like, except

the form, in the Restoration drama. Take away the heroic couplets, and it is the Elizabethan drama, with such modifications as the changes of taste in half a century necessitated. Dryden is not uncleaner than Beaumont and Fletcher, only he lacks their dramatic genius, and, instead of the profound pathos and strenuous passion which to so large an extent redeemed, almost refined, their coarseness—instead of their graceful fancy and lyrical profuseness—he assists us to bombast and extravagance, to unreal sentiment, and to excessive sensuality. The Restoration drama is, we repeat, the Elizabethan drama, without its finer qualities, and degraded down to the level of the rakes and fops and frail beauties who were its principal patrons. That the dramatists of Charles II.'s reign pilfered their plots and often their dialogues from the French is, indeed, true; but they never did so without superadding upon their stolen material a native layer of vehemence and waywardness. They plundered nothing else; nothing of that order, moderation, and decorum which distinguished a Corneille, a Racine, and a Molière. We are compelled to agree with the French critic when he repudiates the judgment which would associate the heroic dramas of Dryden with the masterpieces of the French tragedy. The resemblance is superficial. Who can really compare the noble and chivalrous heroes of the French tragic poets with the swash-bucklers, the harlot-mongers, the rakes, who figure upon Dryden's stage? But Racine wrote for the decorous, if artificial, Court of Louis XIV.; Dryden for that of Charles II., which had neither piety nor refinement, neither generosity nor truth. "Panders and licentious women, ruffianly or butchering courtiers, who went to see Harrison drawn, or to mutilate Coventry,

maids of honour who have awkward accidents at a ball,* or sell to the planters the convicts presented to them, a palace full of baying dogs and bawling gamesters, a king who would bandy obscenities in public with his half-naked mistresses,—such was this illustrious society; from French modes they took but dress, from French noble sentiments but high-sounding words."

One of the most popular of Dryden's heroic dramas was "The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards," in two parts,† produced in the spring of 1670, at the Theatre Royal, but not published until 1672. Its hero, Almanzor, is the original of Drawcansir in Buckingham's "Rehearsal," where some of Dryden's exuberant outbursts are felicitously parodied. The plot, which owes something to Mademoiselle de Scudéri's romances, and something to history, is without doubt interesting and ingeniously developed; and the language, though too often bombastic and extravagant, is enriched with many of those *purpurei panni* which the poet had always at his free disposal. There are, as Scott says, not a few passages which convey what the poet desired to represent—the aspirations of a mind so heroic as almost to surmount the bonds of society, and even the laws of the universe, "leaving us often in doubt whether the vehemence of the wish does not even disguise the impossibility of its accomplishment." As thus:—

> "Good Heavens! thy book of fate before me lay,
> But to tear out the journal of this day,
> Or, if the order of the world below
> Will not the joys of one whole day allow,
> Give me that minute when she made her vow.
> That minute, e'en the happy from their bliss might give,
> And those who live in grief a shorter time would live.

* The story, not a very nice one, is told by Pepys, and in the "Memoirs of the Count de Grammont."

† The second part has the separate title of "Almanzor and Almahide."

So small a link, if broke, the external chain
Would, like divided waters, join again.
It cannot be; the fugitive is gone,
Pressed by the crowd of following minutes on:
That precious moment's out of nature fled,
And in the heap of common rubbish laid,
Of things that once have been, and now decayed."

Again:—

"No, there is a necessity in fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right.
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice:
Fear makes men look aside, and then their footing miss."

Again:—

"Man makes his fate according to his mind.*
The weak low spirit Fortune makes her slaves
But she's a drudge when hectored by the brave:
If fate weaves common thread, he'll change the doom,
And with new purple spread a nobler loom."

The following sketch of the plot and incidents of what is undoubtedly "the representative piece of heroic drama," is freely adapted from Mr. Saintsbury:—

Under its last sovereign, Boabdelin, the Moorish kingdom of Granada is convulsed by the feuds of the two great rival families of the Abencerrages and the Zegrys. These break out into open tumult at a festival held in the capital. A stranger takes the part of the weaker side, and ignoring the King's commands to desist, kills one of the opposite leaders. Seized by Boabdelin's guards, and ordered for execution, he is discovered to be Almanzor, a warrior lately arrived from Africa, where he has done good service for the Moors in their struggle against the Spaniards. He is accordingly released, and addressing the factions in swelling words, compels them to desist

* A distinct echo of Fletcher's "Man is his own star."

from their strife. To the Duke of Arcos, the Spanish ambassador, who offers peace on hard conditions, he haughtily replies that

"The Moors have Heaven, and me, to assist their cause,"

and the Duke thereupon retires. Almahide, the King's betrothed, sends a messenger to invite him to attend a *zambra*, or Moorish dance; but Almanzor insists upon a sally against the Spaniards, as a preliminary, and the act ends with the departure of the warriors.

The second opens with the triumphal return of the Moors, bringing the Duke of Arcos as Almanzor's prisoner. Enter Lyndaxara, sister of Zulema, the Zegry chief, the *bad* heroine of the play, to whom Abdalla, the King's brother, makes violent love, and is consoled with the intimation that were he king his suit would not be unsuccessful. Lyndaxara's ambition is sustained by her brother's factious hostility, and the act ends with the formation of a conspiracy against Boabdelin, in which it is hoped to engage the invincible Almanzor.

The third act in its opening scene recalls Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Almanzor raging against Boabdelin for the same reason that Hotspur rages against the Lancastrian monarch. He is therefore disposed to join Abdalla, while Abdelmelech, the Abencerrage chief, is introduced in a very amorous scene as that prince's rival for the hand of Lyndaxara. The promised *zambra*, or dance, takes place, and while the King and his Court are engaged by it, Almanzor, Abdalla, and the Zegrys rise in revolt, defeat the royal troops, drive back the King, and capture Almahide. Struck by her beauty, Almanzor claims her as his prisoner, with the view of releasing her, but as Zulema opposes, Abdalla refuses the request, and Almanzor im-

mediately betakes himself to the citadel, and offers his services to Boabdelin. They are gladly accepted, and of course the tables are at once turned, and the Zegrys' defeated. Then Almanzor renews his suit to Almahide, who refers him to her father, and at the same time gently rebukes her lover's swelling arrogance :—

> "I do your merit all the right I can ;
> Admiring virtue in a private man :
> I only wish the King may grateful be,
> And that my father with my eyes may see.
> Might I not make it as my last request—
> Since humble carriage suits a suppliant best—
> That you would somewhat of your fierceness hide—
> That inborn fire—I do not call it pride."

Almanzor answers in the true heroic vein :—

> "Born, as I am, still to command, not sue,
> Yet you shall see that I can beg for you ;
> And if your father will require a crown,
> Let him but name the kingdom, 'tis his own.
> I am, but while I please, a private man,
> I have that soul which empires first began.
> From the dull crowd, which every king does lead,
> I will pick out whom I will chose to head :
> The best and bravest souls I can select,
> And on their conquered necks my throne erect."

In the fifth act Lyndaxara holds against both parties a fort which has been entrusted to her, and from without the walls she and they hold parley in extravagant terms. Almanzor prefers his suit to Almahide's father and to King Boabdelin, but meeting with no encouragement from either, breaks out into violence. He is overpowered and bound. His life, however, is generously spared, and the truculent hero, after a parting scene with the virtuous Almahide, retires from the city, leaving Boabdelin and Almahide to celebrate their nuptials.

The first act of the second part takes us to Granada,

where the unfortunate Boabdelin is vexed by the mutinies originating in the expulsion of Almanzor, and is compelled to entreat Queen Almahide to recall her lover. There is then a good deal of fighting, the object of which is far from clear, but it centres about Lyndaxara's castle, which falls eventually into the hands of the Duke of Arcos, and the renegade Abdalla, who has joined the Spaniards. Now Almanzor reappears, to repeat the professions of his violent love. Boabdelin's jealousy takes alarm, much to the indignation of Almahide, whose indignation provokes that of Almanzor, so that confusion becomes "worse confounded." There is more fighting around Lyndaxara's castle; after which appears the ghost of Almanzor's mother, apparently for no other reason than to show that the hero is no more afraid of ghosts than he is of Spaniards. More love—the drama is wholly occupied with love and fighting—and then Zulema accuses Almahide of having broken her marriage vow with Abdelmelech. Though tortured with jealous suspicions unworthy of a heroic soul, Almanzor undertakes the wager of battle on her behalf, and triumphantly vindicates her innocence. It is not unnatural that Almahide, thus proven innocent, should abandon the husband who has doubted her, and in a scene with Almanzor, which follows, she permits it to be seen that his passion is not unacceptable. The jealous King has been a spectator of the interview, and assails the Queen with fresh accusations, and goodness knows what would happen were it not that, just at the right moment, the Spaniards attack and capture the city. Boabdelin dies fighting; Lyndaxara, as a reward for the assistance she has traitorously given the enemies of the people, is proclaimed queen; but the dagger of Abdelmelech cuts

short her reign and her life. Strange to tell, Almanzor turns out to be the long-lost son of the Duke of Arcos, and Almahide, at the instigation of Queen Isabella, consents, when her year of widowhood has expired, to reward his devotion.

"*Almanzor.*—Move swiftly, sun, and fly a lover's pace;
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race!
King Ferd.—Meantime you shall my victories pursue,
The Moors in woods and mountains to subdue.
Almanzor.—The toils of war shall help to wear each day,
And dreams of love shall drive my nights away.—
Our banners to the Alhambra's turrets bear,
Then, wave our conquering crosses in the air,
And cry, with shouts of triumph—Live and reign,
Great Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain!"

This summary takes no account of the underplot of love between Osmyn and Benzayda, which, in its moderation and sweetness, comes as a pleasant relief to the more "heroic" portion of the drama.

To the quotations already made we may add the following:—

"As one who, in some frightful dream, would shun
His pressing foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own slowness, in his sleep, bemoans,
With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans."

"*Abdal.*—Reason was given to curb our headstrong will.
Zul.—Reason but shows a weak physician's skill;
Gives nothing, while the raging fit does last,
But stays to cure it, when the worst is past."

"A blush remains on a forgiven face,
It wears the silent tokens of disgrace.
Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

When first acted the principal characters were supported by Kynaston (Boabdelin), Lydall (Abdalla), Mohun, (Abdelmelech), Harris (Zulema), Cartwright (Abenamar), Euston (Osmyn), and Hart (Almanzor). The Almahide was Nell Gwynn (who spoke the prologue in a colossal

broad-brimmed hat, in ridicule of one worn by Noakes, the comedian).* Mrs. Marshall was Lyndaxara, and Mrs Boutell Benzayda.

The epilogue to this play was written with such bold and frank self-assertion that Dryden found it necessary to write a defence of it, which he developed into a very interesting "Essay on the Dramatic Art of the Last Ages." The epilogue, we may note, was attacked with much severity by Rochester.

One of Dryden's most popular comedies was "Marriage à la Mode," acted by "His Majesty's Servants" at the Theatre Royal in 1673. The comic scenes are written with what seems to have been a spontaneous vivacity; nowhere is the dramatist's humour more sprightly or less forced. Had the whole play been written in the same strain, it would have ranked with the best of the comedies of the Restoration; but the tragic scenes are very poor.

Being a comedy by Dryden, it is necessarily gross, and this grossness must always prevent the general recognition of its lively wit. We cannot but repeat our surprise that a man of Dryden's genius, a man so capable—as his heroic dramas, in spite of their extravagance, abundantly show—of sympathising with noble thoughts and aspirations, should have descended to such lewd excess. We feel that he revels in his own nastiness; he cannot make even the poor excuse that it was forced upon him by his audiences, for it is tolerably certain that they were frequently shocked by his profuse and premeditated ribaldry. The jests against marriage are so numerous and so severe as to suggest the

* The prologue says:—

"This is that hat whose very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as though the devil were in ye.
As then, for Noakes, so now I hope you'll be
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me."

idea that Dryden sought by these sharp arrows of ridicule to revenge the unhappiness of his own married condition. Was his wife a shrew?

On the whole, we agree with a recent critic,* that Dryden, as a dramatist, does not present an edifying figure. "His sins against morality, against humanity, are flagrant. In the world that he presents upon the stage 'sweetness and light' have no place. To say that he offends against modesty would be to say little; but in his comedies Dryden ignores the existence of virtue. His men and women live solely for intrigue, his mirth is the hollow laughter of the brothel. Even in his heroic plays this vice exhibits itself in unexpected places, as though he could not for the life of him avoid making a palpably gross suggestion; but in such comedies as 'Marriage à la Mode,' 'The Wild Gallant,' 'An Evening's Love' (which disgusted even Pepys), and 'Limberham,' impurity reigns triumphant. Dryden did not understand, although he had Shakespeare to teach him, that comedy may be made a vehicle for the loveliest poetry, for the sanest and yet the most imaginative views of life; and looking at what he has done in this way, we are not surprised that he should have written: 'I think it in its own nature inferior to all sorts of dramatic writing.'"

The first cast of characters is thus given:—Polydamas, Wintershal; Leonidas, Kynaston; Argaleon, Lydall; Hermogenes, Cartwright; Eubulus, Watson; Rhodophil, Mohun; Palamede, Hart; Palmyra, Mrs. Coxe; Amalthea, Mrs. James; Doralice, Mrs. Marshall; Melantha, Mrs. Boutell; Philotis, Mrs. Reeve; Beliza, Mrs. Slade; Artemis, Mrs. Uphill.

* *The Athenæum*, p. 342, March 15, 1884.

It is, however, generally stated that Mrs. Montfort was the original Melantha, and

"Almost moved the thing the poet thought."

Colley Cibber has a well-known passage in her praise:—"Melantha," he says, "is as finished an impertinent as ever fluttered in a drawing-room; and seems to contain the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. Her language, dress, motion, manners, soul, and body are in a continual hurry to be something more than is necessary or commendable. And, though I doubt it will be a vain labour to offer you a just likeness of Mrs. Montfort's action, yet the fantastic expression is still so strong in my memory, that I cannot help saying something, though fantastically, about it. The first ridiculous airs that break from her, are upon a gallant, never seen before, who delivers her a letter from her father, recommending him to her good graces as an honourable lover. Here, now, one would think she might naturally show a little of the sex's decent reserve, though never so lightly covered. No, sir, not a tittle of it. Modesty is a poor-souled country-gentlewoman; she is too much a court-lady to be under so vulgar a confession. She reads the letter, therefore, with a careless, dropping lip, and an erected brow, humming it hastily over, as if she were impatient to outgo her father's commands by making a complete conquest of him at once; and that the letter might not embarrass the attack, crack! She crumbles it at once into her palm, and pours down upon him her whole artillery of airs, eyes, and motion; down goes her dainty, diving body to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions; then launches into a flood of fine language and

compliment, still playing her chest forward in fifty falls and risings, like a swan upon waving water; and, to complete her impertinence, she is so rapidly fond of her own wit, that she will not give her lover leave to praise it. Silent assenting bows, and vain endeavours to speak, are all the share of the conversation he his admitted to, which, at last, he is removed from by her engagement to half-a-score of visits, which she swims from him to make, with a promise to return in a twinkling."

It is difficult, where all is so gross, to find a specimen of the dialogue, but the following is eminently *Drydenish*, and will serve:—

"*Mel.*—I declare, I had rather of the two be rallied, nay, *mal traitée* at court, than be deified in the town; for, assuredly, nothing can be so *ridicule* as a mere town lady.

Dor.—Especially at court. How I have seen them crowd and sweat in the drawing-room on a holiday-night! For that's their time to swarm and invade the presence. O, how they catch at a bow, or any little salute from a courtier, to make show of their acquaintance! and, rather than be thought to be quite unknown, they court'sy to one another; but they take true pains to come near the circle, and press and peep upon the princess, to write letters into the country how she was dressed, while the ladies, that stand about, make their court to her with abusing them.

Arte.—These are sad truths, Melantha: and therefore I would e'en advise you to quit the court, and live either wholly in the town, or, if you like not that, in the country.

Dor.—In the country! nay, that's to fall beneath the town, for they live upon our offals here. Their entertainment of wit is only the remembrance of what they heard when they were last in town;—they live this year upon the last year's knowledge, as their cattle do all night, by chewing the cud of what they eat in the afternoon.

Mel.—And they tell, for news, such unlikely stories! A letter from one of us is such a present to them, that the poor souls wait for the carrier's-day with such devotion, that they cannot sleep the night before.

Arte.—No more than I can, the night before I am to go a journey.

Dor.—Or I, before I am to try on a new gown.

Mel.—A song, that's stale here, will be new there a twelvemonth hence; and if a man of the town by chance come amongst them, he's reverenced for teaching them the tune.

Dor.—A friend of mine who makes songs sometimes, came lately out of the west, and vowed he was so put out of countenance with a song of his;

for, at the first country gentleman's he visited, he saw three tailors cross-legged upon the table in the hall, who were tearing out as loud as ever they could sing,

'After the pangs of a desperate lover,' * &c.

And that all day he heard of nothing else, but the daughters of the house; and the maids, humming it over in every corner, and the father whistling it.

Arte.—Indeed, I have observed of myself, that when I am out of town but a fortnight I am so humble, that I would receive a letter from my tailor or mercer for a favour.

Mel.—When I have been at grass in the summer, and am now come up again, methinks I'm to be turned into ridicule by all that see me; but when I have been once or twice at court, I begin to value myself again, and to despise my country acquaintance.

Art.—There are places where all people may be adored, and we ought to know ourselves so well as to choose them.

Dor.—That's very true; your little courtier's wife, who speaks to the King but once a month, need but go to a town lady, and there she may vapour and cry,—'The King and I,' at every word. Your town lady, who is laughed at in the circle, takes her coach into the city, and there's she called Your Honour, and has a banquet from the merchant's wife, whom she laughs at for her kindness. And, as for any finical wit, she removes but to her country house, and there insults over the country gentlewoman that never comes up, who treats her with furmity and custard, and opens her dear bottle of *mirabilis* beside, for a gill-glass of it at parting.

Arte.—At last, I see, we shall leave Melantha where we found her; for, by your description of the town and country, they are become more dreadful to her than the court, where she was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the princess Amalthea. Come, Doralice.

Dor.—Farewell, Melantha.

Mel.—Adieu, my dear.

Arte.—You are out of charity with her, and therefore I shall not give your service.

Mel.—Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a *tendre* for the court, that I love it even from the drawing-room to the lobby, and can never be *rebutée* by any usage. But hark you, my dears; one thing I had forgot, of great concernment.

Dor.—Quickly, then, we are in haste.

Mel.—Do not call it my service, that's too vulgar; but do my *baise-mains* to the princess Amalthea; that is *spirituelle*.

Dor.—To do you service, then, we will *prendre* the *carosse* to court, and do your *base-mains* to the princess Amalthea, in your phrase *spirituelle*."

"The Assignation; or, Love in a Nunnery," was produced in 1672. It did not secure a favourable reception from Dryden's contemporaries, and posterity has agreed

* A song of Dryden's own, in "An Evening's Love."

to forget it. Tradition hints that the actors were dissatisfied with their parts, and did not play their best; but no acting, however brilliant, could have redeemed the insipidity of the dialogue, the vulgarity of the motive, and the dulness of the incidents. In his prologue, Dryden dealt some lusty blows at that wretched dramatist, Francis Ravenscroft, whom the failure of "The Assignation" provided, however, with an effective retort. In a prologue to his own play, "The Careless Lovers," 1673, Ravenscroft exclaims:—

"An author did, to please you, let his wit run,
Of late, much on a serving man and cittern;
And yet, you would not like the serenade—
Nay, and you damned his nuns in masquerade . . .
In fine, the whole by you was so much blamed,
To act their parts the players were ashamed.
Ah, how severe your malice was that day!
To damn, at once, the poet and his play."

Dryden never sank so far below himself in any composition as in his tragedy of "Amboyna." It is, as Scott remarks, "The worst production Dryden ever wrote." The incident on which it is founded—the horrible massacre of some Englishmen in the service of the East India Company at Amboyna by the Dutch authorities—was unfitted for dramatic treatment; but on a story, repulsive in itself, Dryden has laid the grimmest colouring. His tragedy converts the stage into a shambles; and the spectators must have thought they were present in a torture-chamber rather than in a theatre. The characters are monstrous caricatures, and the style is not less exaggerated. The best thing in it is the following spirited lyric:—

"THE SEA-FIGHT.

Who ever saw a noble sight,
That never viewed a brave sea-fight?
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights and your nettings prepare;

Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold spright,
Now each man his brindice, and then to the fight.
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh, now it begins, and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot;
Hark, does it not thunder? no! 'tis the guns' roar,
The neighbouring billows are turned into gore;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell.
Now, now, they grapple, and now board amain;
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again:
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard, and tacklings fall;
She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's wheel,
She sinks then, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight?"

That extraordinary production, "The State of Innocence and Fall of Man, an Opera," in which Dryden has travestied "Paradise Lost," appeared in 1674. Of course, it was not intended for representation; but it is difficult to understand the delusion which led Dryden to give a dramatic form to a story so ill-adapted for it. We must accept, we suppose, the excuse which Sir Walter Scott supplies: "The probable motive of this alteration," he thinks, "was the wish, so common to genius, to exert itself upon a subject in which another had already attained brilliant success, or, as Dryden has termed a similar attempt, the desire to shoot in (with?) the bow of Ulysses." It is reported by Mr. Aubrey that the step was not taken without Dryden's reverence to Milton being testified by a personal application for his permission. The aged poet, conscious that the might of his versification could receive no addition, even from the glowing numbers of Dryden, is stated to have answered

with indifference, "Ay, you may *tag* my verses, if you will!"

"The State of Innocence" is dedicated to the Duchess of York, afterwards Queen of James II., in a strain of extravagant panegyric, and prefixed to it is "The Author's Apology for Heroic Poetry and Poetic Licence," in which Dryden refers to Milton's immortal epic as "being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced."

A very favourable specimen of Dryden's treatment of his subject is furnished by Lucifer's soliloquy in Act iii., s. 1, 2:—

"Fair place! yet what is this to heaven, where I
Sat next, so almost equalled the Most High?
I doubted, measuring both, who was most strong;
Then, willing to forget time since so long,
Scarce thought I was created: vain desire
Of empire in my thoughts still shot me higher,
To mount above His sacred head. Ah why,
When He so kind, was so ungrateful I?
He bounteously bestowed unenvied good
On me: in arbitrary grace I stood:
To acknowledge this was all He did exact;
Small tribute where the will to pay was act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As he, who knows my hatred to relent.
Jealous of power once questioned: Hope, farewell;
And with hope, fear; no depth below my hell
Can be prepared: Then, Ill, be thou my good;
And, vast destruction, be my envy's food.
Thus I, with Heaven, divided empire gain;
Seducing man, I make his project vain,
And in one hour destroy his six days' pain."

The last of the heroic, or rhymed verse, plays was "Aureng-Zebe, a Tragedy," successfully produced in 1676. In the dedication to John, Earl of Mulgrave (afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire), Dryden says:

"Some things in it have passed your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewise pleased to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I received the favour from him, to have the most considerable event of it modelled by his royal pleasure. It may be some vanity in me to add his testimony here, and which he graciously confirmed afterwards, that it was the best of all my tragedies; in which he has made authentic my private opinion of it; at least, he has given it a value by his commendation, which it had not by my writing." That it merited the royal favour may, we think, be conceded. It contains some of those just and forcible reflections which Dryden could pour out so abundantly, and embody in the aptest and most vigorous language. As thus:—

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and, while it says, We shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly morning could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

Again:—

"'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new:
Each day's a mistress, unenjoyed before;
Like travellers, we're pleased with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys you may attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end."

In Davis' "Dramatic Miscellanies" we read: "Dryden's last and most perfect rhyming tragedy was 'Aureng-Zebe.' In this play, the passions are strongly depicted, the

characters well discriminated, and the diction more familiar and dramatic than in any of his preceding pieces. Hart and Mohun greatly distinguished themselves in the characters of Aureng-Zebe and the Old Emperor. Mrs. Marshall was admired in Nourmahal, and Kynaston has been much extolled by Cibber for his happy expression of the arrogant and savage fierceness in Morat." Wintershall was Amirant; Mrs. Coxe, Indamora; and Mrs. Corbett, Melesinda. When revived in 1726, beautiful Nancy Oldfield played Indamora, and Mrs. Cibber Melesinda, to the Aureng-Zebe of Wilkes and the Morat of Booth.

Dryden was now weary of rhymed dramas, and the public taste had changed, influenced in a great degree by the sharp ridicule of "The Rehearsal." The poet saw that he must perforce seek a new field for the exercise of his genius; and, challenging competition with Shakespeare, he produced the famous tragedy of "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost." In this he is inferior to the great master; but, I think, to him only. Pathos, and the sympathetic faculty, and deep passion were not at Dryden's command; but in the other qualifications of the dramatic writer he shows himself here to be very richly endowed. There is dignity—there is animation—there is strength; besides a rare profusion of impressive figures and images, and a pomp of diction which compels our admiration. In the following description of Cleopatra's voyage down the Cydnus, the musical flow of the versification and the richness of the language are very pleasing:—

"*Ant.*—The tackling silk, the streamers, waved with gold,
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails;
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Orla.—No more: I would not hear it.
Ant.—Oh, you must!

She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That played about her face! But if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad:
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more:
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."

We become conscious that this is not the highest poetry only when we read the original of Shakespeare, which suggested Dryden's glowing paraphrase. Taken by itself, however, it must be pronounced most admirable, and in luscious sweetness equal to anything of Beaumont and Fletcher's.

One of the most animated scenes is the quarrel between Antony and Ventidius. Here again Dryden has attempted to bend the bow of Shakespeare; and though he has not succeeded, yet he gives proof of the possession of a stalwart and strenuous arm. It is impossible to despise such writing as the following:—

"*Ant.*—(*Starting up.*)—Art thou Ventidius?
Vent.—Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
Ant.—I'm angry.
Vent.—So am I.
Ant.—I would be private; leave me.
Vent.—Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant.—Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent.—My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.

Ant.—All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

Vent.—'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant.—Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.

Vent.—Look, emperor, this is no common dew. [*Weeping.*
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

Ant.—By Heaven, he weeps! poor, good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop them, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame
That caused them, full before me.

Vent.—I'll do my best.

Ant.—Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!

Vent.—Emperor.

Ant.—Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory;
The conq'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent.—I warrant you.

Ant.—Actium, Actium; oh!

Vent.—It sets too near you.

Ant.—Here, here it is; a lump of lead by day,
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers
The hag that rides my dreams.—

Vent.—Out with it; give it vent.

Ant.—Urge not my shame.
I lost a battle.—

Vent.—So has Julius done.

Ant.—Thou favourest me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony —

Vent.—Nay, stop not.

Ant.—Antony,—

Well, thou wilt have it,—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

* * * * * * * *

Vent.—Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: By painful journeys
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks and chapt hands: there's virtue in them.
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than you their bands can buy.

Ant.—Where left you them?

Vent.—I said in Lower Syria.

Ant.—Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.

Vent.—They will not come.

Ant.—Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent.—Most firm and loyal.

Ant.—Yet they will not march
To succour one. O trifler!

Vent.—They petition
You would make haste to head them.

Ant.—I'm besieged.

Vent.—There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

Ant.—I will not stir.

Vent.—They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant.—I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent.—They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And call this diamond such or such a toy;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant.—Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent.—Behold yon Powers,
To whom you have intrusted human kind!
See Europe, Africa, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman
I think the gods are Antony's, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant.—You grow presumptuous.

Vent.—I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant.—Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'er flowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honour!

Vent.—You may kill me;
You have done more already,—called me traitor.

Ant.—Art thou not one?

Vent.—For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? but had I bore
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to penetrate your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so called.

Ant.—Forgive me, soldier:
I've been too passionate.

Vent.—You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you: kill me, sir.
Pray kill me: yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant.—I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: Pr'ythee, forgive me,
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not bear? . . .
But Cleopatra —
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent.—No more.

Ant.—Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.

Vent.—Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant.—Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Hugging him.*
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve them.
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory! Thou know'st the way.

Vent.—And, will you leave this—

Ant.—Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour;
But I will leave her.

Vent.—That's my royal master;
And, shall we fight?

Ant.—I warrant thee, old soldier.
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come, follow me!

Vent.—Oh, now I hear my emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all:
I'll thank you for the exchange.

Ant.—O, Cleopatra!

Vent.—Again?

Ant.—I've done: In that last sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent.—Methinks you breathe
Another soul: Your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant.—Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me: Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted on my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.

Vent.—Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Ant.—Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them: mow them out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

This is manly, vigorous, and even poetical writing. The blank verse, which Dryden had never before attempted, is strong and fluent, with the cadences effectively distributed, and a skilful avoidance of monotony. It is, of course, inferior to Shakespeare's; but in its degree it is good and satisfying.

Taine is no great admirer of Dryden, but he does justice to his "All for Love." "The poet," he says, "is skilful; he has planned, he knows how to construct a scene, to represent the internal struggle by which two passions contend for a human heart. We perceive the tragical vicissitude of the strife, the progress of a sentiment, the overthrow of obstacles, the slow growth of desire or wrath, to the very instant when the resolution, rising up of itself or seduced from without, rushes suddenly in one groove. There are natural words; the poet writes and thinks too genuinely not to discover them at need. There are manly characters: he himself is a man; and beneath his courtier's pliability, his affectations as a fashionable poet, he has retained his stern and energetic character."

When the play was first produced, the part of Antony was played by Hart; Ventidius, Mohun; Dolabella, Clarke; Alexas, Goodman; Serapion, Griffin; Myris, Coxon; Cleopatra, Mrs. Boutell; and Octavia, Mrs. Cory. At a later period Cleopatra was one of Mrs. Oldfield's favourite characters.

We must pass over the comedy of "Limberham; or, The Kind Keeper," brought out at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens in 1678, with a brief reference. From beginning to end it is absolute filth; such filth that even a Restoration audience was disgusted with it, and after three representations it was withdrawn from the stage.

The worst of it is that some of the lewdest and most ribald language is put into the mouth of a young girl, who is represented as the only virtuous person in the piece. No excuse can be made for a man of genius who degrades himself in this shameless fashion. The composition and production of such a play as "Limberham"—the atmosphere of which is the reeking atmosphere of the brothel—is an indelible blot on Dryden's character. "Limberham" is supposed to have been a caricature of the Duke of Lauderdale; but more probably the Earl of Shaftesbury was intended.

About this date (1679) Dryden collaborated with Nathaniel Lee in a tragedy on the old classical story of "Œdipus," in which both poets show themselves at their strongest, as if inspired by the passion and pathos of the subject. The plan was Dryden's, and he wrote the first and third acts. Lee's portion is, on the whole, finely written probably it was revised by Dryden, as the style throughout preserves a remarkable uniformity. The incantation scene, which is wholly Dryden's, rises to a high poetic level; and the ghost of Laius is a creation not altogether unworthy of Shakespeare. Indeed, it must be owned that "Œdipus" is a work of considerable merit, though the incestuous passion which supplies its motive unfits it for the modern stage. The story runs that when, soon after its first production, it was performed at Dublin, a musician in the orchestra was so strongly affected by the madness of Œdipus, that he himself actually became delirious. This may be untrue or exaggerated; but, as Scott remarks, when the play was revived, "about thirty years ago," the audiences were unable to support it to an end.

The original cast was as follows:—Œdipus, Betterton;

Adrastus, Smith; Creon, Samford; Tiresias, Harris; Ghost of Laius, Williams; Jocasta, Mrs. Betterton; Eurydice, Mrs. Lee.

"Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late. A Tragedy. As it is acted at the Duke's Theatre," was published in 1679, with a Preface containing the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy. Compared with the great original of Shakespeare, its demerits are only too conspicuous; the additions are trivial and in bad taste, the omissions are deplorable. The delicacy of the beautiful old tale has been grossly marred by the introduction of ribald passages in Dryden's worst style; and Pandarus, whom even Shakespeare has drawn somewhat coarsely, is converted into a loathsome buffoon.

The original cast included Smith as Hector, Betterton as Troilus, Leigh as Pandarus, Harris as Ulysses, Bowman as Patroclus, Underhill as Thersites, Mrs. Mary Lee as Cressida, and Mrs. Betterton as Andromache.

"The Spanish Friar; or, The Double Discovery," was acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1681. It is one of the most popular, though not, perhaps, one of the best, of Dryden's dramatic efforts. Though the plot is not, as Johnson strangely remarks, exceedingly happy in its combination of the tragic and comic elements, the situations are worked up with all the skill of a practised playwright. In the comic scenes, the liveliness of the dialogue may entertain the reader; while the broadly humorous character of Dominic is developed with a care and cunning Dryden does not always exercise. This whimsical exaggeration of a Roman Catholic Priest was singularly acceptable to the public at a time when the so-called Popish Plot had awakened the fiercest passions of

religious bigotry. It is worth noting that, after the Revolution of 1688, this was the first play represented by order of Queen Mary and in her presence.

"The tragic part," says Scott, "has uncommon merit. The opening of the drama, and the picture of a besieged town in the last extremity, is deeply impressive, while the description of the noise of the night attack, and the gradual manner in which the intelligence of its success is communicated, arrests the attention, and prepares expectation for the appearance of the hero, with all the splendour which ought to attend the principal character in tragedy. The subsequent progress of the plot is liable to a capital objection, from the facility with which the Queen, amiable and virtuous, as we are bound to suppose her, consents to the murder of the old dethroned monarch."

Hallam's criticism is as follows:—

"'The Spanish Friar,' so far as it is a comedy, is reckoned the best performance of Dryden in that line. Father Dominic is very amusing, and has been copied very freely by succeeding dramatists, especially in the Duenna. But Dryden has no great abundance of wit in this or any of his comedies. His jests are practical, and he seems to have written more for the eye than the ear. It may be noted as a proof of this, that his stage directions are unusually full. In point of diction, the Spanish Friar in its tragic scenes, and All for Love, are certainly the best plays of Dryden."

Mr. Saintsbury's criticism is less favourable:—

"'The Spanish Friar' [is] a popular piece, possessed of a good deal of merit, from the technical point of view of the playwright; but which I think has been somewhat overrated, as far as literary excellence is concerned.

The principal character is no doubt amusing, but he is heavily indebted to Falstaff on the one hand and to Fletcher's Lopez on the other; and he reminds the reader of both his ancestors in a way which cannot but be unfavourable to himself. The play is to me most interesting, because of the light it throws on Dryden's grand characteristic, the consummate craftmanship with which he could throw himself into the popular feeling of the hour. This 'Protestant play' is perhaps his most notable achievement of the kind in drama, and it may be admitted that some other achievements of the same kind are less creditable."

In the tragedy of "The Duke of Guise," written for a political purpose in 1684, Dryden again found a collaborator in Nat Lee. The Duke is undoubtedly intended for the Duke of Monmouth, and the party significance of the play is obvious from beginning to end. At first the representation was prohibited, nor was permission given until December, when Charles II. had finally determined on severe measures against his ambitious son. The reception was unfavourable; but the Court party took it up, and eventually secured for it a moderate success. To Dryden must be ascribed part of the first act, the whole of the fourth, and the first part of the fifth. The introduction of the necromancer, Malicorne, is due to Dryden, who has seldom written anything finer than the last scene between the magician and the fiend. The reader may be glad to have it before him. It takes place in Malicorne's chamber. After a loud knocking at the door, a servant enters:—

"*Mal.*—What noise is that?
Serv.— An ill-looked surly man,
With a hoarse voice, says he must speak with you.

Mal.—Tell him I dedicate this day to pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have, business with him. [*Exit* SERVANT.
What louder yet? what saucy slave is this? [*Knock louder.*

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv.—He says you have, and must have, business with him.
Come out, or he'll come in, and spoil your mirth.

Mal.—I will not.

Serv.—Sir, I dare not tell him so; (*Knocking again more fiercely.*
My hair stands up in bristles when I see him;
The dogs run into corners; the spayed bitch
Bays at his back, and howls.

Mal.—Bid him enter, and go off thyself. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter MELANAX, *an hour-glass in his hand, almost empty.*

How dar'st thou interrupt my softer hours?
By heaven, I'll ram thee in some knotted oak,
Where thou shalt sigh and groan to whistling winds
Upon the lonely plain, or I'll confine thee
Deep in the Red Sea, grovelling on the sands,
Ten thousand billows rolling o'er thy head.

Mel.—Oh, ho, ho!

Mal.—Laughest thou, malicious fiend?
I'll ope my book of bloody characters,
Shall crumple up thy tender airy limbs,
Like parchment in a flame.

Mel.—Thou canst not do it.
Behold this hour-glass.

Mal.—Well, and what of that?

Mel.—Seest thou then these ebbing sands?
They run for thee, and when their race is run,
Thy lungs, the bellows of thy mortal breath,
Shall sink for ever down, and heave no more.

Mal.—What, resty, friend?
Nine years thou hast to serve.

Mel.—Not full nine minutes.

Mal.—Thou liest; look on thy bond, and view the date,

Mel.—Then, wilt thou stand to that without appeal?

Mal.—I will, so help me Heaven!

Mel.—So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the bond.*
There, fool; behold who lies, the devil, or thou?

Mal.—Ha! one and twenty years are shrunk to twelve!
Do my eyes dazzle?

Mel.—No, they see too true:
They dazzled once, I cast a mist before them
So what was figured twelve, to thy dull sight
Appeared full twenty-one.

Mal.—There's equity in Heaven for this, a cheat.
Mel.—Fool, thou has quitted thy appeal to Heaven
To stand to this.
Mal.—Then I am lost for ever!
Mel.—Thou art!
Mal.—O why was I not warned before?
Mel.—Yes, to repent; then thou hadst cheated me.
Mal.—Add but a day, but half a day, an hour:
For sixty minutes I'll forgive nine years.
Mel.—No, not a moment's thought beyond my time!
Despatch; 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor single fare.
Mal.—So pitiless?
But yet I may command thee, and I will;
I love the Guise, even with my latest breath,
Beyond my soul, and my lost hopes of Heaven:
I charge thee, by my short-lived power, disclose
What fate attends my master.
Mel.—If he goes
To council when he next is called, he dies.
Mal.—Who waits?

Enter SERVANT.

Go, give my lord my last adieu;
Say, I shall never see his eyes again;
But if he goes, when next he's called, to council,
Bid him believe my latest breath, he dies. [*Exit* SERVANT.
The sands run yet.—O do not shake the glass!—
I shall be thine too soon!—Could I repent!—
Heaven's not confined to moments.—Mercy, mercy!
Mel.—I see thy prayers dispersed into the winds,
And Heaven has passed them by.
I was an angel once of foremost rank,
Stood next the shining throne, and winked but half;
So almost gazed I glory in the face
That I could bear it, and stand farther in;
'Twas but a moment's pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but man, base earth-born man,
Sins past a sum, and might be pardoned more:
And yet 'tis just; for we were perfect light,
And saw our crimes; man, in his body's mire,
Half-soul, half-clod, sinks blindfold into sin,
Betrayed by frauds without and lusts within.
Mal.—Then I have hope.
Mel.—Not so; I preached on purpose
To make thee lose this moment of thy prayer.
Thy sands creep low; despair, despair, despair!

Mal.—Where am I now? upon the brink of life,
The gulf before me, devils to push me on,
And Heaven behind me closing all its doors.
A thousand years for every hour I've passed,
O could I 'scape so cheap! but ever, ever!
Still to begin an endless round of woes,
To be renewed for pains; and last for hell!
Yet can pains last, when bodies cannot last?
Can earthly substance endless flames endure?
Or, when our body wears and flits away,
Do souls thrust forth another crust of clay
To force and guard their tender souls from fire?
I feel my heart-strings rend!—I'm here,—I'm gone!
Thus men, too careless of their future state,
Dispute, know nothing, and believe too late.
[*A flash of lightning; they sink together.*

The original cast of this tragedy included Kynaston, as Henry III., King of France; Betterton, as the Duke of Guise; Smith, as Crillon; Percival, as Malicorne; Giles, as Melanax; Lady Slingsby, as the Queen-Mother; and Mrs. Barry, as Marmoutier, niece to Crillon.

It could not be supposed that the Whigs would remain silent under the trenchant attack on their party and principles which this play embodied. A vigorous reply appeared in the "Defence of the Charter and Municipal Rights of the City of London," by Thomas Hunt, the lawyer. In Shadwell's "Lenten Prologue" (April, 1683) the satire is laid on heavily, if somewhat clumsily; and Shadwell is also credited with the part authorship of a pamphlet entitled "Some Reflections on the Pretended Parallel in the Play called The Duke of Guise." These criticisms provoked from Dryden the publication of his "Vindication of the Duke of Guise," in which his powers as a controversialist receive the most admirable illustration.

In the last year of Charles II.'s life and reign Dryden produced at the Queen's Theatre, in Dorset Garden,

his opera of "Albion and Albanius," for which the music was supplied by Louis Grabu, the master of the King's band, whom Charles II., in the excess of his French partialities, preferred to Purcell. In this opera, as in the tragedy which preceded it, Dryden had an avowed political object. He introduced, in chronological order, and under allegorical forms, the principal incidents of Charles II.'s reign, and depicted them as all leading up to the victory of the Crown over his opponents. The allegory, to tell truth, is dull and tedious, and the plot contains nothing very ingenious or novel. Dryden may have learned from Verrio to paint the Duchess of York as Venus, or her husband as protected by Neptune, and Charles II. as finding a counsellor in Proteus. But the lyrical diction is everywhere sweet and glowing. "The reader finds none of those harsh inversions and awkward constructions by which ordinary poets are obliged to screw their verses into the fetters of musical time. . . . Every line seems to flow in its natural and most simple order, and where the music required repetition of a line, or a word, the iteration seems to improve the sense and poetical effect. Neither is the piece deficient in the higher requisites of lyric poetry. When music is to be 'married to immortal verse,' the poet too commonly cares little with how indifferent a yoke-mate he provides her. But Dryden, probably less from a superior degree of care, than from that divine impulse which he could not resist, has hurried along in the full stream of real poetry."

Grabu's music was of a trivial and indifferent character. The play failed to attract the public; and as a heavy sum had been laid out upon the scenery, decorations, and dresses,

the result was a very considerable loss to the theatre. That the Whigs whom the dramatist satirised, and rival dramatists, and the admirers of Purcell and the English school of music should triumph in the disaster is intelligible enough. The following verses are a specimen of the lampoons which appeared:—

"From Father Hopkins, whose voice did inspire him,
Bayes sends this raw show to public view;
'Prentices, fops, and their footmen admire him,
Thanks patron, painter, and Monsieur Grabu.

"Each actor on the stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is infallibly true;
Smith, Nokes, and Leigh, in a fever with railing,
Curse poet, painter, and Monsieur Grabu.

"Betterton, Betterton, thy decorations,
And the machines, were well written, we know;
But, all the words were such stuff, we want patience,
And little better is Monsieur Grabu."

The first representation of "Albion and Albanius" took place on the 3rd of June, 1685.* The music was published by Grabu in 1687, with a dedication to James II.

The finale, put into the mouth of Fame, is as follows:—

"Renown, assume thy trumpet!
From pole to pole resounding
Great Albion's name;
Great Albion's name shall be
The theme of Fame, shall be great Albion's name,
Great Albion's name, great Albion's name.
Record the Gaelic's glory;
A badge for heroes and for kings to bear!
For kings to bear!
And swell the immortal story
With songs of gods, and fit for gods to hear;
And swell the immortal story
With songs of gods, and fit for gods to hear;
For gods to hear."

* Charles II., "in honour of whom it was principally made," had then been dead more than three months; but "he had been pleased," says Dryden in his preface, "twice or thrice to command that it should be practised before him, especially the first and third acts of it; and publicly declared, more than once, that the composition and choruses were more just and more beautiful than any he had heard in England."

By many critics "Don Sebastian," produced in 1690, after a tolerably long pause in his dramatic activity, is considered Dryden's best work in this direction, or, at least, to challenge equality with his "All for Love." Hallam's opinion is less favourable. He places its chief excellence in the highly-finished character of "Dorax." Dorax, he says, and with much justice, is the best of the poet's tragic characters; perhaps the only one in which he has made practical use of his great knowledge of the human mind. "It is highly dramatic, because formed of those complex passions which may readily lead either to virtue or to vice, and which the poet can manage so as to surprise the spectator without transgressing consistency." Having delivered himself of this eulogium, Hallam returns to his favourite cold judiciousness. "Don Sebastian," he says, "is as imperfect as all plays must be in which a single personage is thrown forward in too strong relief for the rest. The language is full of that rant which characterised Dryden's earlier tragedies, and to which a natural predilection seems, after some interval, to have brought him back. Sebastian himself may seem to have been intended as a contrast to Muley-Moluch; but if the author had any rule to distinguish the bluster-ing of the hero from that of the tyrant, he has not left the use of it in his reader's hands. The plot of this tragedy is ill-conducted, especially in the fifth act. . . . Our feelings revolt at seeing, as in Don Sebastian, an incestuous passion brought forward as the make-weight of a plot, to eke out a fifth act, and to dispose of those characters whose fortune the main story has not quite wound up."

For our own part, we regard this estimate as unfair

and unsatisfactory in its tone of exaggerated depreciation. We concede the rant, the occasional ribaldry, the ill-management and unfortunate *motif* of the fifth act; but, on the other hand, must insist that the interest of the situations is often very great, that the diction is usually vigorous and often poetical, and that Dryden in this play has sounded the depths of human passion more deeply than in any other of his dramatic works. Of the higher Shakespearian sympathy and insight there is, of course, nothing. Dryden, in his happiest moods, could only be Dryden; and Dryden at his happiest no more mates with Shakespeare than, in the domain of Music, Spohr ranks with Beethoven. But "Don Sebastian" is a stirring and impressive drama, in which the poet exhibits considerable power over some of the strongest emotions of the human heart.

On all matters of poetical criticism one would rather accept the judgment of Scott than that of Hallam, and Scott bestows on "Don Sebastian" no stinted praise. The characters, he says, are contrasted with singular ability and judgment. "Sebastian, high-spirited and fiery; the soul of royal and military honour; the soldier and the king; almost embodies the idea which the reader forms at the first mention of his name. Dorax, to whom he is so admirable a contrast, is one of those characters whom the strong hand of adversity has wrested from their natural bias; and perhaps no equally vivid picture can be found of a subject so awfully interesting. Born with a strong tendency to all that was honourable and virtuous, the very excess of his virtues became vice, when his own ill fate, and Sebastian's injustice, had driven him into exile. By comparing, as Dryden has requested, the

character of Dorax, in the fifth act, with that he maintains in the former part of the play, the difference may be traced betwixt his natural virtues, and the vices engrafted on them by headlong passion and embittering calamity. There is no inconsistence in the change which takes place after his scene with Sebastian. . . . It is the same picture in a new light; the same ocean in tempest and in calm; the same traveller, whom sunshine has induced to abandon his cloak, which the storm only forced him to wrap more closely around him. . . . The last stage of a virtuous heart, corroded into evil by wounded pride, has never been more forcibly displayed than in the character of Dorax. . . .

"Muley-Moluch is an admirable specimen of that very frequent theatrical character—a stage tyrant. He is fierce and boisterous enough to be sufficiently terrible and odious, and that without much rant, considering he is an infidel Soldam, who, from the ancient deportment of Mahomet and Termagaunt, as they appeared in the old Mysteries, might claim a prescriptive right to tear a passion to tatters. Besides, the Moorish emperor has fine glances of savage generosity, and that free, unconstrained, and almost noble openness, the only good quality, perhaps, which a consciousness of unbounded power may encourage in a mind so firm as not to be totally depraved by it. The character was admirably represented by Kynaston, who had, says Cibber, 'a fierce lion-like majesty in his port and utterance, that gave the spectator a kind of trembling admiration.' It is enough to say of Bonducar, that the cool, fawning, intriguing, and unprincipled statesman is fully developed in his whole conduct; and of Alvarez, that the little he has to

say and do is so said and done as not to disgrace his commonplace character of the possessor of the secret on which the plot depends; for it may be casually observed that the depository of such a clue to the catastrophe, though of the last importance to the plot, is seldom himself of any interest whatever. The haughty and high-spirited Almayda is designed by the author as the counterpart of Sebastian. She breaks out with the same violence, I had almost said fury, and frequently discovers a sort of kindred sentiment, intended to prepare the reader for the unfortunate discovery that she is the sister of the Portuguese monarch."

With all its merits, however, "Don Sebastian" conclusively proves that Dryden was a great playwright rather than a great dramatist. He was a man of genius, who, possessing some invention, some knowledge of the stage, and an ample command of splendid and lively diction, took to writing plays, not because he possessed the dramatic faculty, but because he wanted money.* He has not created a character, unless we allow that Dorax is one; and, after all, Dorax is more of a copy than an original. The name of Shakespeare immediately suggests a whole gallery of living, breathing figures—Lear, Hamlet, Mercutio, Hermione, Cordelia, Desdemona, Macbeth, and a hundred more; but Dryden's gallery is peopled with shadows—whose names we forget—which have no distinctness of feature to impress their recollection on our mind—which pass before us like the fictions of a dream, and are equally vague, unsubstantial, and

* A dramatic author then received all the third night's profits and what he could obtain from a bookseller for his copyright—altogether, from £100 to £150.

fugitive. They are part of the stock-in-trade of the theatre—as much as the scenery and the decorations.

Though not very well received at first, the play grew rapidly into popularity. It was dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, and acted and printed in 1690.

The original cast included—Don Sebastian, Williams; Muley-Moluch, Kynaston; Dorax, Betterton; Bonducar, Sandford; Mufti, Underhill; Muley-Zaydan, Powell, jun.; Don Antonio, Betterton; Don Alvarez, Bowman; Mustapha, Leigh; Almayda, Mrs. Barry; Morayma, Mrs. Montfort; Johayma, Mrs. Leigh.

We subjoin the famous scene between Dorax and the King, of which Scott writes—not without exaggeration—that "had it been the only one ever Dryden wrote, it would have been sufficient to ensure his immortality. There is not," he says, "no, perhaps, not even in Shakespeare,—an instance where the chord, which the poet designed should vibrate, is more happily struck; strains there are of a higher mood, but not more correctly true."

Dorax, having taken off his turban, and put on "a peruke, hat, and cravat," re-entered.

Dor.—Now, do you know me?
Sebast.—Thou shouldest be Alonzo.
Dor.—So you should be Sebastian:
But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonzo.
Sebast.—As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor.—Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream; or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,

Your tyrant image forced them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought:
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame;
And, that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.

Sebast.—I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face;—
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor.—'Tis the first justice thou has ever done me.
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, Honour, be thou judge.

Sebast.—Honour befriend us both.—
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent, and haughty to superiors.
How often hast thou braved my peaceful court,
Filled it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproached even me, thy prince?

Dor.—And well I might, when you forget reward,
The pact of heaven in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.—
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant!—It irks me so to call my prince;
But just resentment and hard usage coined
The unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Sebast.—How, tyrant?

Dor.—Tyrant.

Sebast.—Traitor!—that name thou canst not echo back;
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor.—If I'm a traitor, think,—and blush, thou tyrant,—
Whose injuries betrayed me into treason,
Effaced my loyalty, unhinged my faith,
And hurried me, from hopes of heaven, to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Sebast.—Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike and then my loathing,—
Once more be warned, and know me for thy king.

Dor.—Too well I know thee, but for king no more.
This is not Lisbon ; nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face ;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff of royal nonsense ; when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carped and censured
For want of courtly style ; related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts;
Secure of merit, if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatched from pimps and parasites. . .
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.
Sebast.—I see to what thou tend'st: but, tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me?
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?
Dor.—Why, love does all that's noble here below;
But all the advantage of that love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepared to ask my own
(For Violante's sons were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention* ere I spoke ;
And asked me Violante for Henriquez.
Sebast.—I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor.—Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?
Sebast.—He had my promise ere I knew thy love.
Dor.—My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.
Sebast.—Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service:
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace and safe from all affronts,—
Even to my face, as done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I loved!
Dor.—Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, propt by power,
Would seize my right and rob me of my love.—
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,

* Used, of course, in the old sense of "anticipation," "going before."

The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refused to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

Sebast.—He durst; nay more, desired, and begged with tears
To meet thy challenge fairly. 'Twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then,
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor.—On pain of infamy
He should have disobeyed.

Sebast.—The indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say,—The blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power. So was I forced
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence. . . .
But thou hast charged me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charged me? Speak!

Dor.—Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Sebast.—No; to disprove that lie I must not draw.
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence.
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor.—I'll cut that isthmus.
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for mine own revenge.
I saved thee out of honourable malice:
Now, draw; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not;
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Sebast.—Oh, patience, beware!

Dor.—Beware of patience, too;
That's a suspicious word. It had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurned me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security.
The only boon I begged was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjured now; that's all thy choice.

Sebast.—Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thanked. [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,

If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love:
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus.
Go, bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say, his master and his friend revenged him.

Dor.—His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Sebast.—The question is beside our present purpose:
Thou seëst me ready; we delay too long.

Dor.—A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us: throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Sebast.—He's dead; make haste, and thou may'st yet o'ertake him.

Dor.—When I was hasty, thou delayed'st me longer.—
I pr'ythee, let me edge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wished.

Sebast.—If it wouldst please thee, thou shouldst never know;
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth
Which, found, will torture thee.—He died in fight;
Fought next my person; as in consort fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heaved his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side received my wound.
Then, when he could no more, he fell at one;
But rolled his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor.—I never can forgive him such a death!

Sebast.—I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.—
Now, judge thyself, who best deserved my love?
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as heaven
Foreknew, among the shining angel host,
Who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor.—Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
And so, had I been favoured, had I stood.

Sebast.—What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.
Confess, he justly was preferred to thee.

Dor.—Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.—
O worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquired by such a death?
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my King.
His glorious end was a patched work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft, effeminate life
It suited better with my life than his

So to have died: Mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Sebast.—The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame to struggle to the field
And meet his glorious fate. Confess, proud spirit,
(For I will hear it from thy very mouth),
That better he deserved my love than thou?

Dor.—Oh, whither would you drive me? I must grant,—
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,—
Henriquez had your love with more desert.
For you he fought and died: I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Haunted your sacred life; which that I missed
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul: my soul's a regicide.

Sebast. [*More calmly*].—Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name.
Thou mean'st to kill a tyrant; not a king:
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor.—Can I speak?
Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo!—
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo;
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquered with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you named;
Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Sebast.—Yet 'twere this day I owed my life to Dorax.

Dor.—I saved you but to kill you: there's my grief.

Sebast.—Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst repent;
Thou canst not be a villain though thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast erred;
And I too little, who provoked thy crime.

Dor.—Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half-drowned in tears before: spare my confusion;
For pity spare, and say not first you erred;
For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.—
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade; [*Falls at his fee*
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Sebast.—Indeed, thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
But thou prevent'st me still in all that's noble. [*Taking him up*
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news.
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand;

Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears she pines for thee,
A widow, and a maid.

Dor.—Have I been cursing heaven, while heaven blest me?
I shall run mad with ecstacy of joy:
What! in one moment, to be reconciled
To heaven, and to my king, and to my love!—
But pity is my friend, and stops me short
For my unhappy rival:—Poor Henriquez!

Sebast.—Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
Here, let me ever hold thee in my arms; [*Embracing him.*
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best and closest shall embrace.
Be what Henriquez was,—be my Alonzo.

Dor.—What, my Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo?
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak:
And, if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

Sebast.—Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of heaven, to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy;
Be kind, ye Powers! and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*

In 1690, Dryden produced at the Theatre Royal his comedy of "Amphitryon," on a subject which Plautus was the first to touch, and after him, Molière. In dedicating it to Sir William Leveson-Gower, Dryden justly defines the extent of his obligations to his illustrious predecessors. "Were this comedy wholly mine," he says, "I should call it a trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your patronage; but when the names of Plautus and Molière are joined in it, that is, the two greatest names of ancient and modern comedy, I must not presume so far on their reputation, to think their best and most unquestioned productions can be termed little. I will not give you the trouble of acquainting you what I have added, or altered,

in either of them, so much, it may be, for the worse; but only that the difference of our stage from the Roman and the French did so require it. But I am afraid, for my own interest, the world will too easily discover that more then half of it is mine; and that the rest is rather a lame imitation of their excellencies than a just translation."

To the Roman poet both Molière and Dryden owe the amusing device of the two Sosias; the complications in which the malicious ingenuity of Mercury involves his unfortunate original; Alcmena's quarrel with her real husband, and her reconciliation with Jupiter, who personates him; the final encounter of the genuine and the sham Amphitryon; and the astonishment of the unhappy husband who finds himself anticipated by his rival in each proof of his identity. To Molière Dryden is greatly inferior in the blatant indecency of his dialogue. A subject, hazardous enough in itself, he has so treated as to make offensive by its shameful suggestiveness; and where Molière is witty, Dryden is simply coarse. On the other hand, he has improved the plot by the amusing intrigue between Mercury and Phædra; and in the scenes between Jupiter and Alcmena attains a higher poetical level than either of his great predecessors. Lastly, the animal spirits of Dryden are nowhere more conspicuous than in this comedy, which is instinct with vitality from beginning to end, and gives one the impression of having been written with a charming spontaneity. The dialogue is wonderfully "brisk and airy,"—though it cannot be described as humorous.

The songs in "Amphitryon" were set to music by Purcell,—"in whose person," says Dryden, "we have at length found one Englishman equal with the best abroad."

They are:—"Celia, that I once was blest;" "Fair Iris, I love, and hourly I die;" and the duet, "Fair Iris and her swain."

The original cast included:—Betterton as Jupiter; Lee, Mercury; Bowman, Phœbus; Williams, Amphitryon; Nokes, Sosia; Sandford, Gripus; Bright, Polidas; Bowen, Tranis; Mrs. Barry, Alcmena; Mrs. Montfort, Phædra; Mrs. Cory, Bromia; and Mrs. Butler, Night.

"The last piece of service" which Dryden "had the honour to do for his gracious master King Charles II.," was the "dramatic Opera" of "King Arthur; or, The British Worthy." The King did not live to see it produced upon the stage, "yet the Prologue to it, which was the Opera of 'Albion and Albanius,' was often practised before him at Whitehall, and encouraged by his approbation." Dryden, like Milton, had had his imagination touched by the old chivalrous romances of

> "Ather's son,
> Begirt with British and Armoric Knights."

and conceived the idea of treating it epically, as well as dramatically. The epic poem he never wrote; and the dramatic compositions which he has connected with King Arthur bear no reference to the Arthurian legends. We see nothing of Excalibur, nor of the Round Table Chivalry; Guenivere is absent, and Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain. The story, indeed, is rather that of a fairy tale than of a mediæval legend; and the supernatural machinery belongs to the Oriental rather than to the Celtic world. But the incidents are ingeniously contrived, and the development of the plot is arranged with much skill. A pathetic interest attaches to the character of Emmeline, with her blindness, and the simplicity with which she describes her

ideas of visible objects. The scene in which she recovers her sight is very tenderly treated. "The machinery is simple and well managed; the language and ministry of Grimbald, the fierce earthy demon, are painted with some touches which rise even to sublimity. The conception of Philidel, a fallen angel, retaining some of the hue of heaven, who is touched with repentance, and not without hope of being finally received, is an idea altogether original." The main incident in Dryden's play is borrowed, however, from the episode in Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," of Rinaldo's adventures in the haunted grove on Mount Olivet.

"King Arthur" was acted in 1691, and received with great favour. Dryden mentions that it enjoyed the approval of Queen Mary, who had perused it in manuscript. The music was furnished by Purcell, and contains some of his happiest inspirations. Says Dr. Burney: "If ever it could, with truth, be said of a composer that he had *devancé son siècle*, Purcell is entitled to that praise, as there are movements in many of his works which a century has not injured, particularly the duet in 'King Arthur,' 'Two daughters of this aged stream,' and 'Fairest Isle, all isles excelling,' which contain not a single passage that the best composers of the present times, if it presented itself to their imagination, would reject." Another celebrated song is the "Come, if you dare," which Mr. Sims Reeves has made familiar to modern audiences.

The dances were composed by the celebrated Priest.

At the first representation the cast stood as follows:—King Arthur, Betterton; Oswald, Saxon King of Kent, Williams; Merlin, a famous necromancer, Kynaston; Conon, Duke of Cornwall, Hodgson; Osmond, a Saxon

magician, Sandford; Aurelius, friend to King Arthur, Alexander; Albamart, Captain of Arthur's Guards, Bowen; Guillamar, friend to Oswald, Harris; Emmeline, daughter of Conon, Mrs. Bracegirdle; Matilda, Mrs. Richardson; Philidel, an Airy Spirit, Mrs. Butler; Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit, Mrs. Bowman.

"Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero," a tragedy, was produced in 1692. Its story—that of a banished monarch, seeking, in the Court of an ally, assistance to relieve his country from a foreign yoke, and restore himself to his ancestral throne—was not one that King William III.'s censors could be expected to welcome, and the performance of the piece was at first prohibited. But through the exertions of Lord Rochester, Queen Mary's maternal uncle, the Court was convinced of its harmlessness, and "Cleomenes" was allowed to strut on the stage of the Theatre Royal. The play was successful, though the hero is not painted in sufficiently vivid colours, and it loses, therefore, what should ensure its continuity of interest. None of the characters are very strongly defined: the impression produced by that of Cassandra was probably due to the admirable acting of Mrs. Barry, whom Dryden, in his Preface, liberally compliments by saying, "that she had gained by her performance a reputation beyond any woman he had ever seen on the theatre."

Owing to illness, Dryden was not able to complete his tragedy, and the latter half of the fifth act was written by Southerne.

The original cast was as follows:—Cleomenes, Betterton; Cleonidas, Lee; Ptolemy, Alexander; Soribius, Sandford; Cleanthes, Mountford; Pantheus, Kynaston; Cænus,

Hudson; Cratesiclea, Mrs. Betterton; Cleora, Mrs. Bracegirdle; and Cassandra, Mrs. Barry.

"Cleomenes" contains one of Dryden's finest songs. As, happily, it is free from the impurity which so often disfigures his lyrics, we can transfer it to these pages:—

"No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart rather than leave her;
My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her:
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:
Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure, leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us:
Time and Death shall depart, and say, in flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying."

Dryden closed his long and industrious career as a dramatist in 1694, and, unfortunately, closed it with a failure—his tragi-comedy of "Love Triumphant." It was unsuccessful when represented,* and we cannot imagine that anyone will take pleasure in its perusal. The plot is singularly unpleasant, for it turns upon an incestuous passion, which Dryden treats with characteristic coarseness; while the underplot is not only extravagant, but indecent. By damning the play, the public showed that they had made some advance in moral feeling; whereas the play shows that Dryden had made

* A contemporary letter-writer notes: "The second play is Mr. Dryden's, called 'Love Triumphant; or, Nature will Prevail.' It is tragi-comedy; but, in my opinion, one of the worst he ever writ, if not the very worst: the comical part descends beneath the style and show of a Bartholomew Fair droll. It was damned by the universal cry of the town, *nemine contradicente* but the conceited part. He says in his Prologue that this is the last the town must expect from him; he had done himself a kindness had he taken his leave before."

none, but that he wallowed in filth as gratuitously in the reign of William III. as he had done in that of Charles II. The versification, we may add, is often careless, and in many places Dryden lapses into his favourite heroic couplets. An incident in the first scene of the second act, where Alphonso makes known to Victoria his guilty passion by reading from a book, reminds us of the pathetic scene between Paolo and Francesca da Rimini in Dante's great epic.

The original cast included: Veramond, Kynaston; Alphonso, Betterton; Garcia, Williams; Ramirez, Alexander; Sancho, Doggett; Carlos, Powell; Lopez, Underhill; Ximena, Mrs. Betterton; Victoria, Mrs. Barry; Celidea, Mrs. Bracegirdle; Dalinda, Mrs. Montfort; and Nurse, Mrs. Kent.

Dryden was also the author of a Prologue, Song, Secular Masque, and Epilogue, composed for Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Pilgrim," when it was revived for his benefit in the spring of 1700. Though written within a few weeks of his death, they exhibit all his old vigour and fertility. The epilogue refers to Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage" (1698), in which, with justifiable indignation, that learned divine had severely censured the profligate writing of living dramatists, from Dryden to D'Urfey. It is greatly to Dryden's credit that he at once saw and acknowledged the magnitude of his fault. In the Prologue, it is true, he makes a lame effort to excuse himself by shifting the responsibility on the shoulders of his patrons:—

> "Perhaps the parson stretched a point too far,
> When with our theatres he waged a war.
> He tells you, that this very moral age
> Received the first infection from the stage;

> But sure, a banished Court, with lewdness fraught,
> The seeds of open vice, returning, brought . . .
> The poets, who must live by Courts, or starve,
> Were proud so good a Government to serve;
> And mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
> Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain."

But in "the Preface" to his "Fables," he says, with more frankness, and in a worthier spirit: "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscurity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, and I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."*

A comedy called "The Mall; or, The Modish Lovers," acted in 1674, is sometimes attributed to Dryden's pen; as also another, "The Mistaken Husband," produced in 1675. But neither seems to us distinguished by any of the poet's characteristics.

We have presented this long summary of Dryden's dramatic work for two reasons: first, because Dryden was unquestionably, all things considered, the greatest

* It may be noted that Lord Lansdowne, in his prologue to "The Jew of Venice," differed from both Collier and Dryden, attributing the evil complained of neither to the dramatists exclusively, nor to the Court, but to the audiences which tolerated it. He says:—

> "Each in his turn, the prophet and the priest,
> Have viewed the stage, but like false prophets guessed.
> The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
> Would silence poets and reduce the stage;
> The poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
> On Kings the scandal, and bespatters Courts.
> Both err: for, without mincing, to be plain,
> The guilt's your own of every odious scene;
> The present time still gives the stage its mode:
> The vices that you practise, we explode."

playwright of the Restoration; and, second, because it so clearly illustrates the main elements of his intellectual power and the limitations of his genius. Nothing is more clear than that, with all his gifts, he did not possess the dramatic faculty. He could not *create;* his characters are puppets, moved to and fro with much ingenuity of device, but they did not convey to the spectator, they do not convey to the reader, any sense of reality, any touch of actual life and truth. It may be conceded, perhaps, that he furnished the first sketches of the stage coquette and the stage fop; and Mr. Saintsbury asserts that in the "Spanish Friar," he achieved something like an independent and an original creation. This is all that can be allowed, and it is not sufficient to justify the critic in ascribing to him the rank of a great dramatist. Putting Shakespeare aside as unapproachable, he is not only inferior in dramatic power to Ben Jonson and Fletcher, but even to Wycherley, and certainly to Congreve. Who remembers any of his characters? Who can recall, with two or three exceptions, any striking and original scenes, in which the passions or the humours are so vividly displayed that the memory instantaneously recalls them, like that between Manly and Fidelia in "The Plain-Dealer," or between Ben and Fondlewife in "Love for Love"? What touch of pathos or tender feeling do we treasure up, what prodigal overflow of joyous wit?

We have already commented with some severity on Dryden's uncleanness, which, in his comedies, amounts to a colossal offence against the primary laws of decency and good taste. In our English literature we doubt whether there is anything like it—it is so constant, so loudly exhibited, so diffused. It taints and corrupts the

active atmosphere of his comic drama; every character is infected by it—the wife, the husband, the young maiden, the lover, the priest, the cavalier, the king. So favourable a biographer and critic as Mr. Saintsbury is obliged to admit that it is unpardonable. "It does not come under any of the numerous categories of excuse which can be devised for other offenders in the same kind. It is deliberate, it is unnecessary, it is a positive defect in art. When the culprit, in his otherwise dignified and not unsuccessful *confiteor* to Collier, endeavours to shield himself by the example of the elder dramatists, the shield is seen at once, and what is more, we know that he must have seen it himself, to be a mere shield of paper. But in truth the heaviest punishment that Dryden could possibly have suffered, the punishment which Diderot has indicated as inevitably imminent on this particular offence, has come upon him. The fouler parts of his work have simply ceased to be read, and his most thorough defenders can only read them for the purpose of appreciation and defence at the price of being queasy and qualmish. He has exposed his legs to the arrows of any criticaster who chooses to aim at him, and the criticasters have not failed to jump at the chance of so noble a quarry."

Yet, while admitting all these defects, we should be disposed to refer to Dryden's dramatic work as presenting the most signal and convincing evidence of his remarkable powers. It was written "against the grain;" it was written with the writer's knowledge that he lacked the faculty which alone could give it an enduring vitality; yet how strong it is, how copious, how thoroughly well done, how manly! What a profusion of sonorous and highly-coloured verse—of rolling, vigorous couplets which

seem to have flowed without effort from his spontaneous pen—of terse and felicitous expressions of judicious reflections and wise thoughts—of ample, picturesque, rhetoric, which has a dignity and a robustness that are eminently Dryden's own! Then, in his lighter scenes, how continuous is the vivacity, how inexhaustible the bright and lively dialogue, which is not witty, and seldom humorous, and yet conveys an impression of wit and humour from the art with which it has been constructed, and the brisk easiness of its manner. Of what can be accomplished by a man of rare literary talent, who is endowed also with great force of purpose and untiring industry, literature affords no more striking example than the dramas of John Dryden. They are anything you like except masterpieces of the higher dramatic faculty; while so strong was his resolution and so varied were his endowments, that in "All for Love" and "Don Sebastian" he approaches even these, and had Shakespeare never lived, might probably have imposed upon us to an extent that we are now unwilling to confess.

Thomas, or, as his contemporaries always called him, Tom, D'Urfey, was born between 1635 and 1640. His family were originally French, and his parents emigrated to England about 1628. Tom was educated for the law; a profession which he soon forsook, "under a persuasion," says Hawkins, "which some poets and even players have been very ready to entertain as an excuse for idleness and an indisposition to sober reflection, namely, that law is a study so dull that no man of genius can submit to it." D'Urfey, we suspect, never thought himself a man of genius, but he was conscious of considerable parts, and began at once to write for the stage as offering almost the

only available road to distinction. A jovial companion, able to write a good song and to sing one, and a ready wit, he soon attracted the attention of Charles II. and his "merry men," and was admitted to their most private symposia. Many of his lyrics are neatly turned, and display an agreeable gaiety; but nearly all are disfigured by indecency to such an extent that it is astonishing how Purcell and Blow could be induced to set them to music, or any modest woman to sing them in public. Their sensual strains, however, were highly appreciated by Charles, with whom their author was a favourite. "I myself remember," says Addison, "King Charles II. leaning on D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him." He was also greatly favoured by Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset), and spent many jovial hours at that gay nobleman's Kentish country-seat, which he describes with so much unction in his verses on the Glory of Knoll:—

"Knoll most famous in Kent still appears,
Were mansions surveyed for a thousand long years;
In whose dome mighty monarchs might dwell,
Where five hundred rooms are, as Boswell can tell."

There is a portrait of D'Urfey included in Vandergucht's picture, "A Conservation Piece," which is still preserved at Knowle.

D'Urfey's political songs—he was a strong Tory and a vehement "No-Popery" man—made some noise in their day. His tumid ode, "Joy to Great Cæsar," written in the latter years of Charles II., was (says Addison, ironically) such a blow to the Whigs that they did not recover from it all that reign. Revived by the partisans of James II., it was sung at every loyal gathering and shouted in the streets by ignorant mobs. Its author lived, however, to

see great Cæsar deposed, and to bear allegiance to the Whig Deliverer. His useless career was extended into the reign of George I., and he died in February, 1723, when he must have been about 83 years of age.

He was wont to say that he had written more odes than Horace and more comedies than Terence; but then *their* odes and comedies were meant for posterity, while *his* were forgotten almost before his death. His poetical pieces were collected in 1719-20, under the title of "Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy." "I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes," wrote Addison, with gentle sarcasm,* "and must censure the world of ingratitude while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend, Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. It is my opinion," he adds, "that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses' milk, and might contribute towards the renewing and restoring of decayed lungs." But the dulness, even more than the indecency, of D'Urfey's verses has banished them from the library. Of his plays none are remembered, except by the literary student, though they include comedies (Heaven save the mark!), interludes, and operas. "The Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters," was first acted in 1676. "This comedy," says Steele, "was honoured with the presence of King Charles II. three of the first five nights [a fact which proves that King Charles II. was easily amused, and was

* In *The Guardian*, No. 29. D'Urfey's original title was "Laugh and Be Fat; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy."

not so good a judge of wit as he is generally thought to have been]. My friend has in this work shown himself a master, and made not only the characters of the play, but also the furniture of the house contribute to the main design. He has also made excellent use of a table with a carpet, and the key of a closet; with these two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the most natural perplexities that ever were represented on a stage. He also made good advantage of his knowledge of the stage itself; for, in the nick of being surprised, the lovers are let down and escape at a trap-door."

"The Injured Princess; or, The Fatal Wager," 1682, is a wretched travesty of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline." D'Urfey, who touched nothing which he did not spoil, adapted "A Commonwealth of Women," 1686, from Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," and "A Fool's Preferment; or, The Three Dukes of Dunstable," 1688, from the tragedy of "The Two Noble Kinsmen." He wrote a comic opera, "The Two Queens of Brentford; or, Bayes no Poetaster," as a sequel to "The Rehearsal," but it has none of the fine humour of the original. His best dramatic composition is "The Marriage-Hater Matched," 1693, in which Dogget, the actor—he of the Thames Watermen's "coat and badge"—first gained the favour of the theatre-going public.*

Writing of the Comic Drama of the Restoration, Macaulay, in a well-known essay, says, with only too much truth, that this part of our literature is a disgrace

* To his last play Pope wrote a prologue (published in the poet's works) in which he says:

"He scorned to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before."

to our language and our national character. "It is clever, indeed, and very entertaining; but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, 'earthly, sensual, devilish.' Its indecency, though perpetually such as is condemned not less by the rules of good taste, than by those of morality, is not, in our opinion, so disgraceful a fault as its singularly inhuman spirit. We have here Belial, not as when he inspired Ovid and Ariosto, 'graceful and humane,' but with the iron eye and cruel scorn of Mephistophiles. We find ourselves in a world, in which the ladies are like very profligate, impudent, and unfeeling men, and in which the men are too bad for any place but Pandemonium, or Norfolk Island. We are surrounded by foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell."

No one who has been compelled by literary exigencies to drag through the impurities of the Restoration Drama will think this censure too severe. It is not so much its indecency of which one has to complain as of the impurity which pervades it like a malarious atmosphere. There is indelicate writing even in Shakespeare, but it is to a great extent accidental; it does not enter into the web and woof of his plays; it never affects his teaching. Nowhere is vice justified in Shakespeare; nowhere is virtue degraded and made to look ridiculous. But the Restoration Drama, like so much of the modern French Drama, is the apotheosis of sensuality and lust. It represents every woman as at heart a harlot and every man a rake. It invests adultery with an air of grace and fashion. In these plays the husband is always a booby or a sot; the gallant an airy, agreeable, genial, and elegant gentleman. "The dramatist does his best to make the person who commits

the injury graceful, sensible, and spirited, and the person who suffers it a fool, or a tyrant, or both."

Why, then, should these plays be read? The answer usually given alleges two reasons; first, their wit, and second, their value as reflecting the social life of their age. We are not sure that either is satisfactory. It seems to us that the wit and humour of the Restoration Drama have been a good deal exaggerated; and we doubt whether it is worth the while of ordinary people to soil their garments and themselves by hunting for sham diamonds in the depths of a *cloaca*. As to the significance attributed to them from the historical point of view, is not this, too, exaggerated? We are told that "the garb, the manners, the topics of conversation, are those of the real town and of the passing day." But the "real town" must have been confined within the narrowest limits, must have been "the town" of the wits and the courtiers, the gallants and the fine ladies. No one believes that Etherege and Wycherley and Congreve painted the manners and morals of the great mass of English society; that all the wives of England were adultresses, and all the husbands cuckolds. The age that produced a Rochester and a Duchess of Cleveland produced also an Algernon Sidney and a Lady Rachel Russell. To go to the Restoration Drama for a picture of the real social life of England in the latter half of the seventeenth century would be as just as if a later generation turned to the comedies of Mr. Byron and the burlesques of Mr. Burnand for a picture of English social life in the Victorian era. What it *does* reproduce is the narrow and shameless world in which such men as Buckingham and Killigrew and Chaffinch played important parts. It was written for such men—

for the Roisterers as Henri Taine calls them—for such men, and for the women with whom such men toyed and trifled.

Taine's description of the conditions under which the Restoration Drama originated and flourished seems to us admirable. "I imagine," he says, "those foppish and half-intoxicated men, who saw in love nothing beyond desire, and in man nothing but sensuality; Rochester in the place of Mercutio. What part of his soul could comprehend poesy and fancy? The comedy of romance was altogether beyond his reach; he could only seize the actual world, and of this world but the palpable and gross externals. Give him an exact picture of ordinary life, commonplace and probable occurrences, literal imitations of what he himself was and did; lay the scene in London, in the current year; copy his coarse words, his brutal jokes, his conversation with the orange girls, his rendezvous in the Park, his attempts at French dissipation. Let him recognise himself, let him find again the people and the manners he had just left behind him in the tavern or the ante-chamber; let the theatre and the street reproduce one another. Comedy will give him the same entertainment as real life; he will wallow equally well there in vulgarity and lewdness; to be present there will demand neither imagination nor wit; eyes and memory are the only requisites. This exact imitation will amuse him and instruct him at the same time. Filthy words will make him laugh through sympathy; shameless imagery will divert him by appealing to his recollections. The author, too, will take care to amuse him by his plot, which generally has the deceiving of a father or a husband for its subject. The fine gentlemen agree with the author in

siding with the gallant; they follow his fortunes with interest, and fancy that they themselves have the same success with the fair. Add to this, women debauched, and willing to be debauched; and it is manifest how these provocations, these manners of prostitutes, that interchange of exchanges and surprises, that carnival of rendezvous and suppers, the impudence of the scenes only stopping short of physical demonstration, those songs with their double meaning, that coarse slang shouted loudly and replied to amidst the *tableaux vivants*, all that stage-imitation of orgie, must have stirred up the innermost feelings of the habitual practices of intrigue. And what is more, the theatre gave its sanction to their manners. By representing nothing but vice, it authorised their vices. Authors laid it down as a rule that all women were impudent hussies, and that all men were brutes. Debauchery in their hands became a matter of course, very rare a matter of good taste; they profess it: Rochester and Charles II. could quit the theatre highly edified; more convinced than they were before that virtue was only a pretence, the pretence of clever rascals who wanted to sell themselves dear."

The cleverest of the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration was Sir George Etherege, whose first comedy, "The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub," was produced in 1664, at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It met with a most successful reception, and at once introduced its author into Charles II.'s circle of intimate friends. Etherege dedicated it to the accomplished Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, with a graceful compliment: "I could not have wished myself more fortunate than I have been, in the success of this poem: the

writing of it was a means to make me known to your lordship; the acting of it has lost me no reputation; and the printing of it has now given me an opportunity to show you how much I honour you." The ease and liveliness of the dialogue attracted such large audiences to Lincoln's Inn Fields, that in a single month the management realized a profit of £1,000. The heroes are Colonel Bruce and Lord Beaufort; the heroines, Graciana and Aurelia. The object of the author seems to have been "the forcible exhibition of the roarers, scorners, gamblers, and cheats who then infested the town, and made the taverns ring day and night with their riots. Mixed up with these rampant scenes is a pure love story, treated more gravely and earnestly than usual." This, however, is the weakest portion of the play.

Four years elapsed before Etherege again appealed to the suffrages of the town. His second comedy, "She Would If She Could," 1668, was "barbarously treated" on the first night, and in our humble opinion deserved the rough treatment it received. Pepys could find "nothing in the world good in it;" and says that "few people were pleased with it." He characterises the plot and *dénouement* as "mighty insipid," and the piece as a whole (somewhat contradictory) as "dull, roguish, and witty." By degrees, however, it became popular. Shadwell afterwards pronounced it the best comedy written since the Restoration; and Dennis, the critic, eulogised its truth of character and the grace and freedom of its dialogue. Steele, with much pungency and truth, remarks: "I know but one who has professedly written a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species: and that is the polite Sir George Etherege. No author, except him,

has put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose from the beginning to the end of the comedy."

In 1676 appeared his third, last, and best comedy, "The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter," in which Dorimont stands for the Earl of Rochester, Bellair for Etherege himself,* and Sir Fopling for Beau Hewitt, a well-known fine gentleman of the period. There is no doubt as to the ease and cleverness of the dialogue, but the whole play is an offence against morality; and it is a curious trait of the times that so libertine a production should have been dedicated to Mary of Modena, then Duchess of York. "It is a perfect contradiction," writes Steele, "to good manners, good sense, and common honesty; and there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence. I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy."

Etherege, who came of a good Oxfordshire family, was born about 1636. After being educated at Cambridge, he travelled abroad; then studied law for awhile at one of the Inns of Court, and, at the age of 28, made his *debût* as a dramatic author. Having thus gained admission to the society of the wits and rakes of the Restoration, he expended his time and estate in wild revels in the taverns and the stews, and at the gaming table; and in the next twelve years wrote only two more comedies. Bankrupt in health and means, he paid his addresses to a wealthy

* Spence records the opinion of Etherege's contemporary, Dean Lockier, that the dramatist intended Dorimont for himself. "Sir George Etherege," he said, "was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter, and yet he designed Dorimont, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture."

widow, who, it is said, refused to marry him unless he "could make her a lady." He purchased, therefore, "the honour" of knighthood, and to "Sir George" she was induced to give her hand. It may be assumed that he soon dissipated her fortune, since we find him compelled to take refuge from his creditors on the Continent, where, through the Duke of York's influence, he obtained the post of Minister at Ratisbon, and was doomed—

> "To make grave legs in formal fetters,
> Converse with fops and write dull letters;
> To go to bed 'twixt eight and nine,
> And sleep away my precious time;
> In such an idle, sneaking place
> Where Vice and Folly hide their face."

At Ratisbon Etherege died about 1694—breaking his neck by a fall downstairs, when, intoxicated with wine, he was showing out the guests who had shared his drinking bout.

Etherege left a daughter by Mrs. Barry, on whom he settled a fortune of £6,000. He is said to have been a very handsome man, "fair, slender, and genteel"—a man of "much courtesy and delicate address."

Another of the dramatic knights of the Restoration was the Tory cavalier, Sir Francis Fane, who wrote a tragic drama, called "Sacrifice," a masque, and a comedy, entitled "Love in the Dark"—from which Mrs. Centlivre has taken the character of Indigo, and transplanted it, with improvements, into the comedy of "The Busybody" as its hero, Marplot.

"A freezing mediocrity" is the characteristic which Sir Walter Scott attributes to the plays of Sir Robert Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden, and his collaborateur in "The Indian Queen." Howard, born in 1626, was a

younger son of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire; and, with the rest of his family, espoused the cause of Charles I. throughout the Civil War. For his loyalty he suffered a long imprisonment in Windsor Castle. After the Restoration he was knighted,* was made an auditor of the Exchequer, with a salary of £3,000, and became member for Stockbridge. In the year of the King's return he published a volume of Poems, containing Panegyricks to the King and to General Monk, translations of the fourth book of the Æneid, and of the Achilleis of Statius, a comedy called "The Blind Lady," and a number of indifferent Songs and Sonnets. Prefixed to it were some very eulogistic verses by Dryden, now included in his Epistles, of which we may give a specimen:—

> "As there is music uninformed by art
> In those wild notes which, with a merry heart,
> The birds in unfrequented shades express,
> Who, better taught at home, yet please us less;
> So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
> Which shames composure, and its art excels."

He refers to Howard's translations:—

> "Elisa's griefs are so expressed by you,
> They are too eloquent to have been true.
> Had she so spoke, Æneas had obeyed
> What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
> If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
> Your muse so justly has discharged those,
> Elisa's shade may now its wandering cease . .
> But if Æneas be obliged, no less
> Your kindness great Achilles doth confess:
> Who, dressed by Statius in too bold a look,
> Did ill become those virgin robes he took."

Dryden, who, it must be owned, when he paid com-

* Howard saved Rochester's life in the skirmish at Cropredy Bridge.

pliments, paid them right royally, concludes with a prediction:—

"But to write worthy things of worthy men—"

(the worthy men being Monk and Charles II).

"Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its geniture;
For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
It shares at once his fortune and its own."

It is supposed that Dryden made the acquaintance of Howard through Herringman, the publisher. At all events, after the publication of this poetical eulogium, the knight warmly befriended the poet, and introduced him to the Earl of Berkshire, at Charlton, in Berkshire, where the two worked together on the tragedy of "The Indian Queen,"* and Dryden secured the heart and hand of Howard's sister Elizabeth. The marriage took place on the 1st of December, 1663, and in the following month, January, 1664, was produced the tragedy, which, with another tragedy, "The Vestal Queen," and two comedies, "The Surprisal," and "The Committee," Howard published in 1665 under the title of "Four New Plays."

In the preface to this volume Howard states his argument in favour of the use of blank verse in the drama, in opposition to Dryden's plea for rhymed couplets. "Another way of the ancients," he says, "which the French follow, and our stage has now lately practised, is to write in rhyme; and this is the dispute betwixt many ingenious persons, whether verse in rhyme or verse without the

* Evelyn records that, on January 5th, 1664, he saw "The Indian Queen" acted; a "tragedy well written, so beautiful with rich scenes as the like had never been seen here, or haply (except rarely) elsewhere in a mercenary theatre."

sound, which may be called blank verse (though a hard expression), is to be preferred?" He esteemed both proper, "one for a play, the other for a poem or copy of verses: a blank verse being as much too low for one as rhyme is unnatural for the other: a poem being a premeditated form of thought upon designed occasions, ought not to be impoverished of any harmony in words or sound; the other is presented as the effect of accidents not thought of." Our later dramatists have all been of Howard's opinion; but Dryden stuck to his colours, and in his "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," in 1669, a kind of "imaginary conversation" in which Howard figures as Crites, Buckhurst as Eugenius, Sedley as Lisideius, and the poet himself as Neander, he stoutly contended for dramas in rhyme. Nothing daunted, Howard returned to the charge in his preface to his tragedy, "The Great Favourite; or, The Duke of Lerma," and had the satisfaction of firing the last shot.

This tragedy is remarkable for the force of its satire, which, without much effort at disguise, is directed against Charles II. and his seraglio. Its resonant periods are caricatured by Fielding in his burlesque of "Tom Thumb."

To his play of "The Vestal Virgins; or, The Roman Ladies," Howard wrote two endings, one tragical, the other "comical," and left the public to choose between them. His best dramatic effort is his comedy of "The Committee; or, The Faithful Irishman," in which the humorous aspects of Puritanism are amusingly portrayed.* It is the original of the farce of "Honest Thieves," which still keeps the stage.

* Pepys speaks of it (June 12th, 1663) as "a merry but indifferent play, only Lacy's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination."

His bad verses and his personal pretensions exposed Howard to immortal ridicule. Under the name of Bilboa he was the original hero of "The Rehearsal," though afterwards deposed from the unlucky pre-eminence in favour of Dryden; and in Shadwell's play of "The Sullen Lovers" he is satirised as Sir Positive At-All.

A stout Whig, Sir Robert was no bigot, nor was he a servile courtier; while, in Parliament, he had, as Macaulay admits, "the weight which a staunch party man of ample fortune, of illustrious name, of ready utterance, and of resolute spirit will always have." He took an active part in the debates on the Corporation Bill in 1690, and successfully opposed the decision of the Peers to confirm the illegal sentence passed upon Titus Oates—not that he loved the man, but that he loved the law. He died at the age of 72, in 1698.

"The solid nonsense that abides all tests." Such, in Dorset's opinion, was the poetry of Sir Robert's brother, Edward Howard, the author of several bad plays, and the worse poem of "Bonduca, The British Princess" (1669),—whom Pope has niched in the Dunciad —

> "And highborn Howard, more majestic sire,
> With Fool of Quality completes the quire."

All the wits girded at him—Waller, Rochester, Buckingham. He wrote six or seven dramas, which neither his contemporaries nor posterity have been able to appreciate. In his tragedy of "The Usurper" he attempted satire on a grand scale, and Damocles is supposed to represent Oliver Cromwell, Cleomenes General Monk, and Hugo de Petra Cromwell's chaplain, Hugh Peters. From one of his comedies Mrs. Inchbald borrowed some of the incidents in her "Every One Has His Fault."

The third and last of the Berkshire Howards was James Howard, whose "mighty pretty, witty, pleasant, and mirthful comedy" (as Pepys styles it), "The English Monsieur," is ridiculed in Buckingham's "Rehearsal." The hero is represented as smitten with Gallomania, and railing at everything English, whether cookery, clothing, or dancing. He challenges a man for praising an English divine, and, being victorious, boasts—"I ran him through his mistaken palate, which made me think the hand of justice guided my sword." He loves a French lady, who rejects him, but as it was "a denial with a French tone of voice" he finds it positively agreeable. As she takes final leave of him, he turns to a friend, and exclaims: "Do you see, sir, how she leaves us; she walks away with a French step!" Of course, he prefers the airy gait of the French ladies to the clumsy shuffling of the English: "I have seen such *bonne amie* in their footsteps, that the King of France's *mâitre de danse* could not have found fault with any one tread amongst them all. In these walks I find the toes of English ladies ready to tread upon one another."

According to some authorities, Thomas Killigrew, wit, dramatist, and courtier, was born at his father's seat, Hanworth Park, near Hounslow; but in a copy of Diodati's Bible, sold in Dean Wellesley's library, in 1866, among several entries on the reverse of the title page, in his own handwriting, is one which distinctly states that he was "born at Lothbury, London," on February the 7th, 1611. He was the son of Sir Robert Killigrew, Chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria, and younger brother of Dr. William Killigrew, the friend and servant of Charles I. and II., and author of some dramatic pieces. Thomas

was early introduced to Court life, being made a page of honour to Charles I. while in his teens. He married a maid of honour, accompanied Charles II. into exile, and, as groom of the bedchamber, won the young monarch's favour by his wit, and retained it by his subservient profligacy. In opposition to the remonstrances of his sager counsellors, Charles appointed him Resident at Venice, his chief duty being to obtain loans from the English merchants there; but his shameful vices occasioned such a scandal that the Venetian Government compelled Charles to recall him. He wrote six plays while at Venice; a feat to which Sir John Denham alludes in some satiric verses:—

"Our Resident Tom
From Venice is come,
And has left all the statesmen behind him;
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich;
And just where you left him, you find him.
But who says he's not
A man of much plot
May repent of this false accusation;
Having plotted and penned
Six plays to attend
On the force of his negotiation."

When Killigrew published, in 1664, a collection of nine of his plays, he noted, however, that they had been written in as many different cities—London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Turin, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Basle—which, if true, spoils the point, such as it is, of Sir John Denham's epigram.

While Killigrew played the part of pander and jester to Charles, he seems also to have acted as a spy upon him, and to have been in receipt of Judas-money from the Commonwealth Government. Downing, Cromwell's

ambassador at the Hague, writing to Secretary Thurloe, in 1658, respecting a clandestine visit of Charles to the Dutch Court, says:—"As for Charles Stuart having been in Holland, surely you had my memorial thereof: at the very time, I had an account from one Killigrew, of his bedchamber, of every place where he was, and the time, with his stay and company, of which also I gave you an account in mine of the last post: he vowed that it was a journey of pleasure, and that none of the States-General, nor any person of note, of Amsterdam, came to him."

After the Restoration Killigrew obtained from the King (in 1663) a patent empowering him to open a theatre in London, and established himself in Drury Lane at the head of the so-called "King's Company."* He opened it in August with Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Humorous Lieutenant," and the principal actors were Hart, Mohun, Kynaston, Lacy, Bird, Baxter, Hancock, and the Shatterals; the principal actresses, Mrs. Corry, Hughes, Knipp, the Marshalls, and Uphill. Later additions were Goodman, Haines, Harris, Shirley; Nell Gwynn and Mrs. Boutell. The members of this company were sworn at the Lord Chamberlain's office to serve the King. Ten of the gentlemen were enrolled on the establishment of the Royal Household, and provided with liveries of scarlet cloth and silver lace. In the Lord Chamberlain's warrants they were designated "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber."

As Groom of the Bedchamber to the King and Master

* He seems to have had an early *penchant* for the drama. Pepys relates: "Thos. Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull (the theatre), and when the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays."

of the Revels, Killigrew filled no unimportant position at a Court where the great object of everybody, monarch and courtiers, nymphs and gallants, was to devise the best and brightest means *pour passer le temps*. He was of a sprightly and witty humour, says Hamilton, and had the art of telling a story in the most entertaining manner, by the graceful and natural turn he could give it. Charles delighted in his repartees, even when they wounded him to the quick. According to the poet Cowley, who professed to have been present, Killigrew, on one occasion, publicly told the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state, but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he: "There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his life about the court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it."*

Entering the Royal apartment, one day, booted and spurred, and with riding-whip in hand, he sharply replied to the King's question, whither he was going in such a violent hurry: "To Hell, sir! to fetch up Oliver Cromwell, to look after the affairs of England, for his successor never will."

Another time, when the Council had assembled, and the King, as usual, had not made his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale hastened to remonstrate with him, but in vain. Returning from the presence-chamber, he met Killigrew, who, on being acquainted with his brother's

* Pepys' Diary, December 9th, 1666.

errand, offered a wager of £100 that Charles should attend the Council in half an hour. Feeling sure of winning the money, Lauderdale accepted it. Killigrew repaired at once to the King's apartment, and informed him of the whole circumstances. "I know," he proceeded, "that your Majesty hates Lauderdale: now, if you only go this once to the Council, I know his covetous disposition so well that, rather than pay the £100, he will hang himself, and never plague you again." Charles, with a burst of laughter, exclaimed, "Well, Killigrew, I *positively* will go." He kept his word, and Killigrew won his wager.

Oldys asserts that he was appointed King's jester; and Pepys records that he was told, by a Mr. Brisbane, that he had "a fee out of the Wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of King's Fool or Jester, and may revile or jeer anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place." But the story is improbable.

Killigrew was not without his good impulses and refined tastes. He gave with a lavish hand to the poor, and he was a passionate lover of good music. He showed both tact and enterprise as a theatrical manager. In Pepys there is a note of conversation between the Diarist and the Manager which is full of curious interest. Its date is the 12th of February, 1667: "Thos. Killigrew tells me," he says, "how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late Fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever came upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a year more. That the Stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now, wax candles, and many of them: then,

not above 3lbs. of tallow: now all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden; then, two or three fiddlers, now, nine or ten of the best: then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and everything else mean, now, all otherwise: then the Queen seldom, and the King never, would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good music; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time, and in this, to introduce good music, but he never could do it, there never having been any music here better than ballads. And (he) says 'Hermit poore' and 'Chivy Chese' [Chevy Chase *] was all the music we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered in Italians from several courts in Christendom, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a year apiece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Gundilows, he having got the King to put them away, and lay out their money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have sometimes of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorfields on purpose for it. And he tells me plainly that the city audience was as good as the court; but now they are most gone."

* This was sung to three different airs, of which the most popular was "The hunt is up."

One regrets that so good a lover of music should have been implicated with Lord Falmouth, the Earl of Anson, and other so-called "men of honour," in the shameful attempt to blacken the character of Anne Hyde, Lord Clarendon's daughter, just before the Duke of York's public declaration of their marriage. Killigrew, in his zeal, went further than any in aspersing her chastity, and in writing himself down a villain; and not the least remarkable part of the transaction is the fact that the Duke seems to have taken no umbrage at the slander cast upon his wife.

Killigrew died at Whitehall, in his 72nd year, on the 19th of March, 1682. Of his dull and dreary "Comedies and Tragedies" the only one which is now remembered, "The Parson's Wedding," owes its incidents in great measure to Shakerly Marmion's comedy of "The Antiquary." It was originally represented wholly by women.

By his first wife, Cecilia, daughter of Sir Henry Croft, of Suffolk, and one of Henrietta Maria's maids of honour, he became the father of Henry Killigrew, one of the most reckless libertines of Charles's libertine court. He was usually styled "the younger," to distinguish him from his uncle, Dr. Henry Killigrew, Almoner to the Duke of York, and Master of the Savoy. His name is preserved in our theatrical annals by his once popular play, "The Conspiracy," which both Ben Jonson and Lord Falkland thought worthy of favourable notice. It was revised by the author, and as "Pallantire and Eudora," republished in 1653. He died about forty years later.

John Lacy, the actor, whom Tom D'Urfey celebrates as "the standard of true comedy," was born near Doncaster about 1620. He was trained to be a dancing-master, but ob-

taining a lieutenant's commission, entered the army, only to quit it, after very brief military service, for the stage. His handsome person and rich racy humour made him a great favourite with the public, while with Charles II. he was in such esteem that the king caused Wright to paint for him that triple portrait which at Hampton Court attracts the curious visitor's gaze. He was the original Teague in Howard's play of "The Committee," and Bayes in Buckingham's "Rehearsal," while he excelled as Falstaff, and never failed in any character that he undertook. A man with a dangerous satiric gift, he loved those parts in which he could hurl sarcasms at the ill-doings of the courtiers; and in Howard's "Silent Woman," in which he played Captain Otter, used his tongue so freely that the King, greatly offended, shut him up in the Porter's Lodge. In a few days he was released, and Howard, going behind the scenes to congratulate him, was so roundly abused by the actor, who told him he was "more a fool than a poet," that Howard struck him in the face with his glove. Lacy, bursting with rage, brought his cane down upon the head of the unlucky dramatist, who thereupon hastened to the King and made complaint. Charles ordered the theatre to be closed, a punishment which was harder upon Lacy's fellow-actors than upon Lacy himself.

Lacy appears in this chapter as a dramatic author: he produced four plays—"The Dumb Lady," 1672; "Old Troop," 1672; "Sir Hercules Buffoon" (posthumous), 1681; and "Sawny the Scot" (also posthumous), in 1691.

Leonard wrote and adapted several plays, of which it is necessary to notice only one, "The Counterfeite," because Colley Cibber borrowed from it for his comedy "She Would and She Would Not."

Second only to Otway among the dramatists of the age was Nathaniel Lee, who, with much bombastic extravagance and rant of passion, contrives at times to touch the tenderest chords of the feelings, and elicit a strain of genuine pathos and noble love. The following passage is a specimen of his better style :—

"I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steered another way.
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which Autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn."

There is enough merit in Lee's dramatic productions, notwithstanding their fustian and occasional incoherence, to justify the kindly criticism in Rochester's "Trial of the Poets":—

"Nat Lee stepped in next, in hopes of a prize,
Apollo rememb'ring he had cut once in thrice.
By the rubies in's face he could not deny
But he had as much wit as wine would supply;
Confessed that indeed he had a musical note,
But sometimes strained so hard that it rattled in the throat:
Yet own'd he had sense, and t' encourage him for't
He made him his Ovid in Angustus's court."

Nathaniel Lee was the son of Dr. Richard Lee, of Hatfield, in Herts, and was born about 1657. He was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1668, he took his degree of B.A. Four years later he came up to London, relying, it is said, upon the Duke of Buckingham's promises, and failed as an actor, owing to nervousness. It is on record that he played Duncan in "Macbeth." He next took to writing

for the stage, and from 1675 to 1684 produced a play annually. Over-work, excitement, and intemperance brought on an attack of insanity, and he was confined in Bethlehem Hospital until 1688. He resumed his labours as a dramatist, though subject to fits of partial derangement; fell into extreme poverty, and was saved from starvation only by a weekly pittance of ten shillings allowed to him by one of the theatres. He died in 1691, falling down, one winter night, in the snow, when drunk, and perishing of the cold before discovered.

That he could answer a fool according to his folly we learn from a well-known anecdote. A fine gentleman who saw him during his confinement in Bedlam, observed: "It is an easy thing to write like a madman." "No," answered Lee, "it is not an easy thing to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool."

Mrs. Siddons was a great admirer of the dramatic power of "poor Nat Lee." She read his best tragedy, "Theodosius; or, The Force of Love," with such pathos that her hearers could not repress their tears. His great defect, his extravagance of imagery and diction, is hinted at in Dryden's complimentary lines on his "Rival Queens; or, the Death of Alexander the Great"—in which Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Boutell had their famous quarrel—when he encourages him to despise those critics who condemn

"The too much vigour of his youthful excuse."

And that he was not unaware of his weakness is evident from his dedication of "Theodosius," where he says: "It has often been observed against me that I abound in ungoverned fancy; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondency, and dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping

the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the full of a quarry." Addison censures Lee for a mock sublimity, but as he includes Shakespeare in the censure, it loses much of its effect,—"in those authors," says the condescending critic, "the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style." His plays were very popular with the audiences of his time, and the turgidity of their language and sentiment was forgotten in the interest of their situations. They possess, as Campbell remarks, a much more frequent capability for stage effect than a mere reader would be apt to infer from the superabundance of the poet's extravagance.

His best plays are "Nero," 1675; "The Rival Queens," 1677; "Theodosius; or, The Force of Love," 1680; "Mithridates;" "The Princess of Cleeves," 1689; "The Massacre of Paris," 1690; and "Lucius Junius Brutus." He assisted Dryden in the composition of "Œdipus," 1679, and "The Duke of Guise," 1683.

Maidwell, a schoolmaster, produced the comedy of "The Loving Enemies," which he made "designedly dull," he says, "lest by satirising folly the author might bring upon his skull the bludgeon of fools."

Matthew Medbourne, the actor, in 1670, put upon the stage a close translation of Molière's inimitable "Tartuffe," * which was acted with much success, and thus led the way for Cibber's "Nonjuror," 1717, and Bickerstaffe's "Hypocrite," 1768. He was a Roman Catholic, and his religious zeal afforded Titus Oates an excuse for implicating him in the "Popish Plot."

* A translation in verse, by John Oxenford, was brought out at the Haymarket in 1851.

Among the playwrights of the period must not be forgotten the eccentric Huguenot refugee, Pierre Antoine Motteux, whom the revocation of the edict of Nantes drove to England in 1660. He established himself in London, and by his industry and talent, throve so vigorously that he became the owner of a large East India warehouse in Leadenhall Street, while through his knowledge of foreign languages he was employed as a clerk in the foreign department of the Post Office. According to Sir Water Scott, he added to these vocations the trade of a bookseller, and also found leisure to play the part of a fast man about town, to edit "The Gentleman's Journal," to wander into feeble poetical efforts, and to compose some seventeen comedies, farces, and musical interludes which had their little day. One of these, called "Novelty," was novel at least in construction, since in each of its five acts it presented an independent plot. In the same mood of eccentricity he projected an opera, "The Loves of Europe," which was to exhibit the different methods of love-making pursued by the various European nations. To his one tragedy, "Beauty in Distress," * Dryden makes a complimentary reference in his "Twelfth Epistle" (1698) :—

"The public voice
Has equalled thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are so preserved by thee,
That e'en Cornëille might with envy see
The alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit."

This modified praise might pass, but the poet soon

* It was played by Betterton's company in the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

permits his friendly good-nature to blunt his critical perceptions. He continues in a strain of absurd exaggeration:—

"Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare. . . .
Their tongue enfeebled, is refined too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and strengthened with allay.
But whence art thou inspired, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most and match the best.
In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and so good a friend."

The best work done by Motteux was his translations of Rabelais and of "Don Quixote," of both of which good use has been made by later adaptors.

He died under discreditable circumstances, in 1718.

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle—best remembered, perhaps, by the romantic biography in which his Duchess has celebrated his virtues and achievements and her own affection and vanity—was born in 1592. At an early age he attracted the attention of James VI. by his accomplishments and undoubted talents, and in 1620 was made Baron Ogle and Viscount Mansfield. Charles I. raised him to the higher dignity of Earl of Newcastle, and placed in his charge the Prince of Wales. At the outbreak of the Civil War the Earl showed his gratitude to the royal house to which he owed his advancement by pouring £10,000 into the King's treasury, and raising, at his own charge, a troop of 200 men, known, from their uniform, as his "Whitecoats." In 1642 Charles appointed him to the command of all the royalist

forces in the northern and midland counties, and the Earl justified the appointment by a vigorous exhibition of military capacity. He swept the Parliamentary army out of Yorkshire, and crossed the Humber, after inflicting a severe defeat upon Fairfax at Atherton Moor, near Bradford (June 30th, 1643). He recovered the towns of Gainsborough, Lincoln, and Beverley, but failed in an attack upon Hull. Raised to the rank of Marquis for those achievements, he marched northward to oppose the advance of the Scots, but was ultimately compelled to throw himself into York, where he withstood a three months' siege, until relieved by the arrival of Prince Rupert. As is well known, he counselled the Prince not to attack the Roundheads, but to retire southward. The Prince, however, insisted on fighting, and was crushed by Cromwell and Fairfax at Marsten Moor on the 2nd of July, 1644. Concluding that no battle would be fought that day—for it was evening when the two armies came into conflict—the Marquis had retired to his couch, and was reposing peacefully, when "a great noise and thunder of shooting gave him notice of the armies being engaged. Whereupon he immediately put on his arms, and was no sooner got on horseback but he beheld a dismal sight; the King's right wing being irretrievably broken" by the charge of Cromwell's Ironsides. With due speed he hastened to see "in what posture his own regiment of Whitecoats was." On the way he met his old troop of gentlemen volunteers. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have done me the honour to choose me your Captain, and now is the fittest time that I may do you service; wherefore, if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on the best I can, and show you the way to your own honour."

But he could not stem the tide of battle which had turned against the Royalists, though in the final charge it was his regiment which offered the stoutest resistance. Again and again the Roundheads rushed upon their "planted pikes;" they stood firm as a rock until some regiments of dragoons took them in flank, and their own guns being turned upon them by Cromwell's artillerymen, a gap was opened in their stern array. Only thirty were made prisoners; the rest refused quarter, each man falling in his place.

Newcastle was one of the last to quit the lost field. Late at night, he escaped towards York, with his brother and one or two servants; and close to the city fell in with General King and Prince Rupert, the latter of whom had saved himself with much difficulty. Rupert asked how the business went? "All is lost and gone upon our side," said the Marquis. "I am sure my men fought well," rejoined the Prince, "and know no reason of our rout but this, because the devil did help his servants!" "What will you do?" said General King. "I will rally my men." "And what will Lord Newcastle do?" Disgusted at the turn of affairs, and at the obstinacy which had led to so fatal a defeat, the Marquis answered that he would go into Holland. Accordingly, he crossed the seas, and remained abroad until the Restoration. His great estates having been confiscated by the Parliament, he and his wife (to whom he had been married at Paris in 1645) were reduced to extreme poverty, and at one time forced to pawn their clothes and jewels to keep the wolf from the door. At the Restoration he recovered his estates, was made a Duke in 1664, and lived in that sustained magnificence which the Cavendishes have always affected.

He died in 1676—three years after his "high-souled Duchess" and a stately monument in Westminster Abbey preserves the memory of a noble couple, whose loyalty and pure affection and high culture are refreshing to contemplate among the vices and meannesses of the Caroline period.

The Duke wrote, in 1657, a treatise on Horsemanship, "Le Méthode et Invention Nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux," of which an English translation was published in 1667. He gains a place in our record, however, through his comedies, "The Country Captain," "Variety," "The Humorous Lovers," and "The Triumphant Widow; or, The Medley of Humours." Pepys speaks contemptuously of "The Humorous Lovers"—he ascribes it to the Duchess, whom he seems to have strongly disliked—as "a silly play; the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage." But in all these comedies there are sketches of characters and amusing incidents which would make the fortune of a modern dramatist. The Duke was ignorant of stage-craft, but he had seen much of men and manners, and had evidently a fine faculty of observation.

A famous character of the chivalrous Duke has been written by Lord Clarendon. We have already referred to the life written by the Duchess (1667)—a book which held a high place among Charles Lamb's favourites. Horace Walpole says of it:—"It is equally amusing to hear her sometimes compare her lord to Julius Cæsar, and oftener to acquaint you with such anecdotes as in what sort of a coach he went to Amsterdam. The touches on her own character are inimitable. She says that it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endue her with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from her birth."

She wrote numerous plays, poems, and miscellaneous compositions.

At Trotton, near Midhurst, where his father, the Rev. Humphrey Otway (afterwards rector of Woolbeding), was curate, Thomas Otway, one of the greatest of English dramatists of the second class, was born on the 3rd of March, 1651. He was educated at Winchester School, and at Christ Church, Oxford; but left the University without taking a degree, made his way to London, and tried his fortune on the stage in the same year as Nat Lee (1672). Through lack of confidence, he failed in his first part, the King in Mrs. Behn's "Jealous Bridegroom," and then tried his hand at dramatic writing. His first tragedy "Alcibiades," was produced in 1675; and in the same year appeared his "Don Carlos," which ran for thirty nights, and filled for awhile the author's empty pockets. The plot was derived (as is that of Schiller's tragedy) from the Abbé de St. Réal's "Dom Carlos, Nouvelle Historique," published in 1672. From Racine's "Bérénice" he adapted, with considerable modifications, his tragedy of "Titus and Berenice," and, about the same time, published a clever version of Molière's comedy, "The Cheats of Scapin." This was in 1667; and, in the same year Lord Plymouth procured for him a cornetcy in a regiment of dragoons, which he accompanied to Flanders. He was soon cashiered for his irregularities, and, returning to London, resumed the precarious profession of a dramatic author. His comedy of "Friendship in Fashion," wholly unworthy of his genius, was followed by his tragedy of "Caius Marius," in which he amalgamated a good deal of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet,"

adapting it to the "polite taste" of the French school. Juliet becomes Lavinia; Mercutio, Salpitius; and Romeo, Marius Junior. It is strange enough that the perpetrator of this wretched literary fraud should have produced, in the same year, the really beautiful tragedy of "The Orphan," which is full of tender and pathetic writing, though unfortunately its plot, and sometimes its language, unfits it for presentation before a modern audience.* Monimia, however, is a character in which a great actress can always command the feelings of her audience. There is an admirable touch of pathos in her dying words: "How my head swims! 'Tis very dark; good-night."

Otway reaches the high-water mark of his genius in his celebrated tragedy of "Venice Preserved"† (1682), the suggestion of which came from St. Réal's "Historie de la Conjuration que les Espagnols formerent in 1618, contre la République de Venise," published in 1674. It contains three characters, Belvidera, Jaffier, and St. Pierre, which are distinct creations. The plot, one of deep and harrowing interest, is skilfully developed, and the final catastrophe admirably worked out; the versification is fluent, forcible, and sometimes coloured with true poetry; while the stronger passions of the heart are portrayed by a powerful hand. Belvidera is a beautiful type of self-sacrificing womanhood; "she has given herself wholly, and is lost as in an abyss of adoration for him whom she has chosen—can but love, obey, weep, suffer—and who dies like a flower plucked from the stalk, when her arms

* Johnson speaks of it as, in his time, "one of the few plays that keep possession of the stage. It is a domestic tragedy, drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections."

† Closely imitated by La Fosse in his "Manlius."

are torn from the neck around which she has locked them." Is there not exquisite tenderness in the following passage? :—

"*Belvidera.*—My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will cease its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!

Jaffier.—As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh, where complain?

Bel.—Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

Jaff.—Can there in women be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love!

Bel.—If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich.
Oh, lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught!

Jaff.—O Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can those limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad —
As suddenly we shall be—to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,

For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel.—Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaff.—Hear this, you heavens, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that:
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to roam and trust my fate no more."

It is certain that writing like this, so smooth and tender, the English stage was not to know again for nearly two centuries.

A life withered by alternations of excess and want Otway closed tragically, at the early age of 34, on the 14th of April, 1685. To escape a debtor's prison he had taken refuge in the Bull, a public-house on Tower Hill, where, in the stress of his hunger, he was fain (it is said) to solicit a shilling from a gentleman, who gave him a guinea; and buying bread, he choked himself, in his eagerness, with the first mouthful. According to another

account, he died of fever, caused by fatigue, and by his drinking water when over-heated. Whatever the manner of his death, it is certain that he died destitute and friendless.

Otway, as we have said, is seen at his best in "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved."* It was in these two plays only that he did justice to his indubitable dramatic power. In his other efforts he showed himself a man of his time; the picture is blurred by coarseness of colouring; the Satyr's hoof peeps out beneath the Muse's robe. "Like the rest, he writes obscene comedies, 'The Soldier's Fortune,' 'The Atheist,' 'Friendship in Fashion.' He depicts coarse and vicious cavaliers, rogues on principle, as harsh and corrupt as those of Wycherley,—Beaugard, who vaunts and practices the maxims of Hobbs; the father, an old, corrupt rascal, who brags of his morality, and whom his son coldly sends to the dogs with a bag of crowns; Sir Jolly Jumble, a kind of base Falstaff, a pander by profession, whom the courtesans call 'papa, daddy,' who, if he sits but at the table with one, he'll be making nasty figures in the napkins:" Sir Davy Dunce, a disgusting animal, "who has such a breath, one kiss of him were enough to cure the fits of the mother; 'tis worse than assafœtida. Clean linen, he says, is unwholesome . . . . he is continually eating of garlic, and chewing tobacco; Polydore, who, enamoured of his father's ward, tries to force her in the first scene, envies the brutes, and makes up his mind to imitate them on the next occasion."† A great English writer made it his boast and consolation

* We must note that Antonio in "Venice Preserved," is intended for the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, whose latter years were spent in the coarsest sensuality.

† Taine, "Hist. Eng. Literature," iii., 41, 42.

that he had not written a line which, on his death-bed, he would wish to blot. Alas, poor Otway! There are pages upon pages on which, when dying, he must have longed to pour a flood of concealing ink! *

Samuel Pordage was the son of a Berkshire clergyman, who lost his living in 1654 on suspicion of conversing with evil spirits. He bred his son up to the law, and the young lawyer published, in 1660, a volume of poems, and an annotated translation of Seneca's "Troades." He was also the author of two dull tragedies, "Herod and Mariamne," 1673, and "The Siege of Babylon," 1678; and of a reply to Dryden's "Absolom and Achitophel," which he entitled "Azaria and Hushai." In this he represents Monmouth as Azaria, Cromwell as Zabad, Charles as Amazia, Shaftesbury as Hushai, and Dryden as Shimei:—

> "Sweet was the muse that did his wit inspire,
> Had he not let his hackney muse to hire."

* Hallam says of Otway's two famous plays that they will generally be reckoned the best tragedies of this period [the Restoration]. "They have both a deep pathos, springing from the intense and unmerited distress of women; both, especially the latter, have a dramatic eloquence, rapid and flowing, with less of turgid extravagance than we find in Otway's contemporaries, and sometimes with very graceful poetry. The story of the Orphan is domestic, and borrowed, as I believe, from some French novel, though I do not at present remember where I have read it; it was once popular on the stage, and gave scope for good acting, but is unpleasing to the delicacy of our own age. Venice Preserved is [was] more frequently represented than any tragedy after those of Shakespeare; the plot is highly dramatic in conception and conduct; even what seems, when we read it, a defect, the shifting of our wishes, or perhaps rather of our ill-wishes, between two parties, the senate and the conspirators, who are redeemed by no virtue, does not, as is shown by experience, interfere with the spectator's interest. Pierre indeed is one of those villains for whom it is easy to excite the sympathy of the half-principled and the inconsiderate. But the great attraction is in the character of Belvidere; and when that part is represented by such as we remember to have seen, no tragedy is honoured by such a tribute, not of tears alone, but of more agony than many would seek to endure. The versification of Otway, like that of most in this period, runs almost to an excess into the line of eleven syllables, sometimes also into the sdrucciolo form, or twelve syllables with a dactylic close."—"History of Literature of Europe," iv., 285, 286.

Pordage, as land-steward to the Earl of Pembroke, found his true vocation.

To an obscure dramatist, named Nevil Payne, we owe three plays which, in their time, enjoyed a moderate degree of popularity:—"Fatal Jealousy," in which Nokes gained his *sobriquet* of "Nurse Nokes;" "The Morning Ramble," produced in 1673; and "The Siege of Constantinople," a tragedy, which was made the vehicle of a severe attack upon Lord Shaftesbury.

Major Thomas Porter, one of the roystering men about town, showed some dramatic talent in his play, "The Villain,"—in which Sandford, as famous in his day for playing villains as the redoubtable O. S. Smith in the palmy time of Adelphi melodrama, earned great applause, —and in his lively comedy of "The Carnival." He figured in a tragedy of real life, thus described by Pepys: —July 29, 1667. He and his great friend, Sir Henry Bellassis, were talking together . . . "and Sir H. Bellassis talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, 'What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?' Sir H. Bellassis, hearing it, said, 'No!' says he: 'I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike: and take that as a rule of mine!' 'How?' says Tom Porter, 'strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!' with that Sir H. Bellassis did give him a box of the ears; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered." . . . Dryden's boy was then employed to find out in what direction Bellassis went, and the infuriate Major overtook him in Covent Garden. . . "Tom Porter, being informed that Sir H. Bellassis' coach was coming, went down out of the coffee-

house where he staid for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellassis come out. 'Why,' says H. Bellassis, 'you will not hurt me coming out, will you?' 'No,' says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew." Tom Porter soon passed his sword through the body of the knight, who, feeling that the wound was mortal, called the Major to him, kissed him, and with chivalrous resolution, kept his feet—that he might effect his escape unmolested. As soon as he saw that his friend was safe, he fell back in a swoon from loss of blood. Ten days afterwards he died. The Major recovered from *his* wounds, and the date of his death is uncertain.

Thomas Rawlins, the "engraver of the Mint," published in 1648, a volume of poems, entitled "Calanthe," and was the author of "Tom Essence," a comedy, 1677, and of a tragedy, "The Rebellion," which its loyal sentiments made temporarily popular. He was not a professional author, and was fond of declaring that "he had no desire to be known by a *threadbare* coat, having a calling that would maintain it *worthy*."

Edward Revet was the author of the comedy of "The Town Shifts."

Thomas Rymer's name is held in good repute as that of the learned editor of the "Fœdera, Conventiones, et Cujuscunque Generis Acta Publica inter Reges Angliæ et alios Principes," a work of inestimable value to the historian. He was born in Yorkshire in 1638; educated at the Northallerton Grammar School, and at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; and became a member of Gray's Inn, 1686. That a man might be a lawyer and an antiquary, and yet not a successful dramatist, he proved by his tragedy of "Edgar; or, The English Monarch,"

published (because no manager would act it) in 1678. It is written in rhyme, and "after the manner of the ancients," and Rymer fondly hoped that it would depose Shakespeare from his pride of place! He ventilated his erroneous views of the dramatic art in his critique on "The Tragedies of the Last Age,"* 1678, which, according to him, were defective in every particular. His taste and discrimination as a critic may be inferred from his assertion that "in the neighing of a horse or the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning; there is as lively expression, and, may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical frights of Shakespeare!" Still more completely to write himself down an ass, he adds:—"I have thought our poetry of the last age as rude as our architecture; one cause thereof might be, that Aristotle's treatise of poetry has been so little studied amongst us." He speaks of Milton's "Paradise Lost" as that "which some are pleased to call a poem!" Poor Rymer! It was well for him when he was appointed historiographer to King William in 1692, and his talents were directed into a fitting channel. With laudable industry and fine scholarship he carried out Montague and Lord Somers' scheme of a collection of public documents relating to the foreign affairs of England. Rymer died on the 14th of December, 1714.

"The first boy-poet of our age," as Dryden calls young Saunders in his epilogue to the boy-poet's "Tamerlane the Great," never fulfilled his early promise. He produced this tragedy, and was heard of no more—like

* "The Tragedies of the last age considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of All Ages." The plays criticised are Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rollo," "King and No King," and "Maid's Tragedy."

the poet in Bailey's "Festus," who, after writing his one great poem, "fell into himself," and was thenceforward silent.

The character of Doeg in Dryden's great satire of "Absalom and Achitophel" is intended, as everybody knows, for Elkanah Settle, a poet of some note in his day, though now remembered only as pilloried by Dryden:—

"Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out or in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature:
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think—
All his occasions are to eat and drink. . . .
Railing in other men may be a crime
But ought to pass for more instinct in time;
Instinct he follows, and no further knows,
For to write verse with him is to transpose. . . .
Let him rail on, let his invective muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
These are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keep him all the year."

Elkanah Settle was born at Dunstable in 1648, and in his eighteenth year entered at Trinity College, Oxford, which he left, however, without taking a degree. Fired with ambitious hopes he went to London, and like many other clever young men, turned to his pen as the weapon with which prosperity and fame were to be achieved. In

politics he took up Whig principles, and some political pamphlets made his name known. In 1671, he produced his first play, "Cambyses," which Rochester patronised for the purpose of provoking Dryden; and the brilliant noble also lent his powerful support to Settle's tragedy of "The Empress of Morocco," written, *à la Française*, in rhymed couplets.* His success inflamed his vanity, and in the dedication to his play he had the audacity to gird at Dryden's habit of introducing his dramas to the public with critical reviews and summaries. "My Lord," he said, "whilst I trouble you with this kind of discourse, I beg you would not think I design to give rules to the Press as some of our like have done to the Stage." John Crowne, with assistance from Dryden and Shadwell, compiled a severe *exposé* of Settle's tragedy, to which Settle briskly rejoined, much to the amusement of the public. That he had wounded Dryden to the quick is evident from the poet's savage attack upon him:— "He's an animal of most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation. His being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought which we can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers harsh and ill-sounding. The little talent he has is fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought; but, with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, it is commonly still-born; so that for want of learning and elocution he will never be able to express anything justly or naturally." Nothing daunted, Settle continued to put his plays upon the stage, and,

* It was so much admired, that the ladies and gentlemen of the Court learned it by heart, to play before the King at Whitehall.

as he was not wanting in invention, most of them obtained a temporary popularity. "Ibraham, the Illustrious Bassa" he founded on Magdeleine de Scudéri's two-volume romance, with the same title; "Pastor Fido," on Guarini's pastoral drama. He also wrote "Love and Revenge," "The Conquest of China by the Tartars," "Fatal Love," and "The Female Prelate, being a History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan." He compiled fifteen plays in all.

If deficient in genius, Settle did not lack courage, and to Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," in which, as we have seen, he was gibbetted as Doeg, he replied, on behalf of the Whigs, with "Absalom Senior; or Absalom and Achitophel Transposed" (1681).

In his latter days he was overtaken by misfortune, owing, perhaps, to his want of principle; for, on the accession of James II., he who as a Whig had superintended the fireworks at the burning of the Pope's effigy, produced a panegyrical poem on the Coronation of James II. (1685). The Revolution of 1688 left the turncoat without friends, and he was thankful to accept a small pension as the city poet for a "Triumph of London," written every Lord Mayor's Day. As he advanced in years his poverty increased; he wrote low "drolls" for the shows at Bartholomew Fair, and even acted the part of a dragon, enclosed in a green leather case of his own invention, to which Young alludes —

> "Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
> For bread in Smithfield dragons hissed at last;
> Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
> And found his manners suited to his shape."

He died in the Charterhouse on the 12th of February,

1724. Five years later Pope, in *The Dunciad* levelled a final insult at the unfortunate poetaster:

> "Now, Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
> But lived in Settle's numbers one day more."

He had previously attacked him as "the author of a poem entitled 'Successio.'" "Codeus writes on," he says, "and will for ever write." He adds:

> "The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
> As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.
> What though no bees around your cradle flew,
> Nor on your lips distilled their golden dew;
> Yet have we oft discovered in their stead
> A swarm of drones that buzzed about your head."

We are hardly justified in including Shirley among the Restoration dramatists; in tone and sentiment he belonged to the great Elizabethan school, of which he was the last, and not altogether an unworthy member. But he lived on into Charles's reign, and his plays were sometimes produced for the edification of Charles's Court, which, while listening to their healthy and vigorous poetry, must have felt in the presence of a fresh new atmosphere. James Shirley was born in London about 1594, nine years before the death of "great Elizabeth." He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and St. John's College, Oxford, where Laud (its president) refused to ordain him, because he was disfigured by a mole on the left cheek. He then removed to St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, took orders, and held a cure near St. Albans until he went over to the Roman Communion. After brief experience of a schoolmaster's life in the Grammar School at St. Albans, he repaired to London, and began to write for the stage. His culture and dramatic skill, and his Catholic profession, secured him the patronage of Henrietta Maria, and he throve vigorously until the outbreak of the Civil War.

His fertility was amusing; drama after drama proceeded from his prolific, but by no means feeble pen:—"Love Tricks," 1625; "The Wedding," 1629; "The Grateful Servant," 1630; "The School of Compliment," 1631; "The Changes," 1632; "A Contention for Honour and Riches," 1633; "The Witty Fair One," "The Bird in a Cage," "The Triumph of Peace," "The Night Walkers" (adapted from Fletcher), all in 1633. In 1635 appeared "The Traitor," which, on October 10th, 1661, Mr. Pepys saw "most admirably acted," and thought "a most excellent play;" and in 1637, "The Lady of Pleasure," "The Young Admiral," "The Example," "Hyde Park," and "The Gamester." When the Master of the Revels licensed "The Young Admiral," he entered in his register his formal approval of its freedom from obscenity and profaneness, trusting that the exceptional commendation would encourage the poet "to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry." Evelyn in his Diary refers to this play as having been acted before the King in October, 1662. "The Gamester," a comedy of genuine merit, was founded on one of Malespini's "Ducento Novelle;" and its success has led to its revival on three separate occasions — as "The Wife's Relief; or, The Husband's Cure," adapted by Charles Johnson, in 1711; as "The Gamester," in 1758, by Garrick; and as "The Wife's Stratagem," in 1827, by John Poole. The comedy of "Hyde Park" is characterised by Alexander Dyce as "a finished specimen, replete with airy, sparkling wit." Pepys notes (on July 11th, 1668) that "he went to see an old play of Shirley's called *Hyde Park*, where horses are brought upon the stage; but it is a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall."

In 1637 Shirley went to Dublin, and supplied plays for the new theatre, opened by Ogilby, whom he afterwards assisted in translating Homer and Virgil. Returning to London in 1638, at the opening of the Civil War, he exchanged his pen for his sword, and fought under the chivalrous Earl of Newcastle, whom he helped, according to Anthony Wood, in the composition of his dramas. The success of the Commonwealth party closed the theatres, and Shirley was obliged to resume his old profession as a schoolmaster, in which he continued after the Restoration. Driven from his house in Whitefriars by the Great Fire, he and his wife were so overwhelmed by anxiety and alarm that they both died on the same day in October, 1666.

Besides the plays already mentioned he wrote "The Royal Master," 1638; "The Duke's Mistress," 1638; "The Maid's Revenge," 1639; "The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France," 1639; "The Ball," in which he collaborated with George Chapman, 1639; "The Arcadia," 1640,—a pastoral, in which, with much poetical feeling, he has embodied the chief incidents of Sir Philip Sidney's famous romance; "The Humorous Courtier," 1640; and, in the same year, "St. Patrick for Ireland," "Love's Cruelty," "The Constant Maid," and "The Coronation." "The Triumph of Beauty" appeared in 1646, and "The Brothers" in 1652, together with "The Sisters," "The Doubtful Heir," "The Imposture," and "The Cardinal." Four plays belong to 1653,—"The Court Secret," "Cupid and Death," "The General," and "Love's Victory." "The Politician," and "The Gentleman of Venice," 1605; "The Contention of Ajax and Achilles," 1659, and in the same year, "Honoria and Mammon." Of his earliest

work, "Echo; or, The Unfortunate Lovers," 1618, no trace remains; and it is supposed to be identical with "Narcissus; or, The Self-Lover," which he published in 1646. The influence of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" is conspicuous in it. Shirley was also the author of three Latin Grammars, "An Essay Towards an Universal and Rational Grammar," and of a volume of notes and miscellaneous poems.

No author, except Shakespeare, has written so many five-act pieces. His fertility of invention was most admirable, and there is as much vigour as fluency in his versification, which has sometimes a ring of Fletcher's graceful style, and sometimes of Massinger's freedom and variety. He was the last of the Elizabethans; not equal to the greatest among them, yet not altogether unworthy to wear their singing robes and keep them company. He sat at the same table, though lower down than those whom he acknowledged to be his masters. Mr. Hallam is of opinion that he has no originality, which is true in the sense that his plays do not bear the impress of a strong and distinct individualism; that he has no force in conceiving or delineating character, though his "Bostock" in "The Ball," and "Aretina" in "The Lady of Pleasure," are types well-designed and well-executed; that he has little of pathos, and less, perhaps, of wit. Hallam owns, however, that "his mind was poetical; his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; he is never timid or affected, and seldom obscure; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes, which causes us to read him with some pleasure." While admitting his want of profound interest, and his incapa-

bility to grapple with the stronger passions, Campbell is charmed with his polished and refined language, the airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the happiness of his imagery. Of the felicitous grace with which he writes, here is a specimen :—

> "Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
> Which suddenly took birth, but overweighed
> With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
> Which, by reflection of her light, appeared
> As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
> After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
> A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
> As if they had gained a victory o'er grief;
> And with it many beams twisted themselves,
> Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
> To and again from heaven."

"Shirley," says Charles Lamb, "claims a place among the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendant genius in himself as that he was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common." He inherited, as it were, their traditions, and was so ardent in his loyalty that no ambition ever crossed him to strike out an independent path. He was content to do as they had done; to echo their music, and paint with the same colours. He was, however, no incompetent or servile imitator. He studied, but he did not copy. His own gifts were considerable, and entitle him to our respect. Few men have ever exhibited a richer fancy, and this fancy is generally pure and elevated. His scenes abound in similes of the most agreeable and picturesque kind; and even when his characters are not very boldly drawn, or his incidents worked up with much passion, he invariably pleases by his melodious eloquence and by the subdued pathos of his strain. He constantly reminds us of Fletcher, who

was evidently his favourite model, and in two or three of the lyrics scattered through his plays we observe all Fletcher's exquisite grace and tender melancholy. The elder poet would have had no cause to be ashamed of the following "Lullaby," which occurs in Shirley's masque of "The Triumph of Beauty" (1646):—

"Cease, warring thoughts, and let this brain
No more discord entertain,
But be smooth and calm again.
Ye crystal rivers that are nigh,
As your streams are passing by
Teach your murmurs harmony.
Ye winds that wait upon the Spring
And perfumes to flowers do bring,
Let your amorous whispers here
Breathe soft music to his ear.
Ye warbling nightingales repair
From every wood to charm this air,
And with the wonders of your breast
Each striving to excel the rest,
When it is time to wake him, close your parts,
And drop down from the tree with broken hearts."

In the well-known Dirge from "The Contention of Ajax and Ulyses" (1659), which, it is said, was a favourite with Charles II., we hear that sad note originating in a deep sense of the mutability of human things that echoes through all the Elizabethan poetry. Though these fine stanzas have appeared in all our Anthologies, the reader will not fail to welcome their transcription in our pages:—

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill—
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, poor creatures, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The last stanza seems to us perfect in expression; there are no redundant epithets; and the compound "victor-victim" is introduced with happy effect.

Of the fluent elegance and natural force of his dramatic style, we give a brief specimen from "The Grateful Servant." Cleona is told by her page, Dulcino, of his interview with her lover Foscari:—

"*Cleona.*—The day breaks glorious to my darkened thoughts.
He lives, he lives yet! Cease—ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me.—Prithee, speak, sweet youth,
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
I'll build a flaming altar, to offer
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life and me. Speak, and increase my comforts.
Is he in perfect health?
Dul.—Not perfect, madam,
Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.
Cle.—Oh, get thee wings, and fly, then;
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which, with his memory richer than all spices,
Disperses odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad
With thinking of his absence— [*He is going.*
Yet stay,
Thou goest away too soon. Where is he? Speak.

Dul.—He gave me no commission for that, lady;
He will soon save that question by his presence.
Cle.—Time has no feathers; he walks now on crutches.
Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.
What other words? Did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not for the wealth of this great world
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?
Dul.—He said what a warm lover, whom desire
Makes eloquent, could speak; he said you were
Both star and pilot.
Cle.—The sun's loved flower that shuts his yellow curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising: with my parting lord
I closed all my delight; till his approach
It shall not spread itself."

Thomas Shadwell, who came of a good old Staffordshire family, was born at Stanton Hall, Norfolk, in 1640. Educated at Caius College, Cambridge, he entered the Middle Temple for the study of the law; made the usual continental tour; and returning home, embraced the profession of letters. As the stage then offered the readiest way to distinction, Shadwell, in 1669, produced the tragic comedy of "The Royal Shepherdess," which was sufficiently successful to encourage him to persevere. Taking Ben Jonson as his model, he next wrote "The Sullen Lovers" and "The Humorists," and in 1671 adapted Molière's "L'Avare," under the name of "The Miser." Then came the tragedy of "Psyche" in 1675, and that of "The Libertine" in 1676. In the same year was acted one of his best comedies, "Epsom Wells," a comedy of manners, lively, bustling, and humorous, which in itself is a sufficient answer to Dryden's bitter sneer that "Shadwell never deviates into sense." Shadwell was a Whig, and political rancour has done its best to depreciate his ability and mutilate his fame; but as a dramatist he rose head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries, and it is

only in his "Love for Love" and "Don Sebastian" that Dryden has over passed him. He shared with some other writers the strange notion that Shakespeare was deficient in stage-craft, and, in 1678, improved after his fashion the great poet's "Timon of Athens." In his dedication he says that "Shakespeare never made more masterly strokes than in this, yet I can truly say *I have made it into a play.*"

Shadwell, in 1682, published his "Lancashire Witches," which secured an immediate popularity, and in Teague O'Divelly, the Irish priest, and Smerk, a Church of England chaplain, contains two strongly marked and original characters. Yet it is by no means one of his best efforts, and its success must greatly have been due to political feeling. Its attacks on the Roman Catholics and on the intolerance of the Anglicans are so severe that much of the dialogue was omitted on the stage, by order of the Master of the Revels, but it is restored in the published play. "Bury Fair," 1689, and "The Scriveners," 1690, belong to the same category as "Epsom Wells," and reflect the manners of the period with a good deal of satiric force. Of his comedy, "The Virtuoso," 1676, Langbaine writes* "that nobody will deny this play its meed of applause. At least, I know that the University of Oxford, who may be allowed competent judges of comedy, especially if such characters as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack and Sir Formal Trifle, applauded it. And as no one undertook to discover the frailties of such pretenders to this kind of knowledge before Mr. Shadwell, so none since Mr. Jonson's time ever drew so many different characters of humour, and with

* Gerard Langbaine (1656-1692), in his "Account of the English Dramatick Poets," (1691), from which we have often borrowed.

such success." Elsewhere Langbaine says:—"I own I like his (Shadwell's) comedies better than Dryden's, as having more variety of characters, and those drawn from life. . . . That Mr. Shadwell has preferred Ben Jonson for his model I am very certain of, and those who will read the preface to 'The Humourists' may be sufficiently satisfied what a value he has for that great man." His indebtedness to Ben Jonson appears somewhat prominently in his "Squire of Alsatia." *

Rochester couples Shadwell with Wycherley, which is unfair to the author of "The Plain Dealer":—

> "None serve to touch upon true comedy
> But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley."

And he esteemed his conversational powers so highly, that he said of him—"If he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet." The tragic dramatist has a much better chance of being remembered by posterity than the comic, for the former deals with the passions, which are immortal; the latter with the humours, which are fugitive. For this reason Shadwell, now-a-days, is a mere name; but his ill-fortune is also owing to his presumptuous folly in attempting to reply to Dryden's poem of "The Medal—a Satire against Shaftesbury" (1682). Shadwell's composition was entitled "The Medal of John Bayes—a Satire against Folly and Knavery," and was one long invective against the great poet, who is styled "coward," "slave," "half-wit," "half-fool," and reviled with a coarseness which renders quotation impossible. Unlucky Shadwell! he drew down upon him-

* This comedy was partly written under the roof of the genial and generous Dorset, at Copped Hall, near Epping.

self the blasting lightning of Dryden's wrath in his "Mac Flecknoe," published in October, 1682, and fell to the ground, crushed and prostrate, a thing for gods and men to laugh at, or regard with contemptuous pity.

Richard Flecknoe, an Irish Roman Catholic Priest, who wrote much nonsense, and died in 1778; who—

> "In pun and verse was owned without dispute
> Through all the realms of nonsense absolute;—"

is represented as in his last days appointing Shadwell to be his successor on the throne of Dulness, because he alone of all his sons stood "confirmed in full stupidity." From all quarters, through streets littered with paper, the nations assemble to gaze upon the young hero, who stands near his father's throne, his brow enveloped in thick fogs, and "a vacant smile of satisfied imbecility" upon his countenance:—

> "The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
> High on the throne of his own labour seared.
> At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
> Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State;
> His brows thick fogs instead of glories grace,
> And lambent dulness played around his face.
> As Hannibal did to the altars come,
> Sworn by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
> So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
> That he till death true dulness would maintain,
> And in his father's right and realm's defence,
> Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
> The King himself the sacred unction made,
> As King by office, and as priest by trade.
> In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
> He placed a mighty mug of potent ale."

The impetuous satirist continues to shower down blow upon blow. He attacks Shadwell's method of composition:—

> "This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
> New humours to invent for each new play."

He cannot refrain from a coarse personal allusion :—

> "Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
> Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense,
> A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ."

Flecknoe continues to bless and advise his successor until, after the manner of Sir Formal Trifle, in Shadwell's comedy of "The Virtuoso," he disappears through a trap door —

> "He said: but his last words were scarcely heard:
> For Burn and Longril"—

two characters in "The Virtuoso"—

> "had a trap prepared,
> And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
> Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
> Borne upward by a subterranean wind.
> The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
> With double portion of his father's art."

Refusing to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to William and Mary, Dryden, in 1689, lost his offices of poet-laureate and historiographer, which, at the instance of Lord Dorset, were bestowed upon Shadwell. That his old enemy should be thus preferred was gall and wormwood to the author of "Mac Flecknoe," who would not have regretted his loss if the laurel had fallen to Congreve; but on the Whig side Shadwell was the man of letters most worthy of it. He wore it only three years. His death occurred on the 19th of November, 1692. The story goes that it was accelerated by an overdose of opium, to the use of which drug he had been addicted, though always taking the precaution (says Dr. Bendy) to say his prayers before he swallowed his dose.

The name of Thomas Southern is somewhat faintly preserved—every year the remembrance growing dimmer—

by his tragedies of "Oronooko," founded on Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel, and of "Isabella; or, The Fatal Marriage" (originally entitled "The Innocent Adultery"), in which our most famous actresses from Mrs. Porter and Peg Woffington down to Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil, have loved to exhibit their powers.

Thomas Southern was born in Dublin in 1660, the year of the Restoration, and educated there at Trinity College. At the age of eighteen he crossed the Channel, made his way to London, and entered himself at the Middle Temple. He soon abandoned the study of the law, and took up the popular craft of dramatic writing. He must have already become a member of the literary society of London, when, in 1682, he produced his first play, "The Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince," for Dryden consented to write a prologue and epilogue to it. On this occasion Dryden raised the price of his prologue, because the players, he said, had had his goods too cheap. Southern borrowed his plot from a now forgotten novel, "Tachmus, Prince of Persia;" and his play grew into popularity, because it was understood to be a compliment to James, Duke of York. In 1684, appeared his comedy, "The Disappointment; or, The Mother in Fashion," founded on the novel in "Don Quixote" of "The Curious Impertinent." In the following year, on James II.'s accession to the throne, he entered the army, and was soon promoted to the command of a company in Lord Ferrer's regiment, in which he served during Monmouth's rebellion. With military service he was quickly satisfied, and hanging up his sword he resumed his well-loved pen. Unlike the majority of the wits and dramatists of the day, he lived a prudent and decorous life, made money, and saved it. When Dryden once asked

him how much he had obtained for his last new play, he admitted, to the poet's great astonishment, that he had received £700. He succeeded in extracting from a publisher £150 for the mere right of printing one of his dramas. Before his time a dramatic author had claimed only one night's profits as his perquisites. Southern insisted on a second and a third night; and he did not disdain to go round to his patrons and sell tickets for the nights in which he had this personal interest.

"He was a perfect gentleman; he did not lounge away his days or nights in coffee-houses or taverns, but after labour cultivated friendship in home circles, where virtue and moderate mirth sat at the hearth. In his bag-wig, his black velvet dress, his sword, powder, brilliant buckles, and self-possession, Southerne charmed his company, wherever he visited, even at fourscore. He kept the even tenor of his way, owing no man anything; never allowing his nights to be the marrers of his mornings; and at six-and-eighty carrying a bright eye, a steady hand, a clear head, and a warm heart, wherewith to calmly meet, and make surrender of all to the Inevitable Angel."

In May, 1692, Southern produced Dryden's tragedy of "Cleomenes; or, The Spartan Hero," which, at the poet's request, he had finished for him, adding the second half of the fifth act. His tragedy of "The Fatal Marriage," in which he is seen at his best, appeared in 1694, and his "Oronooko" in 1696. In his comedies very little of his unquestionable talent is conspicuous. His "Sir Anthony Love" was successful; but the only good thing in it is Sir Anthony's speech to Count Verola:—"Of the King's creation you may be; but he who makes a count never made a man"—a thought which has often been repeated,

or rather has occurred independently to different minds. As to Burns:—

"A king may make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he cannot fa' that."

Southern wrote ten plays in all. To those we have named may be added "The Wife's Excuse," 1692, "The Spartan Dance," and "The Rambling Lady," and "Money's the Mistress." With the last, which was unsuccessful, he closed his long and respectable career. He died May 26th, 1746, having thus lived through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, George I., and into that of George II. He was born in the year which witnessed the restoration of the Stuart dynasty to the throne, and he died in that which beheld its collapse on the fatal field of Culloden.*

Sir Robert Stapleton may be dismissed in a few lines. He was the third son of a Yorkshire gentleman; was born in the early part of the 17th century, and educated at Douai in the English Benedictine Monastery. Returning to England, and mixing with some men of wit and fashion, he abandoned the creed of his fathers; and obtained the post of gentleman usher to Prince Charles—a post he retained after Charles ascended the throne. In 1642 his royal master knighted him; when the king retired into Oxford, after the Battle of Edgehill, the University rewarded his loyal services by making him a D.C.L. At the Restoration, this scholarly cavalier and gentleman received a small court office, and began to write for the stage. His comedy of "The Slighted Maid," 1663, was felt to be dull by the theatre-going Pepys; and Dryden says of it, that

* The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April, 1746.

"there is nothing in the first act that might not be said or done in the second; nor anything in the middle which might not as well have been at the beginning or the end." "The Step-Mother," was given to the world in 1664; "The Royal Choice," about 1667; and "Hero and Leander," in 1669. The last was a dramatic version of the "Loves of Hero and Leander," which he had already translated from the Greek of Musæus. He also translated Juvenal, and Strada's History of the Belgic War. He died on the 11th of July, 1669.

The name of Nahum Tate is preserved in connection with that monument of portentous dulness, the authorized metrical version of the Psalms, which, in conjunction with Nicholas Brady, he executed in 1695-1698. He was the son of Dr. Faithful Tate, was born at Dublin in 1652, and educated there at Trinity College. He came to London, and at the age of 25 published a volume of "Poems." Turning, like most of the clever young men of the day, to the stage as the best means of securing public recognition, he in rapid succession produced his tragedies of "Brutus of Alba," "The Loyal General," and "Richard II.; or, The Sicilian Usurper." With infinite audacity he applied his mangling hand to Shakespeare's "King Lear," undertaking "to rectify what was wanting;" and carrying out his undertaking by converting it into a kind of comedy, which ends with the happiness of Lear and Cordelia! He also altered "Coriolanus," and applied it to current politics, under the title of "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Coriolanus." As a member of the Tory party, and a hanger-on of Dryden, he was allowed to furnish the great satirist's "Absalom and Achitophel" with a second part,

published in 1682, to which Dryden contributed the characters of Settle as Doeg and Shadwell as Og, and some other touches, amounting in all to 200 lines (lines 310-509).

Plying an industrious, if not a brilliant, pen, Tate published, in 1686, his "Memorials for the Learned," and in 1691 his "Characters of Virtue and Vice." In the following year, on the death of Shadwell, he was made poet-laureate, though those were sadly withered laurels which crowned his unblushing brow; and to show how unworthy he was of the office, he accomplished, in 1696, with the assistance of Dr. Nicholas Brady, his "New Version of the Psalms." His endowments did not suffice to secure him from the consequences of his intemperance and improvidence, and he died poor and in debt, on the 12th of August, 1715. Besides the works already named he wrote "Miscellanea Sacra," 1698; "Panacea, a Poem on Tea;" a play called "The Innocent Epicure," and a volume of "Elegies," 1699. The loyal birthday odes which he wrote as poet-laureate are such wretched trash as fully to justify Pope's bitterly contemptuous reference:—

> "The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
> Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
> Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
> And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight times a year:
> He who, still wanting, though he lived on theft,
> Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
> And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
> Means not, but blunders round about a meaning,
> And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
> It is not poetry, but pun run mad;
> All these my modest satire bade translate,
> And owned that nine such poets made a Tate."

One of the most successful comedies of the Restoration period was "The Adventures of Five Hours," skilfully adapted, at the suggestion of Charles II., from the Spanish

of Calderon, by Sir Samuel Tuke. It was produced in 1663, and gave great satisfaction to the public. Pepys praises it with extravagant warmth (January 8th:—"There being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke, I did long to see it; and so we went; and though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent contrivance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall, and all possible, not only to be done in the time, but in most other respects very admittable, and without one word of ribaldry; and the house, by its frequent plaudits, did show their sufficient approbation").

Mr. Pepys was so well pleased that he went to see it again on the 17th, though then "it did not seem so good as at first," owing, he candidly says, to "my being out of order." But, he adds, it is indeed "a very fine play." *

Evelyn was present at the first performance. "I went," he says, "to see my kinsman, Sir George Tuke's, comedy acted at the Duke's Theatre, which took so universally, that it was acted for some weeks every day, and it was believed it would be worth to the comedians £400 or £500. The plot was incomparable; but the language stiff and formal." Evelyn's criticism is, as usual, judicious. The play, as Langbaine says, is excellent "for economy and contrivance;" "one of the pleasantest stories," says Echard, "that have appeared on our stage;" but the

* On another occasion he pronounces "Othello" "a mean thing" when compared with Sir Samuel Tuke's comedy.

dialogue is seldom easy or witty. The following couplet, however, is still remembered :

> "He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
> To turn the current of a woman's will."

We come now to the chief of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, William Wycherley, who was twenty years old when King Charles "came to his own again." Pope endows him with the wit of Plautus, the art of Terence, and Menandu's fire; but if he excelled them in humour and inventiveness, he went far beyond them in obscenity. His plays are utterly and absolutely corrupt, not in language only, but in idea ; and he seems to have been incapable of conceiving a virtuous character, or of giving expression to a pure thought. His men are rakes, whose exuberant animal spirits cannot lead us to condone their incessant offences against decency; his women are courtesans, whose prurient charms are made all the more conspicuous by the flashing gems with which they are adorned. If they truly represent the society in which Wycherley lived, their and his proper home must have been a brothel. He makes Lady Fidget say, in "The Country Wife," "Our virtue is like the statesman's religion, the quaker's word, the gamester's oath, and the great man's honour; but to cheat those that trust us;—" so that Wycherley must have been unfortunate in the women he knew. Some praise is at times bestowed on his manliness; but a gentleman may be manly without being profligate; and it is no sign of manliness, let us be sure, to defame our mothers and wives and sisters. Courtesans and procuresses ; these are the women who blurt out his oaths and his inuendoes. If one of them have a turn for honesty, he gives her "the manners

and the boldness of a hussar in petticoats." Dryden speaks of "

"The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley."

We may concede the wit and the strength and the satire; but we must deny the manliness of a writer who had no perception of the higher truths of human life, and no reverence for the modesty of womanhood.

"Wycherley's plays," says Macaulay, "are said to have been the produce of long and patient labour. The epithet of 'slow' was early given to him by Rochester, and was frequently repeated. In truth, his mind, unless we are greatly mistaken, was naturally a very meagre soil, and was forced only by great labour and outlay to bear fruit, which, after all, was not of the highest flavour. He has scarcely more claim to originality than Terence. It is not too much to say that there is hardly anything of the least value in his plays of which the hint is not to be found elsewhere. . . . The only thing original about Wycherley, the only thing which he could furnish from his own mind in inexhaustible abundance, was profligacy. It is curious to observe how everything that he touched, however pure and noble, took in an instant the colour of his own mind. Compare Molière's *Ecole des Femmes* with the Country Wife. Agnes is a simple and amiable girl, whose heart is indeed full of love, but of love sanctioned by honour, morality, and religion. Her natural talents are great. They have been hidden, and, as it might appear, destroyed by an education elaborately bad. But they are called forth into full energy by a virtuous passion. Her lover, while he adores her beauty, is too honest a man to abuse the confiding tenderness of a creature so charming and inexperienced. Wycherley

takes this plot into his hands; and forthwith this sweet and graceful courtship becomes a licentious intrigue of the lowest and least sentimental kind, between an impudent London rake and the idiot wife of a country squire. We will not go into details. In truth, Wycherley's indecency is protected against the critics as a skunk is protected against the hunters. It is safe, because it is too filthy to handle, and too noisome even to approach."

A similar transformation takes place in "The Plain Dealer." Molière's Alceste is a man of much nobleness and purity, who has been soured into misanthropy by the evidences on every side of treachery, hypocrisy, and malevolence. Wycherley borrows him, and, in the words of Leigh Hunt, converts him into "a ferocious sensualist, who believed himself as great a rascal as he thought everybody else." The surliness of Molière's hero is exaggerated until it becomes a caricature. "But the most nauseous libertinism and the most dastardly fraud are substituted for the purity and integrity of the original. And, to make the whole complete, Wycherley does not seem to have been aware that he was not drawing the portrait of an eminently honest man. So depraved was his moral taste that, while he firmly believed that he was producing a picture of virtue too exalted for the commerce of this world, he was really delineating the greatest rascal that is to be found, even in his own writings."

William Wycherley was born in 1640, at Clive, near Shrewsbury, where his father, a gentleman of ancient lineage, had an estate valued at some £600 a year. The Civil War having established a republican form of govern-

ment and a Presbyterian heirarchy, the elder Wycherley would not send his son and heir to schools where these were advocated, but chose that he should be educated in France. For some time he resided on the banks of the Charente, and enjoyed the society of the Duke and Duchess of Montausier—the latter better known as Julia d'Angennes de Rambouillet — and in the cultured and elegant circle that gathered round them learned a good deal, both of fashionable manners and morals. It was natural enough in the circumstances that the gay young fellow, who at no time cared anything about religion, should relapse from Protestantism, which he, of course, associated with Puritanism, into Roman Catholicism. And it was equally natural, perhaps, that when at the Restoration he returned to England, and found that Protestantism at Court could put on a gay and smiling face, he should return to his father's religion. He became a member of Queen's College, Oxford, and to Bishop Barlow belongs the credit, such as it was, of converting this "good-for-nothing Papist" into a "good-for-nothing Protestant."

He left the University without taking a degree, and entered at the Middle Temple; but for the dry study of the law he had no taste, and he spent his time in the theatres and other fashionable places of amusement. Having a turn for writing, he betook himself to dramatic composition, though at first without gaining access to the stage. He afterwards said that he wrote his first play, "Love in a Wood," at nineteen; "The Plain Dealer" at twenty-five; and "The Country Wife" at one or two-and-thirty; but these early dates were undoubtedly suggested by his vanity. It was in 1672 that his "Love

in a Wood; or, St. James's Park," was produced, and the internal evidence shows that it could not have been written long before. Its success, aided by his handsome face and figure, won for the young author the favour of the Duchess of Cleveland, and she made him acquainted with his "good fortune" in a characteristic fashion. When driving in the Ring, she caught sight of him in a crowd of belles and fine gentlemen, and putting her head out of the coach window, shouted, "Sir, you are a rascal, you are a villain," and added a coarse epithet reflecting on the fair fame of the mother who bore him. On the following day Wycherley called upon her, and humbly begged to know how he had been so unfortunate as to offend her. Thus began an intimacy which placed Wycherley within the most private circle of the Court. "The partiality with which the great lady regarded him was indeed the talk of the whole town; and sixty years later old men who remembered those days told Voltaire that she often stole from the Court to her lover's chambers in the Temple, disguised like a country girl, with a straw hat on her head, pattens on her feet, and a basket in her hand."

The Duchess introduced her new favourite to Charles, who was charmed with his address and conversation, and distinguished him by special attentions. On one occasion, when he was confined by a fever to his lodgings in Bow Street, the King good-naturedly called upon him, sat by his bed, and finding him depressed and really ill, advised him to pay a visit to the South of France, and gave him £500 to defray the expenses of the journey. Buckingham, then Master of the Horse, and one of the Duchess's paramours, had at first displayed some marks of jealousy; but

he, too, was won over by Wycherley's manners, admitted him into his friendship, and gave him a place in the royal household and a commission in his own regiment. It is said that the dramatist in after years solicited his patronage for the great author of "Hudibras," who had fallen upon evil days, and was sinking into obscure poverty. The Duke consented to see him, and an appointment was made; but two pretty women happening to pass by, the poet was forgotten, and soon afterwards died in want.

When the second Dutch War broke out, Wycherley, like other young men of fashion, buckled on the sword. As a volunteer he served under Prince Rupert, in 1673, in the naval campaign against De Ruyter, and, on his return home, celebrated it in some indifferent verses. It was in this year that he brought out his second play, "The Gentleman Dancing-Master," but it failed to hit the taste of the town. Neither at the West End, nor in Salisbury Court, could an audience be got to receive it with approval. This failure, however, was more than compensated by the brilliant success, in 1673, of his "Country Wife"—partly founded upon Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes" and "L'Ecole des Maris." "Though one of the most profligate and heartless of human compositions, it is," says Macaulay, "the elaborate production of a mind, not indeed rich, original, or imaginative, but ingenious, observant, quick to seize hints, and patient of the toil of polishing." It is a play which one cannot read without afterwards becoming conscious of a nasty flavour in one's mouth.

Not less immoral, and not less witty, was "The Plain Dealer," which appeared in 1677, the hero of which, Manly, is represented as "of an honest, surly, nice humour, supposed first, in the time of the Dutch war, to have

procured the command of a ship out of honour, not interest, and choosing a sea life only to avoid the world." We must suppose, therefore, that this cynical and selfish sensualist is the dramatist's ideal of a true man. Hazlett's remark that this play is "a most severe and piognant moral satire," in which "the truth of feeling and the force of interest prevail over every objection," we are unable to accept or appreciate. It seems to us rather the kind of criticism upon Yahoos that might have been written by one of themselves. Yet, through the efforts of Lord Dorset and the critics, the play rose into such favour that its author was commonly known as "The Plain-Dealer," or as "Manly Wycherley," and the theatre was always full when it was set down for representation. One of the few quotable passages we subjoin, because it affords a favourable specimen of Wycherley's "manly" morality as well of his terse and epigrammatic language:—

"*Manly.*—Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorous, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

Plausible.—Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too passionate; and I must beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the acts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

Manly.—Let 'em. But I'll have no leading strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness; and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another may do the like to me.

Plaus.—What, will you be singular then? like nobody? follow, love, and esteem nobody.

Manly.—Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody; court and kiss everybody; though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

Plaus.—Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend—

Manly.—With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths ove his shoulders, while you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

Plaus.—Such as I! Heavens defend me! upon my honour—

Manly.—Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

Plaus.—Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Manly.—What, you were afraid?

Plaus.—No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing; I speak well of all mankind.

Manly.—I thought so, but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing rather than an unjust thing.

Plaus.—Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'er, mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself; for to speak ill of people behind their backs is not like a man of honour and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person: but if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Manly.—Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, over-looking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back was turned; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards, whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud afore their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent. [*Manly thrusts out Lord Plausible.*

Freeman.—You are a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

Manly.—A lord! what, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! But counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend any way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it."

"The Plain-Dealer" marks the climax of Wycherley's career. 'Tis the summit of the ascent; thenceforward the decline is rapid and complete. The king, desiring to place his natural son, the young Duke of Richmond, under a man of accomplished manners, selected Wycherley, though, to be sure, a worse tutor for a youth, if manners

mean morals, could hardly have been chosen. Elated with his good fortune, the wit betook himself for a little entertainment to Tunbridge Wells, where, one day, while turning over books in a bookseller's shop on the Pantiles, he heard a rich and gay young widow, the Countess of Drogheda, inquiring for "The Plain-Dealer." "Madam," said a friend, who attended him, "since you are for the Plain-Dealer, there he is for you," and pushed Wycherley forward. The acquaintance thus casually begun soon ripened into an intimacy, and the intimacy ended in a marriage. It proved an unhappy one: the Countess, knowing her handsome husband's* taste for gallantries, watched him as closely as ever, in his own comedy, Mr. Pinchwife watched his rustic spouse. He was, indeed, allowed to meet his friends in the Cock Tavern, opposite to his house; "but on such occasions the windows were always open, in order that her ladyship, who was posted on the other side of the street, might be satisfied that no woman was of the party."

The marriage had deprived him of Court favour, while failing to add to his domestic comfort. The Countess, it is true, died early, and left him her fortune; but this disposition of it was contested by her kith and kin, and a series of law suits beggared the unfortunate widower, and he was thrown into the Fleet, and there he lingered, forgotten by his brilliant intimates, for seven years; when a fortunate chance took James II. to the theatre one night when "The Plain-Dealer" was acted. He was pleased with the play, and remembered the author, whom a pension of £200 a year rescued from the ignominy of a prison. It was probably out of gratitude for the royal

* Pope says he had "the true nobleman look."

munificence that Wycherley about this time returned to the communion of the Church of Rome.

Shortly after these events Mr. Wycherley the elder died, and the dramatist, a man of fifty, succeeded to the family estates. Even then, his position did not improve; he could not shake off the black care which rode behind him so closely as he went on his downward way. His property was entailed, and his extravagance added continually to his embarrassments. He was on ill terms with his heir-at-law, who, therefore, refused to join in any scheme for relieving Wycherley at the cost of his inheritance. Macaulay describes him as leading, during a long course of years, "that most wretched life, the life of a vicious old boy about town." Expensive tastes with little money, and licentious appetites with declining vigour, were the just penance for his early irregularities. A severe illness had produced a singular effect on his intellect. His memory played him pranks stranger than almost any that are to be found in the history of that strange faculty. It seemed to be at once preternaturally strong and preternaturally weak. If a book were read to him before he went to bed, he would wake the next morning with his mind full of the thoughts and expressions which he had heard over night; and he would write them down, without in the least suspecting that they were not his own. In his verses the same ideas, and even the same words, came with tedious but unconscious iteration.

We come now to the female dramatists of the Restoration, among whom Mrs. Aphra Behn is unhappily conspicuous. One cannot tell her story without pain, because it is all that it should not have been, that Nature never meant it to be. She might have been an honour to her

sex by her genius; her immodesty made her its disgrace. Women who now blush with shame at her discredited name might have repeated it with pride. She is not forgotten, simply because she serves us as so glaring an example of high talents prostituted to disgraceful uses. Against her many offences we can urge but one set-off; that she was the first to plead, and she pleaded it with the eloquence of earnestness, the cause of the slave.

"A gentlewoman by birth, of a good family in the city of Canterbury,"* Aphra Johnson was born at Wye in that city, in 1640. She was accustomed, by a pleasant fiction, to describe herself as the daughter of a Lieutenant-General Johnson, who, through the influence of his kinsman, Lord Willoughby, was appointed Governor of Surinam and the thirty-six West Indian islands. It seems true enough that in her childhood she accompanied her family to Surinam, though not to occupy so distinguished a position. Her previous talent had already astonished the domestic circle—she wrote "the prettiest, soft, engaging verses in the world;" and boy-lovers had fluttered around her, fascinated by her "uncommon charms of body, as well as of mind." Her father died on the passage; but his widow and children remained for some years in Surinam, of the scenery of which Aphra afterwards wrote with much picturesque fervour: "This country," she says, "affords all things, both for beauty and use; 'tis these eternal springs, always the very months of April, May, and June; the shades are

* Such was Mrs. Behn's own account of her lineage; but the Countess of Winchelsea says that she was the daughter of a barber, and Mr. Edmund Gosse has unearthed from the parochial register of Wye the fact that "Ayfara, the daughter, and Peter, the son of John and Amy Johnson," were baptized at Wye on July 10th, 1640. (See *Athenæum*, No. 2,967, Sept. 6th, 1884.)

perpetual, the trees bearing at once all degrees of leaves and fruits, from blooming buds to ripe autumn; groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, nutmegs, and noble aromatics continually bearing their fragrancies; the trees appearing all like nosegays adorned with flowers of different kinds; some are all white, some purple, some scarlet, some blue, some yellow—bearing at the same time ripe fruit, and blooming young, or producing every day new. The very wood of all these trees has an intrinsic value above common timber; for they are often cut of different colours, glorious to behold, and bear a considerable price to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich balm and gums, so that we make our candles of such an aromatic substance as does not only give a sufficient light, but, as they burn, they cast their perfume all about."

Not less glowing is her description of her Surinam home, which was called St. John's Hill:—

"It stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which the river ran, a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little waves, still dashing and washing the foot of this rock, made the softest murmurs and purlings in the world, and vast quantities of different flowers, eternally blooming, and every day and hour new, fenced behind them with lofty trees of a thousand rare forms and colours, that the prospect was the most ravishing that sands can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk or grove of orange and lemon trees, about half the length of the Mall here, whose flowery and fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and hindered the sun, whose rays are very fierce there, from entering a beam into the grove; and the cool air that came from the river made it not only fit

to entertain people in at all the hottest hours of the day, but refreshed the sweet blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming. And sure the whole globe of the world cannot show so delightful a place as this grove was; not all the gardens of boasted Italy can produce a shade so entire as this, which Nature had joined with art to render so exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast trees—as big as English oaks—could take footing on so solid a rock, and in so little earth as covered that rock. But all things by Nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful."

We suspect that Aphra gives free rein to her imagination when she goes on to describe the sports in which she at this time indulged; such as searching for young tigers in their lairs, and daring the fury of their enraged dams. She was attended in her dangerous expeditions by a young black slave—named Cæsar by his master—who in his own land had been honoured as Prince Oronooko, and his melancholy story made a great impression upon her. Returning to England soon after the Restoration, her wit and beauty obtained her an introduction to Charles II., and she related to him the tragic narrative. With all his selfishness Charles had gleams of generous feeling, and he was so affected by it that he desired her to make it public. Such was the origin of "Oronooko," her first and her best novel.

About this time she became acquainted with and married a Mr. Behn, a Dutch merchant in London, but was soon left a widow. The King, who recognized her personal charms and mental gifts, then sent her to Antwerp to employ them in the craft of a political spy. This she did in the most effectual manner, establishing

such an influence over an Antwerp merchant, named Van der Albert,* who was deep in the counsels of the Dutch Government, that she was able to communicate to Charles II.'s cabinet De Ruyter's intention to carry his fleet up the Thames. Unfortunately, the English ministers refused to credit the intelligence, and took no steps to arrest the disaster that left so deep a stain on our naval renown. Van der Albert died when about to marry this fascinating Englishwoman; and she returned to England to devote her life to pleasure and literature. She managed to find time for both pursuits, though they are not generally regarded as compatible; and because she did so, failed to do justice to the powers she unquestionably possessed. Her writings all bear the mark of haste: but what is worse, they suffer also from the moral deterioration inevitable from the gay license of her mode of living. Her plays are coarser than those of Wycherley, without Wycherley's wit; her poems are lewder than those of Sedley, without Sedley's art. Her career as a dramatist she began in

* In one of her letters she gives an amusing, but probably fictitious, account of Van der Albert, and another of her Dutch suitors:—"Your friend and humble servant," she writes, "has set two of them in a blaze; two of very different ages (I was going to say degrees, sir, but I remember there are no degrees in Holland). Van der Albert is about thirty-two, of a hale constitution, something more sprightly than the rest of his countrymen; and though infinitely fond of his interest and an irreconcilable enemy to Monarchy, has by the force of love been obliged to let me into some secrets that might have done our King, and, if not our court, our country, no small service. But I shall say no more of this service till I see you, for particular reasons which you shall then likewise know.

"My other is about twice his age, nay, and bulk too, though Albert be not the most Barbary shape you have seen: you must know him by the name of Von Bruin. He had not visited me often before I began to be sensible of the influence of my eyes on this old piece of worm-eaten touchwood, but he had not the confidence (and that's much) to tell me he loved me; and modesty, you know, is no common fault of his countrymen, though I rather impute it to a love of himself, that he would not run the hazard of being turned into ridicule in so disproportionate a declaration. He often insinuated that he knew a man of wealth and substance, though stricken, indeed, in years, and on that account not so agreeable as a younger man, that was passionately in love with me, and desired to know whether my heart was so far engaged that his friend should not entertain any hopes."

1671, and wrote in all eighteen plays, namely:—"The Forced Marriage," 1671; "The Amorous Prince," 1671; "The Dutch Lover," 1673; "Adelazar," 1677; "The Town Fop," 1677; "The Rover; or, The Banished Cavalier," her best and most popular comedy, 1677; "The Debauchee," 1677; "Sir Patient Fancy," 1678; "The Feigned Courtezans," dedicated to Nell Gwynn, 1679; "The Rover," a second part, 1681; "The City Heiress," 1682; "The Roundheads," 1682; "The Young King," 1683; "The Lucky Chance," 1687; "The Emperor of the Moon," 1687; "The Widow Ranter," 1690; "The Younger Brother," 1696. Their general coarseness is indicated by Pope's well-known allusion —

"The stage how loosely does Astræa tread"—

Astræa being the name by which she loved to call herself, and to have her friends call her. It might be pleaded that she wrote to suit the taste of the time; but this is only partly true, for she continued to wallow in filth long after her audiences had grown tired of so much garbage; and if it be said that she reflected the manners of the age, our reply must be that she reflected the manners only of a certain class of men and women, who had much better have been left in oblivion. Her liveliness is undeniable; not one of her plays can be characterised as dull, but then very few of them are original. Mrs. Behn was a bold and consummate pilferer; she stole from Wilkins and Marlowe, from Shirley and Killigrew, from the French and Italian comedies; but she made excellent use of what she stole, and many scenes occur in her plays which could not fail on the stage to excite amusement.

The guilt of prurient suggestion and indelicate ex-

pression attends her in her poems, of which she published a volume in 1684; and in the following year a Miscellany, including several by Rochester and other writers. She also wrote some entertaining model love-letters, and translated the "Maxims" of Rochefoucauld, and the "Plurality of Worlds" of Fontenelle. Eight short novels proceeded from her pen, of which we have already named the best, "Oronooko." All this literary effort was comprised within 1671 and 1689, the year in which she died, at the comparatively early age of 47. Thus, in point of industry and versatility, as well as in point of intellectual capacity, she ranks among the first of English female writers; and it is deeply to be regretted that she gave so little conscientious care to her work, that she condescended to a coarseness and a freedom which prevent the pure-minded of her own sex from making acquaintance with it. True it is that in her time their faults were not seen so clearly as they are at present. An old lady of family assured Sir Walter Scott that, in her younger days, "Mrs. Behn's novels were as currently upon the toilette, as the works of Miss Edgeworth at present; and described with some humour her own surprise when the book falling into her hands after a long interval of years, and when its contents were quite forgotten, she found it impossible to endure at the age of fourscore what at fifteen she, like all the fashionable world of the time, had perused without an idea of impropriety." But this applies only to her novels, which, unpleasant as they sometimes are, rise above her plays in unquestionable superiority.

"Oronooko; or, the Royal Slave," merits consideration as the first English novel with a purpose, and the first

public indictment against slavery. In both respects it is a book of some value and of high interest. Written in a clear and forcible style, it is informed by a noble generosity of sentiment, while its fresh and picturesque descriptions indicate a real living sympathy with nature. It is the book of a strong mind—of a mind which, better trained, and schooled by study and observation, might have produced something much worthier of its strength.

"The King of Coromantion," begins the romancist, "was of himself a man of a hundred and odd years old, and had no son, though he had many beautiful black slaves; for most certainly there are beauties that can claim of that colour. In his younger years he had many gallant men, too—his sons, thirteen of whom died in battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his successor, one grandchild, son of one of those dead victors, who, as soon as he could bear a bow in his hand and a quiver at his back, was sent into the field to be trained up by one of the oldest generals to war, where, from his natural inclination to arms and the occasions given him, with the good conduct of the old general, he became, at the age of seventeen, one of the most expert captains and bravest soldiers that ever saw the field of Mars." At the end of the war the Prince visited the Court, from which he had been absent eleven years; "and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learned so much humanity, or, to give his accomplishments a juster name, where 'twas he got that real greatness of soul, those refined notions of true honour, that absolute generosity, and that softness that was capable of the highest passions of love and gallantry, whose objects were almost continually fighting men, or those mangled or dead, who heard no-

sounds but those of war and groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a Frenchman of wit and learning, who, finding it turn to a very good account to be a sort of royal tutor to this young black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him morals, language and science, and was for it extremely beloved and valued by him. Another reason was, he loved, when he came from war, to see all the English gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their language, but that of the Spaniards also, with whom he traded afterwards for slaves."

"I have often seen and conversed with this great man, and bear witness to many of his mighty actions, and do assure my reader the most illustrious Courts could not have produced a braver man, both for greatness of courage and mind; a judgment more solid, or wit more quick, and a conversation more quick and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much; he had heard of the late civil wars in England, and the deplorable death of our great monarch, and would discourse of it with all the sense and abhorrence of the injustice imaginable. He had an extremely good and graceful mien, and all the civility of a well-bred, great man. He had nothing of barbarity in his nature, but in all points addressed himself as if his education had been in some European Court."

A glowing portrait is drawn of the young Oronooko's physical graces:—

"He was pretty tall, but of a shape the most exact that can be fancied—the most famous statuary could not form the figure of a man more admirably turned from head to foot. His face were not of that brown, rusty black which most of that nation are, but of a perfect ebony, or polished

jet. His eyes were the most awful that could be seen and very piercing; the white of them being like snow, as were his teeth. His nose was rising and Roman, instead of African and flat; his mouth, the finest-shaped that could be seen—free from those great turned lips which are so natural to the rest of the negroes. The whole proportion and air of his face was so noble and exactly formed, that, bating his colour, there would be nothing in nature more beautiful, agreeable, and handsome. There was no one grace wanting that bears the standard of true beauty. His hair came down to his shoulders, by the aid of art, which was by pulling it out with a quill, and keeping it combed, of which he took particular care."

As the body, so the mind:—

"Nor did the perfections of his mind come short of those of his person, for his discourse was admirable upon almost any subject, and whoever had heard him speak would have been convinced of their errors, that all fine wit is confined to the white man, especially to those of Christendom, and would have confessed that Oronooko was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a soul, as politics maxims, and was as sensible of power as any prince civilized in the most refined schools of humanity, or the most illustrious courts."

With Imoinda, the beautiful daughter of a general who has died in saving Oronooko's life in battle, this perfect young prince falls in love; but his grandfather, who is also in love with Imoinda, on discovering that she prefers her youthful suitor, sells her into slavery. Soon afterwards Oronooko himself is kidnapped, with a hundred young blacks, by an English trader. In his rage and despair he resolves to starve himself; but is induced to

take his food by the captain's solemn promise to set him and his companions at liberty as soon as they reach the land. They arrive at Surinam, and, of course, the captain breaks his word. He is sold in the public mart, and purchased by a Cornish gentleman named Trefry, who names him Cæsar, treats him with much humanity, and takes him to see a beautiful black girl, who proves to be no other than Imoinda, under the new name of Clemone. With Mr. Trefry's sanction the two slaves are married, and for a while live in much happiness and contentment. By degrees, the despair of recovering his liberty begets in Oronooko a sullen and gloomy mood, which, as he has great influence over the minds of the other slaves, wakens apprehensions of danger, and Mrs. Behn is requested to intervene. It was known, she says, that he and Clemone were scarce absent an hour in a day from her lodgings; that she showed them all the kindness in her power. She rivetted his attention with stories of the heroes of antiquity, while she taught his wife all the pretty works she was mistress of, and endeavoured to communicate to her some knowledge of Christianity. Her arguments and remonstrances wrung from him a pledge that he would make no immediate effort to escape, though it was given with an air of impatience and reluctance that convinced her he would not tarry much longer in bondage. "He had a spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tamed by lazy rest; and though all endeavours were used to exercise himself in such actions and sports as this world afforded, as running, wrestling, pitching the bar, hunting and fishing, chasing and killing tigers of a monstrous size, which this Continent affords in abundance, and wonderful snakes, such as

Alexander is reported to have encountered at the river of Amazons, and which Cæsar took great delight to overcome —yet these were not actions great enough for his large soul, which was still panting after more renowned actions."

His patience gave way at last; with his wife and numerous slaves, he fled to the woods; was overtaken by six hundred whites, headed by a wretch named Byam; and, after a desperate struggle, in which Imoinda fought gallantly by his side, was deserted by his companions, and forced to surrender. He was whipped immediately, in the savagest manner, but endured his sufferings in heroic silence. Indian pepper was rubbed into his wounds, and his legs and arms were loaded with fetters. Mrs. Behn found him in this miserable condition; ordered him to be put at once into a healing bath, so as to cleanse his wounds of the irritating pepper, and directed the chirurgeon to anoint him with a healing balm. In a short time he partially recovered. Thenceforward, however, he was a changed man; he lived only for one object, and that was to avenge the indignity which had been put upon him. It was the shame, not the pain of the lash, which had penetrated like an iron to his soul. His first care was to deliver his wife and her unborn babe from the cruelty of the white men, and in effecting this, he displayed the cold, stern fortitude of the old Roman hero.

"Being able to walk, and, as he believed, fit for the execution of his great design, he begged Trefry to trust him into the air, believing a walk would do him good, which was granted him; and taking Imoinda with him, as he used to do in his more happy and calmer days, he led her up into a wood, where (after a thousand sighs and long

gazing silently on her face, while tears gushed in spite of him from his eyes), he told her his design: first, of killing her, and then his enemies, and next himself, and the impossibility of escaping, and therefore he told her the necessity of dying. He found the heroic wife faster pleading for death than he was to propose it, when she found his fixed resolution, and, on her knees, besought him not to leave her a prey to his enemies. He grieved to death, yet, pleased at her noble resolution, took her up, and, embracing her with all the passion and languishment of a dying lover, drew his knife to kill this treasure of his soul, this pleasure of his eyes; while tears trickled down his cheeks, hers were smiling with joy she should die by so noble a hand, and be sent into her own country (for that is their notion of the next world) by him she so tenderly loved in this."

The fatal stroke is no sooner delivered than the unhappy Oronooko repents it; and his great grief absorbs his longing for revenge. He throws himself down by the side of the dead body of the wife he had so tenderly loved, and lies there, growing weaker every day until he is discovered, and falls again into the cruel hands of his enemies.

"The English, taking advantage by his weakness, cried out, 'Let us take him alive by all means.' He heard 'em, and, as if he had revived from a fainting or a dream, he cried out, 'No, gentlemen, you are deceived; you will find no more Cæsars to be whipped; no more find a faith in me; feeble as you think me, I have strength yet left to secure me from a second indignity.'

"They swear all anew, and he only shook his head, and beheld them with scorn. Then they cried out, 'Who will

venture on this single man? Will nobody?' They all stood silent, while Cæsar replied —

"'Fatal will be the attempt of the first adventurer, let him assure himself' (and, at that word, held up his knife in a menacing posture): 'look ye, ye faithless crew,' said he, ''tis not my life I seek, nor am I afraid of dying' (and at that word, cut a piece of flesh from his own throat and threw it at 'em); 'yet still I would live, if I could, till I had perfected my revenge; but, oh, it cannot be! I feel life gliding from my eyes and heart; and if I make not haste, I shall fall a victim to the shameful whip.' "

He inflicted on himself a fearful and a mortal wound, but was captured, carried back, and received such attention as recovered him sufficiently to suffer a slow and cruel death. He endured the tortures which his persecutors heaped upon him, without flinching, and an heroic life ended fitly with an heroic death.

Such is the touching story of Oronooko, which Southern afterwards cast into a dramatic form. How much of it was fact, how much sprang from Mrs. Behn's lively imagination, it is impossible to say; but what is certain is that she has told it in a very effective and striking fashion, with genuine earnestness and generosity of spirit, and, in telling it, has risen out of that atmosphere of worldliness and sensual pleasure which did her genius such cruel wrong.

Her poetical compositions, among other grave faults, have that of artificiality. One of the best is the following:—

"The grove was gloomy all around,
Murmuring the stream did pass,
Where fond Astræa laid her down
Upon a bed of grass;

I slept and saw a piteous sight,
Cupid a-weeping lay,
Till both his little stars of light
Had wept themselves away.
Methought I asked him why he cried;
My pity led me on,—
All sighing the sad boy replied,
'Alas! I am undone!
As I beneath yon myrtles lay,
Down by Diana's springs,
Amyntas stole my bow away,
And pinioned both my wings.'
'Alas!' I cried, ''twas then thy darts
Wherewith he wounded me?
Thou mighty deity of hearts,
He stole his power from thee?
Revenge thee, if a god thou be,
Upon the amorous swain,
I'll set thy wings at liberty,
And thou shalt fly again;
And for this service on my part,
All I demand of thee,
Is, wound Amyntas' cruel heart
And make him die for me.'
His silken fetters I untied,
And those gay wings displayed,
Which gently fanned, he mounting cried,
'Farewell, fond easy maid!'
At this I blushed, and angry grew
I should a god believe,
And waking found my dream too true,
For I was still a slave."

We are hardly justified in including Mrs. Katherine Phillips, "the matchless Orinda," as her contemporaries were pleased to call her, among the female Dramatists on the strength of her translations of "Le Pompée" and "Les Horaces" of Corneille. But she is a woman who has claims not to be overlooked—was she not Jeremy Taylor's friend, to whom our English Chrysostom dedicated his "Treatise on Friendship"?—and, therefore, we find a corner for her in these pages. She was born in 1633, and

died in 1664, four years after "the glorious Restoration." A brief but beautiful life, brightened by purity, culture, domestic peace, and all the womanly graces. Marrying a gentleman whom she devotedly loved, she retired from the Court of which she was well fitted to have been an ornament, to live with him and her children among the "sylvan solitudes" of Wales. The talents which delighted and astonished her contemporaries she exhibited at a very early age. Aubrey tells us that she was very apt to learn, and made verses when she was at school; that she devoted herself while still in her girlhood to religious duties, and would read and pray by herself an hour together. She read the Bible through before she was four years old; could repeat many chapters and passages of Scripture; and was a frequent hearer of sermons, which she would bring away entire in her memory, and would take down verbatim when she was ten years old. Who will wonder that of such a prodigy Nicholas Rowe should write —

> "Orinda came,
> To ages yet to come an ever-glorious name"?

Alas, to this present age, *nomen et præterea nihil*—or rather, the shadow of a name. None but the student now troubles himself about the accomplished lady whom Dryden and Cowley, Roscommon and Orrery combined to praise.

We add, however, a few biographical details.

The daughter of John Fowler, a London merchant, she was educated at a Hackney boarding-school, where her skill in poetry distinguished her above her companions. Afterwards she became "a perfect mistress" of the French tongue, and was taught the Italian by her

ingenious friend, Sir Charles Cotterel. Bred up in the tenets of Presbyterianism, she abandoned them as soon as she could examine and judge for herself. She married, when little more than sixteen, James Phillips, of the Priory of Cardigan, Esquire, by whom she had a son and daughter. She proved in all respects an admirable wife,—particularly by the assistance she afforded him in his affairs, which, "being greatly incumbered," she, by her powerful influence with Sir Charles Cotterel, and other great friends, and by her good sense and excellent management, reduced to order. To amuse her leisure she composed many poetical pieces, which, being scattered abroad among her friends and acquaintances, were collected together by an unknown hand, and published in 1663,—an ungenerous treatment which so affected her as to induce a severe attack of illness. "Her remarkable humility, good-nature, and agreeable conversation greatly endeared her to all her acquaintance; and her polite and elegant writings procured her the friendship and correspondence of many learned and eminent men. On her going to Ireland with the Viscountess Dungannon to transact her husband's affairs there, her great merit soon recommended her to the regard of those illustrious peers, Ormond, Orrery, Roscommon, and many other persons of distinction, who showed her singular marks of esteem; and at the pressing instances of those noblemen, particularly Lord Roscommon, she translated from the French of Corneille, into English, the tragedy of Pompey, which was acted on the Irish stage several times with great applause in 1663 and '64. It was likewise afterwards acted very successfully at the Duke of York's theatre in 1678. She also translated from the French of Corneille the tragedy

of Horace. Sir John Denham added a fifth act to the play, which was represented at Court by persons of quality."

While in Ireland she renewed a former intimacy with Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who had already honoured her by composing and publishing "A Discourse of the Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship, with Rules of Conducting it. In a Letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katherine Phillips."

Mrs. Phillips, while on a visit to her friends in London, was seized with small-pox, and died of it at her lodgings in Fleet Street.* She was buried in the church of St. Bennet Sherehog.

In 1667, a friend edited and published, in folio, "Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda. To which are added M. Corneille's Pompey and Horace, Tragedies, with several other Translations from the French; and her Picture before them, engraved by Faithorne." A second edition appeared in 1678, in the preface to which it was stated that Orinda wrote her familiar letters with good facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; and that "if they were collected with those excellent discourses she wrote on several subjects, they would make a volume much larger than that of her Poems." In 1705 a small volume of her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel was published, under the title of "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus." The editor is good enough to describe them as "the effect of a

* Mrs. Anne Killigrew fell a victim to the same disease. In his Elegy to her memory Dryden says:—

"But thus Orinda died:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate."

happy intimacy between herself and the late *famous Poliarchus*," the platonic *nom de plume* by which Sir Charles elected to be addressed; and to praise them as "an admirable pattern for the pleasing correspondence of a virtuous friendship!" He adds, with amusing complacency, that "they will sufficiently instruct us how an intercourse of writing, between two persons of different sexes, ought to be managed with delight and innocence." There is no doubt about their innocence; but their frigid affectations and formal commonplaces lead us to wonder how it was that "the matchless Orinda" obtained so high a reputation among wits and critics who certainly were fully competent to judge. We suppose there was a charm in her conversation which she failed to communicate to her correspondence, and that in criticising the latter her partial judges were biased by their recollections of the former.

The complimentary verses prefixed to her collected Poems show, however, that the writers were at least as much influenced by their respect for her morals as by their admiration of her talents. They dwell quite as warmly on her "hate of vice and scorn of vanities" as on her taste and skill as a maker of smooth rhymes. And it is this which is really the salt and savour of her poems. They reflect "the tender goodness of her mind," but nowhere is the reader conscious of a breath of true poetical inspiration. Their subjects are just those which would recommend themselves to an amiable and accomplished woman—poems to her friends ("Lucasia," Lady Dungannon, and "Rosania," Mistress Regina Collier); affectionate stanzas to her husband; occasional verses suggested by the marriages and deaths of her relatives and

intimates; and some feeble praises of the Welsh language and country life. Perhaps the most wonderful thing is a kindly epitaph on her mother-in-law—the only mother-in-law, perhaps, who ever received a public tribute! As a specimen of the general quality of Orinda's compositions we take the last lines of her memorial to her eldest son, who died in his 13th year:—

"Alas! we were secure of our content;
But find too late that it was only lent
To be a mirror, wherein we may see
How frail we are, how spotless we should be.
But if to thy blest soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity these injurious tears;
Impute them to Affection's sad excess,
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderness.
Since 'twas through dearest ties and highest trust
Continued from thy cradle to thy dust;
And so rewarded and confirmed by thine,
That (wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine."

THE DUCHESSES.

CLEVELAND.

PORTSMOUTH.

RICHMOND.

MAZARIN..

CHAPTER IV.

THE DUCHESSES.

Cleveland—Portsmouth—Richmond—Mazarin.

An acute French critic comments upon the strong contrast presented by the libertinism of England under the Restoration to the libertinism of France; the former being as hard, forced, and brutal, as the latter was graceful, gay, and natural. The contrast unquestionably existed, and was due, I think, to a fact not discreditable to our country—that libertinism as a trade was uncongenial to the English character; and that, therefore, the courtier and the gallant who embarked in it rushed to an extreme because they were playing a part to which their associations had not accustomed them. Such, no doubt, was the case with the women of fashion and society. It had never been the custom of English gentlewomen to abandon themselves to the public profession of immorality; and when, under the evil influence of a licentious Court, they disregarded their old sweet traditions of purity and simplicity, the very reaction drove them into an attitude of revolt against all virtue. Louis XIV. had his mistresses like Charles II., but over his illicit connections

was thrown a certain air of dignity, and even of romance, so that modest maidens read the story of La Vallière almost without a blush. But the mistresses of Charles II. behaved like street harlots; were as lewd in their manners, as coarse in their language; and covered their royal "lover" with ridicule by the open indecorum of their infidelities. The Court of Louis XIV. was, *au fond*, as dissolute, perhaps, as that of the Merry Monarch, but its external aspect was one of order, seemliness, and courtesy; while that of the latter, with its orgies, its assignations, and its brawls, was an outrage upon public decency. From week to week Whitehall or Hampton Court resounded with the din of these heartless saturnalia. The courtiers bandied repartees and *doubles entendres* with their king, and mocked him to his face; the maids of honour toyed with their admirers in his presence, and laughed at him behind his back. The grossest scandals were of daily occurrence; the daughters of noble families outvied one another in the race of dishonour; no woman with any pretension to charm of face or grace of figure escaped—and few resented—the degrading attentions of the "men of fashion," who scoffed at female purity as a delusion, and applied all their powers to the unrestrained indulgence of the senses. Duelling and raking were the avowed accomplishments of a fine gentleman. As the historian says—"grave divines winked at the follies of 'honest fellows' who fought, gambled, swore, drank, and ended a day of debauchery by a night in the gutter. Life among men of fashion vibrated between frivolity and excess. One of the comedies of the time tells the courtier that 'he must dress well, dance well, fence well, have a talent for love-letters, an agreeable voice, be amorous and

discreet—but not too constant.' To graces such as these the rakes of the Restoration added a shamelessness and a brutality which passes belief."

This brutal and shameless sin which cankered English society within the limits of Court influence was, in a great measure, due to the evil example of the man whom tradition so absurdly designates "the Merry Monarch." He was a man of courage and of fine parts, of perfect manners, and easy temper; had some knowledge of art and poetry; told a story happily; and could hold his own amongst the brilliant wits of his Court. But a remorseless ennui consumed him, springing, perhaps, from a constitutional gloom of temperament; and he took refuge from it in the coarser forms of pleasure. During his exile he had seen much of the "seamy side of life," and had learned to disbelieve in the truth of man and the purity of woman. Sensual enjoyment became his exclusive object; but even into this he carried the burden of his invincible weariness, and he cared nothing for the women whom he made his mistresses—very little for the children of whom they proclaimed him the father. They deceived him openly, but he made no sign of anger or annoyance. Nor, we believe, did he feel any; he could not rouse himself sufficiently from his cynical indifferentism to entertain even these lesser emotions. It was but a part of the farcical comedy of which fate had made him the central figure. What did it matter? It would all end some day, and, meanwhile, he took such amusement as he could get, and recognized that he was cheated by the women on whom he lavished his royal gifts, and ridiculed by the courtiers whom he treated with so much good-natured familiarity. "No thought of re-

morse or shame," says Mr. Green, "seems ever to have crossed his mind." Why should it? Here was a man to whom life was nothing more than a dreary farce, which he and others were compelled to play out: how could remorse or shame penetrate the armour of this apathetic negligence? He cared nothing for the past; and as for the future, he did not think, he said, that God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way. Perhaps, at last, he became conscious of some small anxiety on the subject; if so, he got rid of it in his usual easy fashion by embracing Romanism, and throwing all responsibility on the shoulders of his confessor.

"Mistress followed mistress," says the historian, "and the guilt of a troop of profligate women was blazoned to the world by the gift of titles and estates." These profligate women enjoy a kind of spurious immortality as "the Beauties of the Court of Charles II." Posterity has dealt with their memory much more kindly than they deserved, and I am not at all sure but that their names are better known to multitudes than those of the men of letters, and the philosophers, and the statesmen who, during their shameless reign, helped to make English literature, English science, and English history. I suspect that for a hundred who have heard of Nell Gwynn you will not find one who has heard, let us say, of Cudworth or Henry More. We are a moral people; yet audacious vice has a certain kind of attraction for us, like that of a deep pool for a man who cannot swim. He looks on, fascinated; though he has no intention of plunging into it. The curious popular interest still exhibited in the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. may be due to some such cause

as this; or it may be owing to the influence of their personal charms as preserved for us on glowing canvas by the brush of Sir Peter Lely. Everybody knows the apartment at Hampton Court—it is called "King William III.'s Bedroom"—the walls of which are adorned with the portraits of these voluptuous nymphs. When the Palace is open to the public you will always find an admiring crowd grouped before Sir Peter Lely's masterpieces, contemplating the liberal charms which once beguiled a king.

The origin of these portraits is thus explained by the biographer of the Count de Grammont:—

"There was in London," he says, "a celebrated portrait-painter, called Lely, who had greatly improved himself by studying the famous Vandyke's pictures, which were dispersed all over England in abundance. Lely imitated Vandyke's manner, and approached the nearest to him of all the moderns. The Duchess of York being desirous of having the portraits of the handsomest persons at Court, Lely painted them, and employed all his skill in the performance; nor could he ever exert himself upon more beautiful subjects."*

As Byron tells us, their disordered drapery hints we may admire them freely; but one cannot help a passing

* We subjoin Horace Walpole's criticism:—"If Vandyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural; his laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with *clinquant:* his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Add, that Vandyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was, in truth, the ladies' painter; and whether the age was improved in beauty or flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Vandyck. They please us much more as they evidently meaned to please. He caught the reigning character, and

'. . . on the animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.'"

Anecdotes of Painters.

feeling of wonderment that even a king's mistress should consent to be exhibited to the public gaze with so excessive an *abandon*. Yet such a feeling may hardly be just, in a day when photography crowds the shop-windows with portraits of professional beauties and popular actresses in a costume—or want of costume—that would have shocked even Nell Gwynn.

These "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." occupy in the social history of the Restoration period a place of so much importance that it is not competent for us to ignore them wholly. They belong to the period as much as its dramatists, its courtiers, its poets, or its wits. Some of them, at least, are represented to this day among the proud aristocracy of England. The ducal house of Grafton traces its origin to Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland; that of St. Albans, to Mistress Eleanor Gwynn; that of Richmond to Louise de Querouaille; and that of Buccleuch to Lucy Walters. Sir Bernard Burke would tell us how many other noble families are more or less directly connected with these royal courtesans. *Place aux Dames!* is, therefore, an obligation which we cannot refuse to acknowledge; but we shall pass as briefly and lightly as possible over the story of their careers, which has in it so little to interest the historian, and so much to grieve the moralist—confining ourselves in the present chapter to the four of highest rank, the notorious Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth, Richmond, and Mazarin.

Her imperious temper and brilliant, bold beauty brings into the front rank the notorious Barbara Palmer, successively Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland.

She was the daughter and heiress of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, who died at Oxford, in 1643, of

wounds received in Edgehill fight. In 1658, when she was just eighteen years old, she was married to Roger Palmer, then a student in the temple, and heir to a small estate. In the following year the young couple joined the Court of King Charles II. at Breda, where the charms and gallantries of the new beauty soon attracted attention. In 1661 she gave birth to a daughter, afterwards Lady Sussex, whose father was generally considered to be the Earl of Chesterfield. But she was already the avowed mistress of Charles II., and had begun to acquire over him an ascendancy which, in spite of continual intrigues against her, she maintained for nearly ten years. On the king's marriage to Catherine of Braganza, he endeavoured to force her upon his reluctant consort as a lady of the bedchamber, that he might continue to enjoy her company at Court; and to qualify her for this promotion, he created her husband, in 1662, Earl of Castlemaine in the Irish peerage. The king's connection with the imperious beauty was a matter of so much publicity as to be well known at the Portuguese Court; and before Catherine left Lisbon her mother urged upon her never to allow the Countess's name to be mentioned in her presence. Judge of her indignation, therefore, when she found her included among the ladies of the bedchamber! She struck the hated woman from the list; and as she threatened to return to her family rather than undergo so gross an outrage, Charles for a time was compelled to submit. Some months later, when he thought a suitable opportunity had arrived for repeating the attempt, he led the Countess into the queen's audience-chamber at Hampton Court, and presented his mistress to his wife. At first the Queen appears not to have recognized the name,

and she received her, therefore, with politeness; but when the truth flashed upon her, and she perceived the full enormity of the insult, she burst into tears, the blood flowed from her nose, and she fell to the ground in a swoon. Her ladies conveyed her to another room, and the company broke up "in admired disorder."

So absolute, however, was the influence which the Countess exercised, that Charles persisted in this struggle against his wife's natural feelings. Moreover, he was sensitive to the jibes and jeers of his courtiers, and would rather appear before the world as "no gentleman" than as a henpecked husband. His own remonstrances and persuasions proving ineffectual to overcome his wife's resistance, he sought the intervention of his Lord Chancellor, Clarendon. To him he related all that had taken place, and requested him to negotiate with the Queen for her consent to the proposed arrangement, by which her husband's mistress was to be included among her personal attendants and close companions. Clarendon, for many reasons, shrank from the unwelcome task. Not one of the least powerful was the strong antipathy which had always existed between the Countess and himself; but he also felt the shame and disgrace of being employed on so dishonourable a mission, nor was he insensible to the cruelty of laying upon the Queen a command "which flesh and blood could not comply with." Charles listened with patience, but repeated his request; and the grave Chancellor conquered his scruples rather than risk official disgrace. He paid three visits to the Queen in carrying out this dirty business; but failed, as the King had failed, to shake her resolution. At one time she would be prostrated with the bitterness of her grief; at another,

her wounded pride kindled into a blaze of wrath; but, sorrowful or indignant, she rejected all the Lord Chancellor's appeals, promises, and expostulations. Charles' temper gave way, and he addressed his unlucky go-between in this most unkingly strain:—

"HAMPTON COURT.

"For the Chancellor.

"I forgot when you were here last to desire you to give Broderick good council not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life.

"And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good council, lest you may think that by making a further stir in the business you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber, and whosoever I find endeavouring to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you: if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God; wherefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure *my*

honour is so much concerned in; and whomsoever I find to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may shew this letter to my Lord Lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter.

"CHARLES R."

Out of that topsy-turvy world in which Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis Carroll delight, could anyone expect to find so strange and wayward a group of characters as is here presented for our bitter, scornful laughter? A King, his Lord Chancellor, and his Lord Lieutenant, all engaged in the ignoble enterprise of forcing upon that King's young and blameless wife—but recently married—the intimacy of his mistress! Can it ever have occurred to the sovereign and his grave statesmen what ignominious figures they would make in the eyes of posterity? I know of nothing in Charles's life—unspeakably mean and criminally foul as it was—so mean, so foul as this effort, unfortunately at last successful, to involve his wife in the smirch and stain of his own infamy—to make her publicly recognize, and to all appearance sanction, the adulterous connexion which had brought dishonour to her bed and sown with thorns her path. He succeeded, for the struggle was too unequal to be of long continuance: Catherine, friendless, and persecuted by him who should naturally have been her protector, suddenly submitted, and astonished the world by the completeness of her submission. She treated her rival with open familiarity; they conversed together, and smiled upon each other, in public, like old and attached friends; and it would really seem that even-

tually something like a friendly understanding was established between the mistress and the wife.

Let us, with the help of Mr. Pepys, now take a passing glance at the mistress's husband. "That which pleased me best," says the diarist, "was my Lady Castlemaine standing over against us upon a piece of Whitehall. But methought it was strange to see her lord and her upon the same place, walking up and down without taking notice of one another: only, at first entry, he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it." This child the Earl, who was a Roman Catholic, desired to have baptized in his own communion; but Lady Castlemaine declared that the King was his father, and the infant was baptized, therefore, according to Church of England rites, the King, the Earl of Oxford, and the Countess of Suffolk acting as sponsors. In great dudgeon, the Earl withdrew to the Continent, while Lady Castlemaine, gathering up her jewels, removed to her brother's house at Richmond, and was soon afterwards installed in gorgeous apartments at Whitehall.

At the time of the Popish Plot, Lord Castlemaine was charged by the infamous Titus Oates with having conspired, in revenge for the injury done him by the King, against Charles's life; but the evidence was not convincing, the jury were lenient, and he luckily obtained an acquittal. On the accession of James II. he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Rome, with instructions "to reconcile the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland to the Holy See, from which, for more

than an age, they had fallen off by heresy." For such a mission it was impossible to have chosen a more unfit person. He was well versed, to be sure, in theological polemics; but for the post thrust upon him he had neither the requisite address nor capacity, and his name was indissolubly associated with dishonourable circumstances. He was known, as Macaulay puts it, all over Europe as the husband of the most shameless of women, and he was known in no other way. It was impossible to speak to him, or of him, without remembering the price he had paid for his title. This circumstance would not have been of so much importance if he had been accredited to some profligate Court; but the impropriety was obvious of sending him upon an embassy, which was of a spiritual rather than a secular character, to a pontiff of primitive austerity. It was not until after some months of delay that the Pope admitted him to a public audience, and then he received him with such icy reserve, and so unmistakably indicated his dislike, that there was nothing for him but to return home like a whipped spaniel. He spent the closing years of his life in Wales, and died in 1705.

In 1670, after her separation from Charles II., and probably as part of the terms on which it was effected, the Countess was created Baroness of Nonsuch, in Surrey, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, during her natural life, with remainder to Charles and George Fitzroy, her eldest and her third sons, and to their heirs male.

Of the relations which had subsisted between Charles and his mistress during the period of her ascendancy we find some curious glimpses in the gossippy chronicle of

our friend Pepys. They serve to confirm us in the belief that the Court of Charles II. was, as we have already hinted, a kind of topsy-turvy world in which everything was reversed, the laws of etiquette as well as the principles of morality.

He writes on May 21st, 1662: "My wife and I to my lord [Sandwich] 's lodging; where she and I stayed walking in Whitehall Garden. And in the Privy Gardens saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped every day and night the last week; and that the night the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she . . . was said to be the heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the King's going."

"*January*, 1663.—Mrs. Sarah tells us how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine, and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone privately, and that so as the very sentries take notice of it and speak of it."

"*April 8th*, 1663.—After dinner to the Hyde Park; at the Park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn."

"*April 25th*, 1663.—I did hear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having

not supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him since St. George's Feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her own house to a chamber in Whitehall, next to the King's own."

"*July* 22*nd*, 1663.—In discourse of the ladies at court, Captain Ferrers tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now as great again as ever she was; and that her going away was only a fit of her own upon some slighting words of the King, so that she called for her coach at a quarter of an hour's warning, and went to Richmond; and the King, next morning, under pretence of going a-hunting, went to see her and make friends, and never was a-hunting at all. After which she came back to Court, and commands the King as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will. No longer ago than last night, there was a private entertainment made for the King and Queen at the Duke of Buckingham's, and she was not invited; but being at my Lady Suffolk's, her aunt's (where my Lady Jemima and Lord Sandwich dined) yesterday, she was heard to say—'Well, much good may it do them, and for all that I will be as merry as they;' and so she went home and caused a great supper to be prepared. And after the King had been with the Queen at Wallingford House, he came to my Lady Castlemaine's, and was there all night, and my Lord Sandwich with him. He tells me he believes that, as soon as the King can get a husband for Mrs. Stewart, however, my Lady Castlemaine's nose will be out of joint; for that she comes to be in great esteem, and is more handsome than she."

"*June* 10*th*, 1666.—The Queen, in ordinary talk before

the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning), but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in, and overhearing, did whisper in her ear aside, and told her she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pall Mall, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them; and so she came, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her."

"*July* 29*th*, 1667.—I was surprised at seeing Lady Castlemaine at Whitehall, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all, —how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. So she is come to-day, when one would think his mind would be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament with so much discontent and so many wants upon him, and *but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery.*

"*August* 7*th*, 1667.—Though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at Whitehall, but at Sir D. Harvey's, whither the King goes to her; and he (Sir D. Harvey) says she will make him (the King) ask

her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so."

"*January* 16*th*, 1669.—Povy tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now in a higher command over the King than ever—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant to command him."

The amours of this shameless beauty supplied the lampooners of the day with abundant material, but their coarsest shafts seem to have had no effect upon her imperturbability. Among the gallants she favoured was Harry Jermyn, who makes so contemptible a figure in De Grammont's Memoirs; Charles Hart and Goodman, the actors; Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer; and Wycherley, the dramatist. Handsome Jack Churchill (afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough) was also the object of a temporary attachment. "A man, who from an ensign in the Guards," says Count Hamilton, "was raised to such a fortune, must certainly possess an uncommon share of prudence, not to be intoxicated with his happiness. Churchill boasted of it in all places; and the Duchess, who recommended to him circumspection neither in his behaviour nor his conversation, did not seem to be concerned in the least at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue had become a general topic in all companies, when the Court arrived in London, and occasioned an immense number of speculations and reasonings." It was disclosed to the King by the Duke of Buckingham, between whom and the Duchess an ill-feeling had always prevailed. He conducted Charles to the chamber of his mistress, when she was entertaining her gallant, but, the alarm being given, Churchill escaped by leaping from the window. The Duchess rewarded his prompt courage with a gift of

£5,000; of which, with characteristic thrift, he disposed by purchasing an annuity of £500, secured on the estates of the Earl of Halifax.

The vehemence of her temper bored the King at last, and in 1668 she found it necessary to retire from Whitehall. Two years later she repaired to France, and there she principally resided during the remainder of her ill-spent life. At Paris she did not mend her ways nor her morals; and scandal connected her name with those of Montagu, the English amdassador, first Duke of Montagu, and the Chevalier de Chatillon. Her *liaison* with the latter was so openly conducted as to provoke a remonstrance from Charles II., to which she replied in a strain of defiant shamelessness:—"I promise you," she wrote, "that for my conduct it shall be such as that you nor nobody shall have occasion to blame me. And I hope you will be just to what you said to me, which was at my house when you told me you had letters of mine. You said—'Madam, all that I ask of you for your own sake is, live so for the future as to make the least noise you can, and I care not who you love!'" Love! was ever that noble passion more miserably degraded?

That Nemesis which always waits upon our ill-doings overtook the Duchess in her later years. She was sixty-five when some singular infatuation led her to marry*—a few months after her husband's death—Robert Fielding, better known in the scandalous chronicles of the time as "Handsome Fielding," or "Beau Fielding," a man of infamous character and desperate fortunes, who so cruelly ill-treated her that she was compelled, within a few months, to seek the protection of the law. Fortunately

* November 25th, 1705.

for the Duchess, it was discovered that he had a wife still living; and his conviction for bigamy delivered the Duchess from her thraldrom. She died about two years afterwards, of dropsy (October 9th, 1709), and was buried in Chiswick Church. No monument marks her last resting-place.

Bishop Burnet says of her:—"She was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which, in so critical a time, required great application." The propriety of one of the Bishop's epithets may well be doubted. Had she not possessed some amount of talent, readiness, resource, and courage, she could hardly have maintained her ascendancy in Charles's Court for nine or ten years, and have foiled the numerous intrigues directed against her. She was a bold, bad woman, unquestionably; she had not even the grace to be faithful to her royal lover—a grace which has inclined posterity to condone in some degree the frailty of an Agnes Sorel, a Gabrielle D'Estrées, and a Louise de la Vallière. She was almost as indiscriminate in her attachments as the *hetairæ* of the streets; but that she was a woman of considerable capacity must, we think, be admitted. Her personal attractions not even her enemies disputed; her beauty was on that large and liberal scale which dazzles and commands—which surprises from the spectator his involuntary admiration. She seems to have been capable of acts of generosity; and it may be set to

her credit that she does not appear to have exerted her influence over the King for any political object. The chief use she made of it was to accumulate lands and moneys, which she afterwards dissipated at the gaming table. She is said to have lost £27,000 at a single sitting.

The negative merit with which we have been compelled to credit the Duchess of Cleveland cannot be put to the good account of Louise de la Queronaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. This black-eyed, baby-faced beauty made her appearance at Charles's Court, avowedly as an emissary of Louis XIV., and with the special object of attaching the King to the French interests.

"One of the devices," says Macaulay, "to which Louis resorted for the purpose of obtaining an ascendency in the English counsels deserves special notice. Charles, though incapable of love in the highest sense of the word, was the slave of any woman whose person excited his desires, and whose airs and prattle amused his leisure. Indeed, a husband would be justly derided who should bear from a wife of exalted rank and spotless virtue half the insolence which the King of England bore from concubines who, while they owed everything to his bounty, caressed his courtiers almost before his face. He had patiently endured the termagant passions of Barbara Palmer and the pert vivacity of Eleanor Gwynn. Louis thought that the most useful envoy who could be sent to London would be a handsome, licentious, and crafty Frenchwoman. Such a woman was Louise, a lady of the house of Querouaille, whom our rude ancestors called Madam Carwell."

Early in 1670, she came over to England in the train of

the Duchess of Orleans, and her fresh young charms—she was not more than four-and-twenty—her pleasant piquant talk, and her fascinating manners at once established over Charles a dominion which lasted until his death. Like most Frenchwomen she had a natural talent for intrigue, which she applied successfully to English politics, fully justifying the confidence which Louis XIV. had reposed in her. It was this meddling in affairs of State which excited the popular indignation, and it swelled the more strongly against the intrusive courtesan because she was also a foreigner and a Roman Catholic. Of all Charles II.'s mistresses, she was the most bitterly hated. The savagery of the lampoons directed against her is such that we dare not transcribe them in these pages. Some of them assail her on a point which a vain woman would feel acutely. Of the few which are quotable, one appeared in 1682, and was supposed to be written under her portrait:—

"Who can on this picture look,
And not straight be wonder-struck,
That such a sneaking dowdy thing,
Should make a beggar of a king?
These happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears.
Ruin the great, and raise the small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation is the head:
For half Whitehall make her their court,
Though th' other half make her their sport.
Monmouth's tamer, Jeffrey's advance,
Foe to England, spy to France;
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old."

In August, 1673, Louise was created Baroness of Petersfield, Countess of Farnham, and Duchess of Portsmouth. At the same time *le grand Monarque* acknowledged the

value of her services by conferring on her the Duchy of Aubigny. In 1675 her son by the king was made Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Her wealth was enormous; no place of emolument or trust about the Court could be disposed of until a bribe had been placed in her rapacious hands; Charles lavished liberal gifts upon her, and she received from the French Court a handsome "retaining fee." The evidences of her good fortune rapidly accumulated about her, and her apartments at Whitehall were crowded with costly objects. In Evelyn's Diary we find a graphic description of her boudoir, which, in its sumptuousness, was fitted for any Eastern Sultana:— "Following his Majesty through the gallery, I went," he says, "with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, while her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's wives' in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain's, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life, rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, brasiers, etc., all of massive silver, and out of number;

besides some of his Majesty's best paintings"—which had been removed from the Queen's rooms to adorn the lodgings of the mistress.

There can be little doubt but that Charles's conversion to Romanism was in a large measure due to the influence of the Duchess; and it was through her prompt and earnest action that he received on his death-bed the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of Rome. In an interview with Barillon, the French Ambassador, she revealed to him the secret of the King's religious profession. "I have," she said to him, "a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The King is really and truly a Catholic; but he will die without being reconciled to the Church. His bedchamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot ~~utter~~ it without giving scandal. The Duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remind him that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late." Barillon acted upon her advice; Father Huddleston was smuggled into the chamber of death, and administered the Eucharist to the dying King.

On his death-bed Charles commended the Duchess to his brother's protection, and when his natural children were brought to receive his blessing, it was observed that he bestowed it with special earnestness on his son by the Duchess. His affection for her, the Duchess seems to have reciprocated with some degree of sincerity; and her grief at his death was not wholly selfish. She retired to France with the spoils she had gathered; but her love of the gaming-table soon reduced her to beggary, and but for a pension from the French Government she must

have starved. She preserved until late in life the remarkable personal charms which had won the favour of a king. In her old age she was distinguished by her rigorous discharge of her religious duties, and the completeness of her repentance for the follies and failings of her early career. To speak the truth, she was certainly the most discreet of Charles II.'s mistresses, and excites the least repugnance.

It is said that in 1715 she paid a visit to England, and was presented to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales. She survived Charles II. for nearly fifty years, dying at the age of eighty-eight, at Aubigny, in France, in November, 1734.

One of the most conspicuous figures in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the time—not, it must be admitted, through any special degree of frailty on her own part—was the beautiful Frances Theresa Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond.

A daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter, second Lord Blantyre, she was born about 1647, and educated in France, whence she came over to England in 1662, with her mother, as one of the ladies of the Dowager Queen, Henrietta Maria. Pepys was informed by Evelyn that Louis XIV. would fain have detained her in France, "saying that he loved her, not as a mistress, but as one that would marry as well as any lady in France." Her mother, however, desired for her a different kind of preferment, and with her natural charms enhanced by the graces derivable from a French training, she burst upon the astonished Court a vision of splendid and unequalled beauty. She was almost immediately appointed maid-of-honour to Queen Catherine. The King fell at once a

victim to her loveliness, and seems to have felt for this fair young creature a stronger and deeper passion than any other woman ever inspired in him. Lady Castlemaine did not fail to notice this attachment; but favoured instead of seeking to combat it,—either because she did not think it necessary to be jealous of a girl of sixteen, or that she was too confident in her influence over the King. She not only showed no uneasiness at the royal infatuation, but affected to make Miss Stewart her friend and companion, invited her to all her entertainments, and often kept her to sleep. As it was Charles's daily habit to visit the Countess before she rose, he usually found Miss Stewart in bed with her. These opportunities inflamed his passion, which soon became the common talk of the Court. "The King," says Pepys, writing in 1603, "is now become besotted with Miss Stewart, getting her into corners, and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her, to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself, and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do." A girl of sixteen might well be flattered and beguiled by the passionate devotion of a king; but it says much for her prudence and resolution that though she yielded to his caresses beyond the limits of decorum, she at least preserved her honour.

Of her beauty there can be no doubt. Not only the picture by Lely, but the cast made by Roettiere, the engraver of the mint, as well as the testimony of her contemporaries, establishes this fact. Hamilton, who did not like her, and always writes of her in a spiteful strain, is compelled, Balaam-like, to praise where, evidently, he would have been glad to have depreciated:—"It was

hardly possible," he says, "for a woman to have less wit or more beauty; all her features were fine and regular, but her shape was not good." Yet he admits that "she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women. She was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother-tongue; she was well-bred, and possessed in perfection that *air of dress* which is so much admired, and is very rarely attained, unless acquired when young in France." She rode as one to the manner born. Pepys saw her, on one occasion, returning with the Court from a ride: "I followed them," he says, "into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Miss Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life."

It is a mere truism to say that the rarest personal graces are not always accompanied by extraordinary intellectual gifts; but, if Anthony Hamilton may be credited, "la belle Stewart" was little better than a beautiful simpleton. We must remember, however, that Hamilton, as we have already hinted, writes about her with a spitefulness which suggests that he had received a rebuff at her hands, and, therefore, is hardly a credible witness. Further, that she was barely twenty when she was married, and that from a lively maiden in her "teens" one does not, as a rule, expect either much wisdom of utterance or demureness of

behaviour. According to Hamilton, she laughed at everything—the world had treated her so kindly that she had no cause for sighs or tears!—and her liking for frivolous amusements, though sincere, was allowable only in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. To blind-man's buff she was exceedingly partial. She would divert herself by building castles of cards—"as playful children use"—while the deepest play was going on in her apartments—where she sat surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards; or by young castle-builders, who endeavoured to imitate her skill. After all, she turned her cards to greater advantage than did the gamblers, who lost by them reputation and fortune!

Hamilton admits that she had a passion for music, and had some taste for singing; and the Duke of Buckingham profited by these inclinations to recommend himself to the young Beauty's notice. He had a fine voice, and as she delighted in his songs, he became her particular favourite. His entertaining stories, his *bon-mots*, his clever mimicry, all served so agreeably *pour passer le temps*, that whenever he kept away from the royal apartments, she sent all over the town in search of him. At last he presumed on this partiality to make love to her, but soon discovered how little impression he had made on her heart, and met with a distinct and severe repulse. George Hamilton was equally unsuccessful. So was Francis Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, who, it is said, was so depressed by his failure, that he flung away the life which he no longer valued in the great sea-fight with the Dutch in 1672.

Meanwhile, the King's passion for her daily increased. It was rumoured that he at one time contemplated a divorce from his Queen with the view of raising the

beautiful Stewart to the throne; and when Catherine of Braganza fell dangerously ill in October, 1663, the courtiers, by their additional respect, showed what was the universal expectation. The Queen recovered, and Frances Stewart lost her chance of a queen consort's crown. The King's attentions, however, did not relax; and at length were urged with a dishonourable persistency which she found it more and more difficult to evade or resist. She listened, therefore, with some degree of pleasure to the impassioned pleading of Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond, who could claim a distant relationship to the King, and whose high rank made him no unsuitable pretender to the highest alliance. Charles was greatly vexed by this new aspect of affairs; and endeavoured to divert the Duke from his purpose by intimating that the marriage could not be permitted unless he settled on the bride a suitable dowry, and he named a sum which he knew the Duke could not command. Meanwhile, he privately offered to the lady to make her a Duchess, with an adequate income; and to dismiss the Duchess of Cleveland and all his other mistresses. Whether through prudence, or some worthier motive, the Beauty refused to accept the wages of shame; and the Duke having formally offered his hand, she accepted it, and prepared to brave the King's anger by a clandestine marriage.

It was under these circumstances that the Duchess of Cleveland intervened in the little drama, with the hope of inflicting a blow on her handsome and fortunate rival. Charles, one evening, having been somewhat summarily dismissed from la belle Stewart's apartments, the Duchess took advantage of his angry and jealous mood to suggest that his dismissal had been intended only to prepare for

the reception of the Duke of Richmond; and persuaded him to ascertain for himself whether her suggestion was not well-founded. What happened is described by Count Hamilton, and the scene is one which in a comedy of intrigue would infinitely amuse the audience. We see the Duchess leading Charles by the hand, and dragging him somewhat reluctantly towards her rival's chambers. It is near midnight; and through the dim-lighted gallery the King creeps with hesitating steps, not unconscious that he is on an unkingly errand. At the fair Stewart's bedchamber, the Duchess leaves him. His lady-love's attendants respectfully oppose his entrance, whispering that their mistress had been ill since his Majesty left her, but that, having retired to bed, she is now, most happily, in a very fine sleep. "That I must see!" exclaims the King, and he pushes back the maid who stands in his way. That Mistress Stewart is in bed is, to be sure, quite true; but alas! far from being asleep, she is very wide awake, and listening to the Duke of Richmond, who, seated at the bedside, is probably discussing the details of their intended elopement. *Tableau!* The King's swarthy cheeks glow with the heat of passion, and the veins on his forehead swell almost to bursting, as, a prey to jealousy and rage, he pours out his anger upon the Duke in terms such as Kings seldom use to their powerful nobles. The Thames flows close beneath Mistress Stewart's bedroom-window, and there is a look in Charles's eyes as they turn towards it, which warns the Duke that his safest course is to make no reply, and with a profound bow he retires. The young Beauty, however, is less prudent. She assails the King in the plainest language, and vows that she will dispose of her hand as

she thinks proper, or will escape to France and throw herself into a convent. Her threats, her expostulations, her tears so disturb and perplex the enamoured King, that, at length, he hurries from her apartment, to spend "the most restless and uneasy night he had experienced since his Restoration."

Next day, the Duke received orders to quit the Court, but he had anticipated them, and withdrawn to his country seat. His intended bride sought the Queen's protection, and declared with tears that she had accepted the Duke's addresses as the only means of retrieving her reputation and saving her honour. The Queen, however, with singular want of decency, took the King's side, and besought the girl to think no more either of marriage or a nunnery. Eventually, the Duke returned secretly to London, and obtained an interview with Mistress Stewart, in which they completed their plans; and one stormy night, in March, 1667, the lady contrived to steal unperceived from her apartments at Whitehall, and to meet the Duke at a small inn in Westminster. Thence they fled on horseback to the Duke's seat in Surrey, where, next morning, they were married by his chaplain.

Great was Charles's anger on discovering that the bird had flown. As he quitted her silent and solitary apartment, he fell in with Lord Cornbury, who, as the son of Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, Frances Stewart's trusted friend and adviser, he suspected of complicity in the plot. He poured out upon him the most violent reproaches, refusing to listen when he attempted to defend himself. In the evening, however, his anger had cooled, and he granted the young nobleman an interview which proved satisfactory to both. As for the recalcitrant bride and her

audacious bridegroom, he banished them from the Court, declaring that he would never speak to them again. With a rare sense of honour, the Duchess immediately returned the jewels, which, at various times, she had received from the King.

To her friends the Duchess volunteered an explanation of her conduct which seems to us entirely credible. Pepys has recorded it in his Diary, under the date of April 26th, 1667, as thus :—

"Mr. Evelyn told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world; and told me, from a lord, that she told it to but yesterday with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the King, and he did the like also; and that the King did not deny it, and [she] told this lord that she was come to this pass, that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the King, whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance. She told this lord, that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given to the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court, more than when she comes to kiss the Queen her mistress's hand; and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this lord that all the

jewels she ever had given her at Court, or any other presents (more than the King's allowance of £700 per annum out of the privy-purse for her clothes), even at her first coming, the King did give her a necklace of pearl of about £1,100; and afterwards, about seven months since, when the King had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the King did give her some jewels, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300; and the King of France would have had her mother (who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world) to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court, he would take care that she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewel; so that Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewels about £6,000, and that this is all she hath in the world; and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. . . . She is gone yesterday with her lord to Cobham."

About a year after the marriage the Duchess was appointed a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Catherine, and provided with apartments at Somerset House. Scandal would have it that she proved, at the King's instance, unfaithful to her marriage vows; but there is nothing in her conduct which would lead us to believe it, and the only authority for it seems to be a drunken boast

of the King's. She had been married little more than two years when her beauty was almost entirely destroyed by a severe attack of small-pox. It is to Charles's credit that he paid her, when thus disfigured, attentions as courteous as, if less ardent than, those he had paid her in the flush of her maiden loveliness. At the Court of James II. she was held in high esteem; was one of the ladies chosen to attend Mary of Modena's accouchement in 1688, and signed the certificate before the Council of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

The Duchess was left a widow in December, 1672. She herself survived until October 15, 1702.

"Now died"—writes Evelyn, on the 11th June, 1699—"the famous Duchess of Mazarin: she had been the richest lady in Europe. She was niece to Cardinal Mazarin, and was married to the richest subject in Europe, as is said. She was born in Rome, educated in France, and was of extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband and banished, when she came into England for shelter: she lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by intemperate drinking strong spirits. She has written her own story and adventures, and so has her often extravagant sister, wife of the noble family of Colonnac."

To this outline of a remarkable career, we must add some details by way of filling up.

Hortensia Mancini, born in 1647, was the daughter of Lorenzo Mancini, a Roman noble, and of Jeronyma Mazarin, the great Cardinal-minister's sister. At the age of six she was sent to Paris to be educated; and then displayed in her early years the unrestrained vivacity

of her temper and heedlessness of her disposition. It was a favourite pastime with her to throw handfuls of gold from the windows of the Mazarin palace, that she might laugh at the frenzied eagerness of the mob to secure the spoil. Her waywardness was probably the cause of the vigilant custody in which the beautiful, imperious girl was kept: from which she escaped, however, when only thirteen, by marrying Armand Charles de la Porte, Duke de Meillerage and Mayenne, whom the Cardinal had intended for her sister Marie.* But the Duke preferred the sprightlier Hortensia, and vowed that if he did not marry her he should die in three months. The Cardinal reluctantly consented, making it a condition that the Duke and his heirs should adopt the name, title, and arms of Mazarin for ever—a condition sweetened to the Duke, in the following year, when Mazarin left to his niece the immense fortune of (it is said) £1,625,000.

Never were couple more unsuited to each other. The Duchess was a wild, wayward, adventurous, and witty young beauty; the Duke was stolid, dull, narrow-minded, and, of course, jealous. In his way he was a religious enthusiast; but as his faculties were limited, his enthusiasm took the shape of fanaticism. He had his visions and his revelations from on high; and would rouse his wife from her slumbers to partake of his ecstasy, though she, poor creature! could not hear the voices he professed to hear nor see the celestial visitants he professed to see. He travelled through his estates, attended by an extraordinary following of persons as mad as himself, and of persons who for purposes of gain pretended to be so. At

* The lovely and tender Marie de Mancini, whom the young King, Louis XIV., would fain have married: he never forgot her.

length, after six years' endurance of his eccentricities, the Duchess quitted him, and instituted a suit against him to secure a legal separation. While it drew its slow length along, she lodged, with her friend, Madame de Carrodus, who was almost as gay and handsome as herself, in different convents, being compelled to leave one after another through the freaks into which their wild spirits impelled them. For instance, they poured ink into the *eau bénite*, so that the nuns blackened their faces when they crossed themselves. At midnight they ran headlong through the bedrooms, with a number of small dogs yelping and barking after them. On one occasion they filled two great chests which were over the dormitory with water; it filtered through the chinks and crevices in the floor, and soon deluged the beds of the unfortunate nuns. When some of the elder sisters were appointed to supervise their actions, the reckless beauties wearied them out, one after another, by incessantly running from place to place, and this as fast as their nimble feet could carry them.

Unhappy was the convent which received them as inmates! Soon the reputation they acquired for harum-scarum conduct was so wide-spread that they found every door shut in their faces, and the young Duchess —she was only twenty—was forced to return to the Mazarin palace, where, however, she occupied apartments separate from those of her husband. She had some good reason to suppose that her suit against her husband would be decided in his favour; and determined never again to submit to his thraldom, she assumed a cavalier's dress, and on the night of the 14th of June, 1667, made her escape from Paris. Though orders were

immediately issued for her arrest, she travelled with so much rapidity that before they could be executed she had crossed the borders into Switzerland, whence she passed on into Italy. In almost every place she and her maid, in spite of their male dress, were known to be women; Nanon, her attendant, often forgetting her *rôle,* and addressing her mistress as Madam. Whether from this reason, or because her lovely face awakened suspicion, the people, when the two wanderers had retired to their apartment, used to watch through the keyhole. In this way they discovered their long tresses, which, as they were exceedingly inconvenient under their periwigs, they were glad to let loose as soon as they were at liberty.

After a series of wild adventures, and some months' residence at Rome, she returned, in disguise, to France; but the fact becoming known to her husband's spies, she was again compelled to cross the frontier, and for nearly three years she found an asylum at Chambéry, in Savoy. Wearying of this life of seclusion, and attracted by the fame of the ease and freedom of the English Court, she suddenly made her appearance in London in December, 1678. She had passed her first youth, but her matured beauty was probably more fascinating than her earlier charms; and at all events, she was soon in a position to say, "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" A poetical tribute to her attractions was splendidly paid her by the septuagenarian Waller; the gallants of the Court made her their constant toast; and the impressible Charles, succumbing at once to her influence, provided her with apartments in St. James's Palace, and settled on her an annual pension of £4,000.

The famous wit, St. Evremond, was at that time a resi-

dent in England, and attracted by the Duchess's talents, quite as much as by her personal gifts and graces, he became, and continued through life, her devoted and respectful admirer. When the snows of many winters had whitened his head, he still paid her, with scrupulous homage, his regular morning visit, always carrying with him, it is said, a pound of butter, made in his own miniature dairy, for the Duchess's breakfast. The Duchess resided at Chelsea, in a house by the river-side, and attracted to her reunions the wit, the beauty, and the fashion of the time. Her tact, her *spirituel* vivacity, her conversational address made these gatherings especially delightful. Every guest, says St. Evremond, was made to feel more at home than in his own house, and was treated with greater respect than at Court. Discussions, he adds, were frequent; but they were those of knowledge and not of anger. Play there was, but to an inconsiderable extent, and practised only for amusement. You could not discover in any countenance the fear of losing, or anxiety for what was lost. Then the Duchess's *petite soupers* were unsurpassed in the variety and delicacy of their dishes,—to say nothing of the exquisite grace and skill with which she presided, and the fluent ease and brightness of the conversation in which she contrived that every guest should appear to the greatest advantage.

On the gallantries of the Duchess we have no desire to dwell; they seem to have scandalized even the indulgent temper of her contemporaries. As she advanced in years, it would seem that she gave way to excess in wine. At Court she maintained her influence to the last, and Evelyn mentions her as foremost among the gay and brilliant groups whom he saw in the great Gallery of Whitehall on

the Sunday evening before the King's death. There sate Charles, "toying" with the three Beauties who had successively caught his fickle fancy. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, still retaining traces of the superb and voluptuous charms which, twenty years before, all hearts had found irresistible; the Duchess of Portsmouth, with her lovely baby-face lighted up by the vivacity of France; and Hortensia, the witty and enchanting niece of the great French Cardinal. Says Macaulay, in one of his picturesque passages :—"She had been early moved from her native Italy to the court where her uncle was supreme. His power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, had fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favourite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who for the sake of her smiles and her tables, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill-humour. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of State in her company. Barillon and St. Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger

stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh."

Both at the Courts of James II. and William III., the Duchess was received with courtesy; but her later years were disturbed by the sharp pressure of poverty. She seems to have depended mainly on the contributions of wealthy and liberal intimates. It is on record that, throughout her long residence in Chelsea, she was in arrears for the payment of her poor-rates; though at the same time it would appear that she denied herself none of the *agrémens* of the table. After her death her body was actually arrested at the suit of her creditors. Worn out by a life of excitement and dissipation, she died on the 2nd of June, 1699, in the 53rd year of her age; and there were none to utter a sigh of regret over her grave except St. Evremond, whose lament was worthy both of the dead woman of pleasure and the living voluptuary:— "Had she been alive," he writes to a friend, "she would have had peaches, of which I should not fail to have shared, and truffles, which she and I would have eaten together; not to speak of the carps of Newhall."

JOHN DRYDEN.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN DRYDEN.

In the postscript to his translation of Virgil, Dryden says:—"The seventh Æneid was made English at Burghley, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter; in a village belonging to his family I was born." This village, it is now understood, was Oldwinkle St. Peter's, in Northamptonshire. There is some uncertainty as to the date of the poet's birth; but in the old inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey it was stated to have been the 9th of August, 1631. The present inscription makes it a year later. His early education he received at Tichmarsh or at Oundle, whence he was removed to Westminster School and placed under the charge of the celebrated Dr. Richard Busby. Of this austere pedagogue he cherished in after life a grateful memory, and he dedicated to him his version of the 5th Satire of Persius. Like many other schoolboys he seems to have dabbled freely in verse-making, but his early compositions bear witness to his poetical tastes rather than to any measure of poetical capacity. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 18th of May, 1650, and admitted to his B.A. degree in January,

1654. Of his undergraduate career only a single incident is recorded. In some way or other he had offended one of the ruling powers, and it was therefore ordered that "Dryden be put out of comons for a fortnight, at least, and that he goe not out of the colledge during the time aforesaid, excepting to sermons, without express leave fro the Master or Vice-master, and that at the end of the fortnight he read a confession of his crime in the hall at dinner-time, at the three Fellows' tables. His crime," it is added, "was his disobedience to the Vice-master, and his contumacy in taking of his punishment inflicted by him." Who were his friends, or what were his amusements, what books he read, or what studies he chiefly affected—on these points, unfortunately, we have no information; and we are unable, therefore, to trace the development of his intellectual faculties.

By the death of his father, in June, 1654, he succeeded to the small estate of Blakesly, which was worth about £90 or £100 per annum, but on a third of it his mother had a life-charge. He continued, however, to reside at the University for three years more. His long vacations he spent in Northamptonshire, and they afforded him an opportunity of falling in love with his cousin, Honor Driden, the daughter of his father's elder brother, a Puritan of extreme principles, Sir John Driden, of Canons-Ashby. Nothing came of the wooing, and in 1657 Dryden removed to London, where he seems to have acted as secretary to Sir Gilbert Pickering. In the following year died the great Protector; and the ambitious young man made haste to come before the public in the character of his eulogist, publishing with little delay his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell." In comment-

ing upon which, Mitford remarks that the poet's ideas are laboured, and his inventions curious, and that no marks are apparent of "the luxuriance of early genius, or the overflow of a mind full of poetry." But already we see in them that strength of versification, that manly vigour of expression, and that sonorous rhetoric which were afterwards to become the prominent characters of his poetry. No one can fail to discover the force and energy of such stanzas as the following:—

> "His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone;
> For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
> And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
> Make him but greater seem, not greater grow."

> "Fame of the assorted sea through Europe blown,
> Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
> Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
> And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove."

> "His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
> His name a great example stands, to show
> How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
> Where piety and valour jointly go."

The Restoration put an abrupt end to any hopes of fame or fortune which Dryden may have founded on his family influence. Left to his own resources he discarded the Puritanism in which he had been brought up, and assumed with opportune facility the manners and morals of the new order. The poet who had laid no unworthy funeral wreath on the tomb of the great Protector hastened to throw a poetical garland at the feet of Charles II. in his "Astræa Redux." In his change of opinions, however, it is probable that he was sincere. His temper was naturally conservative, and by the bent of his genius he was inclined to uphold the principle of authority and defend the majesty of law. The anarchical condition of the

country during the interval that elapsed between the death of Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II. would necessarily repel and disgust him; and he would welcome a change that promised the advantages of a settled government. "Astræa Redux" is by no means a great poem, but it contains some fine lines. As, for example:—

"Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown."

"As Heaven itself is took by violence."

"Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before."

"Suffered to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget."

"Astræa Redux" was published by Herringman, the bookseller, and through this connection Dryden probably made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Howard, whose sister, the Lady Elizabeth, he afterwards married. He prefixed to Sir Robert's poems, when issued by Herringman in 1660, some commendatory verses. About May or June, 1661, his industrious pen produced a "Panegyric to his Sacred Majesty on his Coronation"; and on New Year's Day a poem to the Lord Chancellor, Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, in which may be perceived that copiousness of encomium and fertility of flattery which distinguish Dryden beyond all other poets. For no one has ever equalled him in the heartiness, the fulness, and the splendid exaggeration of his praise. There is no stint in it, and no meanness; it rolls onward in a rich and golden flood.

The first indication of his powers as a satirist, which were not less remarkable than his genius as a panegyrist, we find in his "Satire on the Dutch" (1662), after-

wards worked up into the prologue and epilogue of his play "Amboyna." It contains none of the wit or humour with which Marvell and Butler invested the same subject, but is almost savage in its vehemence. "Think," he says—

> "Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,
> And that what once they were, they still would be.
> To one well born the affront is worse and more,
> When he's abused and baffled by a boor.
> With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
> They've both ill nature and ill manners too. . . .
> Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
> Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.
> Their sway became 'em with as ill a mien,
> As their own paunches swell above their chin."

It is only the savage strength of these couplets that redeems them from vulgar insolence. The indefatigable penman, however, had not yet discovered his true *métier*; and the Restoration having re-opened the gates of the theatre, he proposed to himself to acquire distinction—and competency—as a dramatist. In another chapter we have treated of Dryden's plays at considerable length: here, therefore, we shall limit ourselves to a reference to their chronological order. But on the general subject we would venture the remark that while these plays force upon us a conviction of their author's fertility of resource, wonderful command of language, keen observation, and intellectual apitude, they do not the less strongly impress us with the feeling that he was not by nature intended to be a great dramatist. He could invent, but he could not create; and this is just the difference between the playwright and the dramatist. Of all the characters which flicker faintly through his comedies and tragedies not one has had in it life enough to survive Dryden's own

time. Of all the full-mouthed couplets which he poured out so freely in his dramas, how many do we remember? Has the popular memory taken up a single stroke of wit or burst of humour? There is no doubt that Dryden himself, with his wit and accurate critical judgment, was conscious of his failure. It has been well said that "he could not be imaginative in the highest dramatic sense, but the need of imaginativeness pressed on him" as it did not press on his brother playwrights. "He could not reach the sublime, but neither could he content himself as they did with the prosaic; he rants, fumes, and talks wild bombast in the vain effort after sublimity." In like manner he aspired to be witty, but succeeded only in making his characters talk flippantly. When he would be humorous, he could find no other subject than the sexual passions; and instead of being humorous, became brutally coarse. His heart was not in his dramatic work; he had taken to it, because it paid; and this is not a motive which brings out a man's highest powers.

"In the year of his Majesty's happy restoration," writes Dryden, "the first play I undertook was the Duke of Guise, as the fairest way which the Act of Indemnity had then left us of setting forth the rise of the late rebellion, and by exploding the villanies of it upon the stage, to precaution posterity against the like errors." The poet's friends, however, did not think well of his dramatic effort; he laid it aside in deference to their adverse criticisms, and tried his hand in the humbler walk of comedy. "The Wild Gallant" was played in February, 1663, but proved a failure. Says Mr. Pepys: "It was . . . so poor a thing as ever I saw in my life almost, and so little answering the name, that from the

beginning to the end I could not, nor can at this time, tell certainly which was the 'Wild Gallant'!" It was, perhaps, in a spirit of contradiction that the Duchess of Cleveland (then only Lady Castlemaine) bestowed her patronage upon the unfortunate comedy, and procured that it should be more than once acted by the King's command; but the kindness was not forgotten by Dryden, and he addressed to "the bold, bad beauty" some stanzas full of his characteristic profuseness of adulation. In his preface to the published play, he honestly admits his want of success: "It was the first attempt I made in dramatic poetry, and, I find since, a very bold one, to begin with comedy, which is the most difficult part of it. The best apology I can make for it, and the truest, is only this, that you have, since that time, received with applause as bad and as uncorrect plays from other men."

It is said that Dryden lived the life of a libertine; that like the men of his day he indulged to the utmost in the reaction against Puritanism; but his debaucheries, however gross and frequent, affected neither his intellectual vigour nor his magnificent perseverance. He had determined to be accepted as a successful writer for the stage; and undiscouraged by the failure of his initial attempt, he again faced the public, before the end of the year, with a tragi-comedy, "The Rival Ladies." In this the tragic scenes are written in rhyme, and the lighter in blank verse: thus Dryden's great powers of versification were brought into play, and they at once extorted from the audience a gracious recognition. The indefatigable dramatist was at this time collaborating with Sir Robert Howard on his play of "The Indian Queen." They retired for the greater convenience of their joint work to the Earl

of Berkshire's seat at Charlton in Wiltshire, where Dryden became the successful suitor of the Earl's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard. The scandal of the day was busy with the lady's reputation, or want of it; and the lampoonists did not scruple to assert that the poet was "hectored into marriage" by her "brawny brothers." However this may be, the marriage which was celebrated in the church of St. Swithin's, London, on the 1st of December, 1663, brought Dryden no domestic happiness, and failed to reclaim him from the dissoluteness of his living. Scott enters upon an elaborate exposition of the causes of this unhappiness:—"It is difficult," he says, "for a woman of a violent temper and weak intellect—and such the lady seems to have been—to endure the apparently causeless fluctuation of spirits incident to one doomed to labour incessantly in the feverish excitement of the imagination. Unintentional neglect, and the inevitable relaxation, or rather sinking of spirit, which follows violent mental exertion, are easily misconstrued into capricious rudeness or unintentional offence: and life is embittered by mutual accusation, not the less intolerable because reciprocally just. The wife of one who is to gain his livelihood by poetry, or by any labour (if any there be) equally exhausting, must either have taste enough to relish her husband's performances, or good-nature sufficient to pardon his infirmities. It was Dryden's misfortune that Lady Elizabeth had neither the one nor the other; and I dismiss the disagreeable subject by observing that, on no one occasion when a sarcasm against matrimony could be introduced, has our author failed to season it with such bitterness as spoke an inward consciousness of domestic misery." All this seems to us

utterly beyond the question. There is no proof that Dryden suffered from "fluctuation of spirits," or "feverish excitement;" or that his literary labours had anything to do with the infelicity of his married life. But what else was to be expected than domestic wretchedness when a woman of fashion wedded a man steeped to the lips in the impurity of his age?

"The Indian Queen," written in heroic couplets, was produced in January, 1664, with unusual splendour of stage accessories; and was so successful that Dryden followed it up with the tragedy of "The Indian Emperor," which he called "a sequel" to the former, though the plot and nearly all the characters are entirely new. This was acted in the winter of 1664-1665, and placed its author in the van of the playwrights of the day. The pestilence of 1665 and the Great Fire of 1666 led to a compulsory closure of the London Theatres, and to a consequent cessation of Dryden's dramatic labours. But he could not be idle, and among the green shades of Charlton he employed himself upon his first important poem—the "Annus Mirabilis," or "Year of Wonders,"* written in the quatrains made popular by Sir William Davenant's "Gondibert," but wielded with a force and facility which Davenant had never exercised. In the "Annus Mirabilis" we first recognize Dryden as a great poet. There is exaggeration in the colouring, no doubt, and a good deal of tumidity in the language; but the different subjects—the Dutch War, the progress of Commerce, the foundation of the Royal Society, and the Fire of London—are treated with infinite skill, and many passages are alive with poetic invention. Our sea battles have never been described

* Dryden borrowed his title from a Puritan book published in 1661.

with so much pomp and vigour of rhetoric, with such a fluency and richness of versification. We cannot resist the temptation of transferring to our pages the following animated stanzas:—

"Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
In number and a famed commander bold:
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

"The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

"Both furl their sails and strip them for the fight,
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
The Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

"Born each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfixed, and floating nations strove.

"Now passed, on either side they nimbly tack;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

"On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such part the elephant bears, and so defied
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

"And as the build, so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails designed:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

"Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose battered rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scattered leaves.

"Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

"At this excess of courage, all amazed,
The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw:
With such respect in entered Rome they gazed,
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw* . . . .

"Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,
His shattered sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

"Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide. . . .

"The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they ashamed to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

"In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumb'ring, smile at the imagined flame."

It was also at this time that Dryden composed his justly celebrated "Essay on Dramatic Poesy." In the dedicatory preface to his "Rival Ladies," he had strenuously contended, after the example of Corneille, that tragedy should be written in rhyme, and that blank verse, from its resemblance to prose, was beneath the dignity of the tragic drama. A year or two later, in the preface to his "Four New Plays," Sir Robert Howard replied to his brother-in-law's argument, and set forth the claims of blank verse. And now, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," Dryden again plunged into the dispute. He throws his reflections into the form of a dialogue, carried on by Eugenius (Lord Buckhurst), Lisideius (Sir Charles Sedley), Crites (Sir Robert Howard), and Neander (Dryden); and not only

* Observe with what a kingly lavishness Dryden disperses the largesse of his praise! One can hardly call it flattery—there is such an exaltation, such an air of loftiness, about it.

maintains the beauty of rhyme, and its aptitude for tragical writing, but discusses the dramatic art, with regard to action, plot, and the unities, and bestows a good deal of criticism on ancient and modern poets. One of the finest passages is that in which the author enlarges upon the work and genius of Shakespeare. As, throughout, the opinions of Crites are controverted and exposed, Sir Robert Howard felt himself aggrieved, and a coldness sprang up between the two brothers-in-law which is plainly shown in Howard's preface to his "Duke of Lerma." Dryden rejoined with vigour in his "Defence of the Essay on Dramatic Poesy," prefixed, in 1668, to the second edition of his "Indian Emperor." Afterwards, however, the two critics were reconciled, and Dryden made the *amende honorable* by cancelling his "Defence."

In March, 1667, on the re-opening of the theatres, Dryden produced his comedy of "Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen;" and in the same year, "Sir Martin Mar-all," an adaptation of Moliére's "L'Etourdi." "All for Love," which is, perhaps, his finest dramatic effort, followed in 1668. The dramatist was under an agreement with the management of the King's Theatre to supply three plays a year for one share and a quarter out of the twelve shares and three-quarters into which the theatrical stock was divided,—an agreement which yielded between £300 and £400 annually, though the stipulated number of plays was never furnished. "An Evening's Love; or, The Mock Astrologer," appeared in 1668. The next year saw the production of "Tyrannic Love; or, The Royal Martyr," and in 1670, his unwearied pen composed the first part of "Almanzar and Almahide; or, The Conquest of Granada"—one of the heroic plays most sharply

satirized by the Duke of Buckingham in "The Rehearsal," in which extravaganza, as everybody knows, Dryden figures under the pseudonym of Bayes. The poet, however, could afford to hold the Duke's vivacious satire very cheaply, as he had just been appointed Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal. The salary of the united offices was £200, and Dryden's income from all sources must have been about £750 or £800,—"a sum more adequate to procure all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, than thrice the amount at present." It did not suffice for his reckless expenditure, and he was always in debt; extorting, when his necessities pressed very heavily, a gift of money from some noble patron by a fulsome "Dedication."

Dryden was too resolute a man to be beaten to his knees by any satirist, and in 1672, he brought out his tragi-comedy of "Marriage à la Mode," and his play of "The Assignation; or, Love in a Nunnery." The failure of the latter seems to have provoked him greatly, if we may judge from the bitterness of the preface, dedicated to Sir Charles Sedley, which he prefixed to the play when it was printed and published in 1673. It was in the same year that he produced his wretched tragedy of "Amboyna; or, The Cruelties of the Dutch to the English Merchants," written in order to stimulate public feeling against the Dutch after the dissolution of the Triple Alliance; and in the same year Elkanah Settle broke upon the town with his "Empress of Morocco," which met with extraordinary success, and was acted for a month together. The Earl of Rochester who, through some unknown cause, had quarrelled with Dryden, bestowed an ostentatious patronage on the playwright; and Settle was encouraged to

publish the play, "adorned with sculptures," and weighted with a dedication levelled against the Laureate. Dryden lost his temper, and united with Shadwell and Crowne in a coarse criticism on the "Empress of Morocco," in which he is seen at his worst. Settle replied; and left his antagonist covered with the dust and dirt of a degrading and injudicious controversy. Thenceforth Rochester was Dryden's avowed enemy, and we shall see to how brutal an extremity he was led by the recklessness of his revenge.

In 1674, the year of Milton's death, Dryden published an operatic perversion of "Paradise Lost," called "The State of Innocence and the Fall of Man," which is one of the curiosities of literature. That a man of Dryden's sober genius and critical acumen could so degrade a pure and lofty theme is an illustration of human error which might have afforded Mr. Caxton matter for a chapter in his famous History. Dryden was by no means deficient in appreciation of the intellectual greatness of the blind poet. It is said that he asked his leave to adapt "Paradise Lost" for stage purposes; and was answered with a half-contemptuous, half good-natured shrug—"Aye, you may tag my verses." Aubrey is the authority for this pretty little anecdote, but its authenticity seems to us very doubtful. The tradition is, perhaps, equally dubious that Milton spoke of his adapter as "a good rhymer, but no poet."

In the spring of 1675 appeared the heroic play of "Aureng Zebe; or, The Great Mogul," the last of Dryden's dramas in rhyme. In his dedication of it to the Earl of Mulgrave, we clearly read his consciousness that in his writings for the stage he had not done justice to his genius, and he expresses a worthy ambition to produce some work

by which his name might be remembered. "If I must be condemned to rhyme," he says, "I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the Stage; to roll up a stone with endless labour (which, to follow the proverb, gathers no moss), and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought myself very fit for an employment where many of my predecessors have excelled me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and these too, considering my abilities may be vain, that I may make the world some part of amends for many ill plays by an heroick poem. Your Lordship has long been acquainted with my design, the subject of which you know is great, the story English, and neither too far distant from the present age, nor too near approaching it, Such, it is my opinion, that I could not have a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my King and country, and my friends; most of our ancient nobility being concerned in the action. And your Lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discussing it to His Majesty and His Royal Highness. They were then pleased both to commend the design, and to encourage it by their commands. But the unsettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty. I can make no rhapsodies, nor go a-begging at the Grecian doors, while I sing the praises of their ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his patron. And, to draw the allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not

want a Mecænas with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in His Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caused him, I fear, to lay aside."

In the dedication to his "Juvenal," the poet tells us that he hesitated between two subjects: the conquest of the Saxons by King Arthur, or Edward the Black Prince subduing Spain and restoring it to Don Pedro the Cruel. He attempted neither, being discouraged by the treatment he received from the King, who gave him fine words instead of substantial help. His small salary was irregularly paid, while his income had been greatly reduced by the burning of the King's Theatre and the outlay incurred in rebuilding it. There is no occasion to regret Dryden's failure to realise his ambitious design of writing an epic poem. His powers did not lie in that direction; and an epic by Dryden must at least have been a splendid mistake.

His next, and best play, "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost," a tragedy founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, was produced at the King's Theatre in 1678. He speaks of it as "the only play written for himself, the rest were given to the people. . . ." "In my style," he adds, "I have preferred to imitate the divine Shakespeare which, that I may perform more freely, I have dismembered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. . . . I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that, by imitating him, I have excelled myself throughout the play; and particularly that I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius, in the first act, to anything which I have written in this kind." From the heights attained

in this really noble drama, he made a deplorable descent in his licentious comedy of "Limberham," produced in the same year. To 1679 belongs the tragedy of "Œdipus," which he wrote in conjunction with Nathaniel Lee, and an adaptation or reconstruction of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," in which, as Scott says, he has suppressed some of the finest poetry of the original, and exaggerated its worst faults. To the play is prefixed an admirable discourse on the "Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," which makes us regret that Dryden did not observe his own rules. When he wrote "'Tis neither height of thought that is discommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleness of expression in its proper place; but 'tis a false manner of all these, something which is like 'em, and is not them; 'tis the Bristol stone which appears like a diamond; 'tis an extravagant thought, instead of a sublime one; 'tis roaring madness, instead of vehemence; and a sound of words instead of sense. . . ." he must surely have been conscious of the Bristol stones and the extravagance, the roaring madness, and the sound and fury, which disfigured his dramatic conceptions, and had done so much to vitiate and corrupt the taste of the age.

We have already alluded to the hostile feeling which Rochester had unfortunately conceived against the poet. In the winter of this year it received a strong stimulus by the publication of Lord Mulgrave's "Essay upon Satire," which Rochester ascribed to Dryden, though he had done nothing more than revise some passages of it. Rochester resolved upon revenge; and on the 18th of December some ruffians, whom he had hired, waylaid the poet as he was returning from his favourite resort, Will's Coffee-house,

through Covent Garden, and with their cudgels severely maltreated him. A reward was offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage, but though it was tolerably well known to have been instigated by Rochester —and the Duchess of Portsmouth was also thought to have had a hand in it—no definite evidence could be obtained. Dryden's enemies—and they were legion—found in this act of violence an inexhaustible source of ribald allusion. He himself, with considerable dignity, refrained from avenging himself upon its author, who sank into a premature grave in the following July.

It is impossible not to admire the resolute industry of Dryden. His unwearied pen turned from one subject to another, apparently without a pause, and no sign of exhaustion or feebleness is anywhere conspicuous. His first essay at translation was made in 1680, when he joined with Lord Mulgrave in rendering three of Ovid's Epistles into English verse. In the spring of 1681 he again appeared before the footlights with a play, "The Spanish Friar; or, the Double Discovery," in which he pandered to the popular prejudice against the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. And a few months later he gave to the world the famous poem in which his genius found at last a free and fitting field for its exercise, and the mature conclusions of his ripe judgment and wide experience were stated with unequalled force and freedom. "Absalom and Achitophel" is technically termed a satire, but it is something more: it is an exposition of political faith, informed with a true philosophical spirit. It is the work of a man whose Conservatism was tempered by a certain breadth of view and warmth of sympathy. It upholds authority as "a security against revolution," but we can clearly see

that its writer would, in certain circumstances, contend with equal fervour for liberty. It is his alarm and disgust at the sight of a "state drawn to the dregs of a democracy" that make him rally so eagerly to the support of the Crown. As everybody knows, its immediate cause was the Popish Plot, which Dryden regarded as fomented by the Earl of Shaftesbury in order to promote the Duke of Monmouth's accession to his father's throne. Charles II. is King David, Absalom the Duke of Monmouth, and the crafty Achitophel, who draws him into rebellion, is Shaftesbury. We need not comment upon the vigour and fidelity with which their portraits are drawn—or the portraits of other notable actors in the drama of the time, such as Zimri for the Duke of Buckingham, and Corah for Titus Oates. They are as finished in detail as they are bold in outline. As a satirical poem "Absalom and Achitophel" is unequalled, not only for directness, but for moderation. There is no malignity in it—nothing of that malice which rankles in Pope's venomous attacks. "The blows," as Professor Ward remarks, "are not dealt indiscriminately, as in an Aristophanic comedy, to which nothing is sacred, or in the wantonness of partisan wit, such as Canning poured forth against the impotence he disliked not less than against the fanaticism he abhorred, —but with care and even self-restraint. Absalom is 'lamented' rather than 'accused;' and Achitophel himself where he deserves praise receives it from the candour of his politic assailant. Johnson has commended Dryden's poem as 'comprising all the excellences of which the subject is capable;' and not a jot need be abated from this at once high and judicious encomium. In what other poem of the kind will be found, together with so much

versatility of wit, so incisive a directness of poetic eloquence? Dryden is here at his best; and being at his best, he is entirely free from that irrepressible desire to outdo himself, which in a great author as in a great actor so greatly interferes with an enjoyment of his endeavours, and to which in productions of a different kind Dryden often gave way. This self-control was the more to his credit since he had not yet shot all the bolts in his quiver, and declared himself quite prepared to convince those who thought otherwise, 'at their own cost, that he could write severely with more ease than he could write gently.'"

Dryden's poem had, no doubt, its influence on the popular mind; but it did not prevent the Middlesex Grand Jury from throwing out the bill of Achitophel's indictment, or the London mob from welcoming the Earl's release with bonfires and much ringing of bells. This enthusiasm for a mock hero—for a man who, in the poet's eyes, was the champion of disorder and the apostle of anarchy—provoked from him the sharp corrosive satire of "The Medal," * which was published early in March, 1682, with a prefatory "Epistle to the Whigs." The invective against Shaftesbury is here very strong and keen; not less strong or keen the masterful protest against the stupidity of his partisans.

It is needless to say that these great satirical poems called forth a swarm of replies, most of which were neither satirical nor poetical. The best were written by Samuel Pordage. The coarsest was Shadwell's "The Medal of John Bayes; a Satyr against Folly and

* That is, the medal struck to commemorate the rejection of the bill against Shaftesbury.

Knavery," which, however, is neither more nor less than a gross personal attack upon Dryden:—

"Pied thing! half wit! half fool; and for a knave
Few more than this a better mixture have:
But thou canst add to that, coward and slave."

It is not probable that Shadwell believed all this; nor is it probable that Dryden believed Shadwell to be the dullard—which he certainly was not—he has gibbeted so triumphantly in his "Mac Flecknoe; or, a Satire on the True-blue Protestant Poet, T. S.," published in October, 1682. This crushing diatribe is one of Dryden's most brilliant efforts: in execution it is perfect. The roll and rush of its versification carries the reader on with it irresistibly, and suggests an idea of spontaneity that contrasts vividly with the elaboration of Pope's "Dunciad." One can feel that the poet enjoyed the ease and power with which he struck down his adversary in such lines as the following:—

"Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

Richard Flecknoe, from whom the satire takes its title, was an Irish Roman Catholic priest, with an unhappy reputation for writing doggerel, who died some four years before his name attained so unexpected an immortality.

In November, 1682, appeared "The Second Part of

Absalom and Achitophel," chiefly written by Nahum Tate, Dryden's contribution forming only 200 lines (ll. 310-509), in which, with his characteristic incisiveness, he sketches Shadwell as Og and Elkanah Settle (another of his miserable assailants) as Doeg in the liveliest colours his satiric genius could supply. The same month witnessed the publication of his "Religio Laici" (A Layman's Religion), a poem with a personal as well as a literary value, for it illustrates those intellectual and moral tendencies which shortly afterwards led Dryden to enter the Roman Catholic communion. It was addressed to "an ingenious young gentleman" who had translated Simon's "Critical History of the Old Testament." Both in the poem and the preface Dryden opposes the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, and writes in a spirit that reminds us of much of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," which probably suggested the title. The key-note is supplied, we think, in the following lines:—

> "For points obscure are of small use to learn,
> But common quiet is the world's concern."

For rest, for quiet, for the sense of repose that comes to one who leans upon a supreme Authority, while not servilely truckling to all its dictates, Dryden yearned, as many quick intellects, weary with the din of sects and the clash of opinions, have always yearned; and it was this yearning which ultimately led him to profess himself a member of the Roman Church.

This year of intellectual activity Dryden closed with the production of the tragedy of "The Duke of Guise," which he had written in co-operation with Lee. Its design was to apply to the Opposition of the day the story

of the French League; but, like most plays written with a purpose, it failed to command success. As was only natural, it was vehemently attacked by pamphleteers, which some of Dryden's biographers indignantly resent, though polemics on the stage can hardly expect to pass unnoticed and unanswered. The poet's old antagonist, Shadwell, was among the assailants and was finally disposed of in a "Vindication of the Duke of Guise."

A Preface and a Memoir to a new translation of Plutarch by several hands—the basis of Arthur Clough's edition—was Dryden's chief work in 1683. In the following year he published a translation of Maimburg's "History of the League," in which a parallel is drawn between the Huguenots of France and the Leaguers, as both equally determined enemies of the Monarchy. It was easy, says Scott, to transfer the comparison to the sectaries of England, and the association proposed by Shaftesbury. The work was published with unusual solemnity of title-page and frontispiece; the former declaring that the translation was made by His Majesty's command, the latter representing Charles on his throne surrounded by emblems expressive of hereditary and indefeasible right. In the dedication to the King, occur expressions of strong party violence, and even ferocity. The forgiving disposition of the King, says Dryden, encouraged the conspirators. Like Antæus, they were refreshed from a simple overthrow. "These sons of earth are never to be trusted in their mother element; they must be hoisted into the air and strangled." Dryden did not mean his advice to be taken literally; but Charles had no time to act upon it. Apoplexy cut short his dishonoured life and unprofitable reign on the 6th of February, 1685.

Dryden was by no means ignorant or unappreciative of our earlier poetical literature, and in 1684 he revived the old Elizabethan system of collecting in one volume the works of different writers. "The Miscellany Poems," which he suggested and edited, contained his own "Mac-Flecknoe," "Absalom and Achitophel," and "The Medal," besides translations by himself, Sedley, Roscommon, Rochester, Otway, Rymer, Tate, Stepney, and several others of less note. The first volume was published by Jacob Tonson; it was followed at various intervals in the poet's life by three others, and Tonson added two more after his death. A new and revised edition appeared in 1715. Work such as this must have been distasteful enough to the veteran, who towered head and shoulders above all his literary contemporaries; and it is painful to reflect that it was forced upon him by his pecuniary necessities. His salary as laureate was irregularly paid, and at this time sadly in arrear; so was an annuity of £100 granted to him in 1680 by Charles II. At the King's death it seems to have lapsed; and great as had been Dryden's services to the Crown, it was not until March, 1686, that James II. could be induced to renew it. In his distress he applied for a small office "either in the Customs, or the Appeals, or the Excise;" but no such provision was forthcoming for the necessitous poet, and he was compelled to ply his pen with as much industry and resolution as he could command.

At the time of Charles II.'s death, he was rehearsing at Court his opera of "Albion and Albanius;" designed to celebrate the King's escape from the Rye House Plot and his victory over the Whig Opposition. He put it aside to fulfil his duty as poet-laureate, and apotheosize

Charles in the cold and laboured poem of the "Threnodia Augustalis." Then he resumed his opera, which, with very fine scenery and much pure music by Louis Grabu, was produced on the 3rd of June, 1685. It failed ignominiously; as it deserved to fail, the poet's share being no better than the musician's, which led the wits to say that the laureate and Grabu had mistaken their trade—the former writing the music and the latter the verse.

Soon after James's accession, Dryden announced his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion. We have seen that his mind had for a considerable period been gradually moving in this direction; and there is no truth in the malicious insinuation that he was biased by motives of self-interest. The coarse epithet of "illustrious renegade" which Macaulay applies to him was wholly undeserved. He had formed his opinions honestly, and he stood by them honestly, at a time when they were notoriously unpopular with the mass of his countrymen. Like most converts, he threw a good deal of fervour into his profession of his new religion. He translated and dedicated to the Queen the "Life of St. Francis Xavier," by the Peré Bouhours. But the great and incomparable service which he rendered was the composition of "The Hind and the Panther,"* in which he employed the graces of poetry to embellish a religious argument. In nearly two thousand lines—few of which are trivial, most of which are noble, and all of which are tempered with a fine earnestness—he advocates the union of the Church of England and the Roman Catholics, in order to vindicate the truth against the attacks of

* The "milk-white hind" is, of course, the Church of Rome; the panther, "fairest creature of the spotted kind," the Church of England.

sectaries. The fable-form of the poem is, no doubt, somewhat clumsily contrived; the reasoning is by no means proof against the objections of a skilled controversialist; but the elevated excellence of the versification cannot be denied. It would be unpardonable to load our pages with quotations from a poem which is at everybody's command; but the splendid passage on the Oneness of the Church, however often he may have read it, no reader will object to read again:—

"One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond,
Not sparkles shattered into sects like you:
One is the Church, and must be to be true,
One central principle of unity;
As undivided, so from errors free;
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics opposed from age to age;
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven and meets them half-way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land.
You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and botches with disgrace
And public scandal sat upon the face,
Themselves attacked, the Magi strove no more;
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are watered by her wealthy tides.
The gospel-sound, diffused from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry and where waves can roll;
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Conveyed to every clime, in every age."

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the man who, with prompt vigour and virile energy, struck off these lines,

red-hot, from the anvil of his genius. Compare them with Pope's "Essay on Man," and we feel like one who is suddenly transported from the fresh freedom of the breezy hills to the close confinement of the student's chamber, odorous with the fumes of the midnight lamp.

Among the circle of wits, critics, politicians, poetasters, and men of fashion which revolved around Dryden at Will's Coffee House,* figured Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Matthew Prior, then a student at St. John's College, Cambridge. Joining their intellectual forces, they produced a clever caricature, in the manner of "The Rehearsal," of the new poem, under the title of "The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd in the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse," reviving Mr. Bayes and his old friends, Smith and Johnson. Bayes, formerly proud of his play, is now proud of his fable. "What," says Johnson, "do you make a fable of your religion?" "Aye, egad," is the reply, "and without morals, too; for I tread in no man's steps; and to show you how far I can out-do anything that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken Horace's design, but, egad, have so outdone him, you shall be ashamed for your old friend. You remember in him the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse; what a plain, simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, egad, than a hobby-horse; and his mice talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere mice, that I wonder it has pleased the world so long. But now will I undeceive mankind, and teach

* Dr. Johnson relates:—"Of the only two men I have found to whom he (Dryden) was personally known, one told me that at the house which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-House, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him; and the other related that his arm chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was, in the summer, placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat."

'em to heighten and elevate a fable. I'll bring you in the very same mice disputing the depth of philosophy, searching into the fundamentals of religion, quoting texts, fathers, councils, and all that; egad, as you shall see, either of 'em could easily make an ass of a country vicar. Now, whereas Horace keeps to the dry, naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, egad. Here, I draw you general characters, and describe all the beasts of the creation; there, I launch out into long digressions, and leave my mice for twenty pages together; then I fall into raptures, and make the finest soliloquies, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?" *Johnson:* "Faith, sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two mice?" *Bayes:* "Ay, why not? Is it not great and heroical! But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can; egad, I defy all critics. Thus it begins:—

> "A milk-white mouse, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy ranged;
> Without, unspotted; innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no ginn."*

The sharpness of the satire seems to have wounded Dryden deeply; though we can hardly credit the story that it moved him to tears.

The first "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" was written in 1687, and, having been set to music by Draghi, was

* "The Hind and the Panther" begins:—

> "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged:
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

Dryden wrote his poem, it is said, at Rushton, near Huntingdon, where a leafy avenue, which he much affected, long retained the name of "Dryden's Walk." About the middle of the last century, an urn was erected there, with the inscription:—"In memory of Dryden, who frequented these shades, and is here said to have composed his poem of "'The Hind and the Panther.'"

publicly performed on November 22nd, the Saint's festival. Its lyrical flow is exquisite; the sweep of its versification knows neither let nor stay, and its organ harmonies are broad and deep. The second Cecilian ode "Alexander's Feast," is better known, and its immense fire has made it more popular; but it contains nothing more beautiful than the following stanzas :—

> "What passion cannot music raise and quell?
> When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
> His listening brethren stood around,
> And, wondering, on their faces fell
> To worship that celestial sound.
> Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
> Within the hollow of that shell,
> That spoke so sweetly and so well.
> What passion cannot music raise and quell?"

The "Britannia Rediviva," a laureate-poem published a fortnight after the birth of the Prince of Wales (June, 1688), the unfortunate scion of an unfortunate dynasty, afterwards known as "The Pretender," is chiefly remarkable for its adulatory enthusiasm and its want of political foresight—a want of which Dryden must have been painfully conscious when the Revolution swept his Royal patron from the throne, and deprived himself of his office of poet-laureate and historiographer, in which he was succeeded by his old and despised antagonist Shadwell. The loss of his official income and the increasing expenses of his family compelled him to resume the task-work of writing for the stage. There is no sign of exhausted energies or weakened intellectual power, however, in the fine tragedy of "Don Sebastian," though, on its production in 1690, it was by no means successful. It was followed in the same year by "Amphitryon," an adaptation from Plautus and Molière, with music by Purcell; and in 1691 by the

opera, also with music by Purcell, of "King Arthur; or, The British Worthy." "Cleomenes; or, The Spartan Hero" was his next effort. Owing to his illness, it was completed by Southern (May, 1692); but its representation was prohibited by the Government. "This," says Scott, "was not very surprising, considering the subject of the play, and Dryden's well-known principles. The history of an exiled monarch soliciting, in the Court of an ally, aid to relieve his country from a foreign yoke, and to restore him to the throne of his fathers, with the account of a popular insurrection undertaken for the same purpose, were delicate themes during the reign of William III.; at least, when the pen of Dryden was to be employed in them, whose well-known skill at adapting an ancient story to a modern moral had so often been exercised in the cause of the house of Stewart."

Dryden's last play, a tragi-comedy, called "Love Triumphant; or, Nature will prevail," produced in 1693, was damned by the universal censure of the public; and thus his dramatic career, which had extended over 30 years, closed, as it had begun, with ill-success. In its prologue and epilogue he bids farewell to the stage, having resolved to apply himself to the translation of Virgil.

While engaged in these dramatic compositions he had written, for a fee of 500 guineas, the poem of "Eleonora," in memory of the Countess of Abingdon; compiled a life of Polybius, and translated Persius, and five of the Satires (1st, 3rd, 6th, 15th, and 16th) of Juvenal. In his beautiful "Ode on Mrs. Anne Killigrew" (1686) he had publicly and solemnly repented of his terrible sins against virtue and decency in his plays, exclaiming:—

"O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
When harmony was first ordained above,
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!
Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubric and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),
To increase the steaming odours of the stage?"

But we must doubt the sincerity or permanency of this repentance when we find—apart from the fact that no improvement of tone is observable in his latest dramas—that, in translating from the classic poets, he almost invariably selected the most obnoxious passages, and intensified, rather than subdued, their warm and impure colouring. It would seem that, like Rabelais, his intellect found a singular pleasure in filth, and revelled in the odours of the sewer. This licentious depravity we find it impossible to excuse, though some of his biographers have attempted to palliate it.

Of Dryden as a translator it is enough to say that he possessed every qualification for success except scholarship, and the excellences of his "Virgil" are so numerous and so incontestable that it still enjoys a greater popularity than recent versions of greater accuracy and more scholarly finish. Begun in the spring of 1694, it was published in July, 1697, and brought its author a total remuneration of about £1,200 or £1,300. "It satisfied his friends," says Johnson, epigrammatically, "and for the most part silenced his enemies"—though, perhaps, we might say of it that it is not so much the Æneid that Virgil wrote as the Æneid that Virgil would have written had he been Dryden. In the year of its publication he

composed his immortal "Alexander's Feast," first set to music by Jeremiah Clarke, and afterwards by Handel. From an anecdote related by Bolingbroke, this splendid lyric is sometimes spoken of as the work of a single night; but Dryden, in a letter to his sons, expressly intimates that he had been for some time engaged in its composition. That it breathes the spirit of the higher poetry—like the grand lyrics of Shelley, Keats, or Wordsworth—no competent critic will pretend; but taking it for what it is—a magnificent piece of versification, rich in colouring, and abounding in material effects—we may pronounce it unequalled. That force and fluency and movement of versification by which Dryden is so peculiarly distinguished, we observe also in his "Fables," written in fulfilment of an agreement with Jacob Tonson, by which he was to receive 250 guineas for ten thousand verses. The Fables are modernised versions, executed with wonderful skill and freedom, of Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale," "The Nun's Priest's Tale," "The Wife of Bath's Tale," "The Flower and the Leaf," and "The Character of a Good Parson" (adapted to Bishop Ken); also, versions from Boccaccio of "Sigismunda and Guiscardo," "Theodore and Honoria," and "Cymon and Iphigenia," besides translations from Ovid, and the first-book of "The Iliad." The preface is full of sound criticism and interesting matter.

"The Fables," which appeared in March, 1700, were Dryden's last important production. "The Secular Masque," which contains a beautiful and spirited delineation of the reigns of James I., Charles I., and Charles II., in which the influences of Diana, Mars, and Venus are supposed to have respectively predominated, added to

Vanbrugh's adaptation of Fletcher's "The Pilgrim," to which he also contributed a prologue and an epilogue—the former dealing, severely, with Sir Richard Blackmore, and the latter with Jeremy Collier—closes the poet's long literary career. A lameness, with which he had been afflicted in the early part of the year, resulted in erysipelas, and this terminated in a gangrene in one of his toes. His surgeon suggested amputation of the limb, to prevent mortification, but Dryden refused to risk a dubious and painful operation, observing that in the ordinary course of nature he had not long to live. He bore his sufferings with fortitude, and faced death with composure. "When nature could be no longer supported he received the notice of his approaching dissolution with sweet submission and entire resignation to the Divine Will, and he took so tender and obliging a farewell of his friends as none but he himself could have expressed." He passed away very quietly at three o'clock on Wednesday evening, May 1st, 1700. Twelve days later his remains were interred with much public ceremony in Westminster Abbey, in a grave between the last resting-places of Chaucer and Cowley.

For a detailed criticism of his works, and fuller particulars of his life, the reader is referred to Bell, Mitford, Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and especially to his latest editor, Mr. George Saintsbury. A fine and appreciative estimate of his poetical achievement will be found in Lowell's delightful volume of essays, entitled, "My Study Windows." Within the limits imposed, partly by the circumstances of the time and the social influences which surrounded him, and partly by his own tastes and temper, he was unquestionably a great poet; but as those limits excluded all the topics and questions which arise

out of the study and love of nature, the contemplation of the unseen, and the consideration of the wants and aspirations of humanity—in a word, all those topics and questions which most nearly affect us in our relation to the Divine Fatherhood and our fellow men—he can never be classed with the greater masters of English song, with Milton or Wordsworth, with Shelley, Browning, or Tennyson. Professor Ward remarks that it is futile to seek in Dryden for poetic qualities which he neither possessed nor affected. Wordsworth observed that in the whole body of his works there is not a single image from nature, and we may add that the landscapes he occasionally draws are coldly artificial—without a breath of life. A more signal defect is his want of sympathy. We miss in him the true lyrical cry, and to sublimity he seldom aspires and never attains. "If it be too much to say that the magnificent instrument through which his genius discourses its music lacks the *vox humana* of poetry speaking to the heart, the still rarer presence of the *vox angelica* is certainly wanting to it." But as a poetical rhetorician, as a master of versification, as an adept in the use of poetic forms, he has hardly ever been equalled. The sound of silver trumpets breathes through his strenuous couplets, and his verse rolls on, stately and irresistible, like the march of an army to battle.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

P. 150. THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

As the pattern and type of a long line of dramas, exceptional in form and anomalous in character, which we have agreed—for want of an apter term—to call English Operas, "The Siege of Rhodes" merits detailed comment. It was also the first drama in which stage scenery and accessories were introduced on an elaborate and extensive scale. It was the first in which the heroic or rhymed couplets of the French tragedy were adopted. For these reasons, it marks an epoch in our dramatic history.

From Davenant's preface to the first part, published in 1656, we incidentally learn the dimensions of the stage to which he was compelled to confine his scenic effects. He speaks of it as about "eleven feet in height and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserved for the Music." "This," he adds, "is so narrow an allowance for the fleet of Solyman the Magnificent, his army, the Island of Rhodes, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City, that I fear you will think we invite you to such a contracted trifle as that of the Cæsars

carved upon a nut." A much more spacious stage was available in the Duke's Theatre, of which he took the direction after the Restoration.

"The Siege of Rhodes" is divided into five "entries" or set scenes,—"tableaux" we suppose they would now be called. The scene for the First Entry shows "a maritime coast, full of craggy rocks and high cliffs, with several verdures naturally growing upon such high situations; and, afar off, the true prospect of the city Rhodes, when it was in prosperous estate: with so much view of the gardens and hills about it, as the narrowness of the room could allow the scene. In that part of the horizon, terminated by the sea, was represented the Turkish fleet making towards a promontory, some few miles distant from the town."

The Entry is prefaced by Instrumental Music.

Enter Admiral and Villerius; from whom we learn that the Turkish fleet is on its way to attack Rhodes and its garrison of Christian knights. Then come in Alphonso, Duke of Sicily,—wedded to Ianthe only a month ago,—and the High Marshal of Rhodes, who advises him to return to Sicily before the siege begins. He refuses:—

> "My sword against proud Solyman I draw,
> His cursèd prophet and his sensual law"—

a declaration repeated by the Chorus as all depart from the stage. Ianthe enters next, with her two women, Melosile and Madina, bearing caskets of jewels. She is in Sicily, but will hasten to her husband in threatened Rhodes, and convert her jewels into arms and gunpowder. With a soldier's chorus the First Entry closes, and the scene changes to the city of Rhodes, beleaguered by sea and land.

After the usual prelude of instruments, Villerius and the Admiral discourse, and the audience gather that the siege has lasted for three months, during which Duke Alphonso's brilliant courage has inspired the soldiers and citizens, but that Christendom, rent by dissension, will not come to sustain the Cross against the Crescent. Duke Alphonso enters, and in lyric measure celebrates the brave deeds of the different knights. In a strain of despair, he adds, however —

"If Death be rest, here let us die,
Where weariness is all
We daily get by Victory,
Who must by Famine fall.
Great Solyman is landed now;
All Fate he seems to be;
And brings those tempests in his brow
Which he deserved at sea."

Animated with heroic courage, the chivalry of Rhodes depart on their several duties; and Solyman the Magnificent comes upon the stage, accompanied by Pirrus, his Vizier Bassa (Pasha), whom he reproaches for having been so long withstood by a single city. He orders an immediate assault, and Pirrus having quitted him, breaks forth into a lyrical eulogium of the Christian skill in war, while condemning the Christian proneness to love and wine. Enter Mustapha, a Pasha, with Ianthe, veiled, who has been captured by a Turkish squadron on her voyage to Rhodes:—

"*Soly.*—What is it thou wouldst show, and yet dost shroud?
Mus.—I bring the Morning pictured in a Cloud . . .
This is Ianthe, the Sicilian flower,
Sweeter than buds unfolded in a shower,
Bride to Alphonso, who in Rhodes so long
Safe with her lord when both are free
And on their course to Sicily,
Then Rhodes shall for that valour mourn
Which stops the haste of our return."

Having summoned a multitude of masons from Greece, Solyman commands that, within a month, a palace shall be erected for him on Mount Philermus, so as to overlook the Rhodians, and there he resolves that his patience shall wear them out if his anger cannot subdue them.

The scene changes to the beleaguered city. Enter Villerius, Admiral, Alphonso, and Ianthe. Villerius and the Admiral extol the conjugal devotion of Ianthe, which has been of greater profit to Rhodes than all the princes of Christendom; and the Admiral gallantly assures her that they will thenceforth have a twofold object, to save her as well as the city. Alphonso, when left alone with his wife, expresses his fears that her presence will, for her dear sake, make a coward of him. Ianthe replies in the true heroic spirit, and then recounts the generous deeds of Solyman:—

"*Ianthe.*—These are the smallest gifts his bounty know.
Alph.—What could he give you more?
Ianthe.—He gave me *you*;
And you may homeward now securely go
Through all his fleet.
Alph.—But honour says not so.
Ianthe.—If that forbid it, you shall never see
That I and that will disagree;
Honour will speak the same to me.
Alph.—This Christian Turk amazes me, my dear."

—a line in which Davenant has surely sounded the depths of pathos!

Ianthe now departs, and Alphonso confides to the audience the divided thoughts which so sorely trouble him. Now—

"The theme has been of each heroic song;
And she for his relief those galleys fraught;
Both stowed with what her dower and jewels bought."

She refuses to unveil; Mustapha having sworn by the

Prophet that he would carry her, veiled, to her husband at Rhodes, and that only her husband should lift the veil. Otherwise she would have sought death. Solyman bestows warm praise on the generosity of his Pasha, and orders that Ianthe, and her two galleys laden with provisions for the hungering people of Rhodes, shall be conveyed into the harbour with full martial honours. He adds that she and her husband, whenever they wish to leave the doomed city, shall have free passage back to Sicily.

The "further part" of the scene now opens, and displays a royal pavilion, within which is erected Solyman's imperial throne: round about are shown the quarters of his Bassas and inferior officers. The entry is again prefaced by instrumental music. The Third Entry. Enter Solyman, Pirrus, Mustapha.

"*Pirrus.*—When to all Rhodes our army does appear,
Shall we then make a sudden halt,
And give a general assault?
Soly.—Pirrus, not yet, Ianthe being there:
Let them our valour by our mercy prize.
The respite of this day
To virtuous love shall pay
A debt long due for all my victories.
Must.—If virtuous beauty can attain such grace
Whilst she a captive was, and bid,
What wisdom can his love forbid
When Virtue's free and Beauty shows her face?
Soly.—Despatch a trumpet to the town;
Summon Ianthe to be gone."

Enter Solyman's wife, Roxolana, attended by Pirrus, and Bustan, another Pasha. Having heard of Ianthe, she has been seized with a fever of jealousy, and has hastened to Rhodes, to bring him "as a present" before she dies "the heart which he has forsaken." The scene closes with a chorus of men and women who, in musical strains,

uphold to all husbands and wives the splendid example of Alphonso and Ianthe.

A flourish of instrumental music, and the Fourth Entry begins.

"The scene is varied to the prospect of Mount Philermus: Artificers appearing at work about that castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by Solyman. His great army discovered in the plain below, drawn up in *battalia;* as if it were prepared for a general assault."

Enter Solyman, Pirrus, and Mustapha. The Turkish Sultan is greatly surprised that Alphonso and Ianthe have not availed themselves of his promised safe-conduct; but so great is his admiration for the matchless pair that he resolves they shall not be self-sacrificed:—

> "Go, Mustapha, and strictest orders give
> Through all the camp, that in assault they spare,
> And in the sack of this presumptuous town,
> The lives of these two strangers with a care
> Above the preservation of their own.
> Alphonso has so oft his courage shown
> That he to all but cowards must be known.
> Ianthe is so fair, that none can be
> Mistaken, among thousands, which is she."

The scene returns to Rhodes. Enter Alphonso and Ianthe, the latter of whom acknowledges that they erred through excess of pride in not accepting the Sultan's generous promise; for why should honour scorn to take what honour's self does offer? Alphonso, in the exaggeration of chivalry, replies:—

> "To be o'ercome by his victorious sword
> Will comfort to our fall afford:
> Our strength may yield to his; but 'tis not fit
> Our virtue should to his submit;
> In that, Ianthe, I must be
> Advanced, and greater far than he.

Ianthe.—He is a foe to Rhodes and not to you.
Alph.—In Rhodes besieged we must be Rhodians too.
Ianthe.—'Twas fortune that engaged you in this war.
Alph.—'Twas Providence. Heaven's prisoners here we are.
Ianthe.—That Providence our freedom does restore;
The hand that shut now opens us the door.
Alph.—Had Heaven that passport for our freedom sent,
It would have chosen some better instrument
Than faithless Solyman.
Ianthe.—O say not so!
To strike and wound the virtue of your foe
Is cruelty which war does not allow:
Sure he has better words deserved from you.
Alph.—From me, Ianthe, no;
What he deserves from you, you best must know."

It must be owned that Ianthe in this dialogue appears in a much more amiable light than does her husband, whose jealousy of Solyman begins to reveal itself. Ianthe, distressed and shocked by such a manifestation, resolves to seek her death in the morrow's battle. From a subsequent dialogue between Villerius and the Admiral, we learn that the siege progresses apace, that the Turks have laid down mines which the Rhodians have sought to countermine; but that the courage and fine mind of Duke Alphonso are disordered by his causeless jealousy. In this scene the jealousy of Roxolana is dealt with. The Sultan has refused to see her before he delivers the final assault, and this refusal she attributes to his love for the beautiful Sicilian. The Entry closes with a representation of the fury of the fight, which rages with special vehemence about the English station.

The Fifth Entry opens with the clash of arms and the clang of battle. In spite of the presence of their Sultan, the Turks give way. In a while they rally, and then the Rhodians in their turn fall back; but the English volunteers refuse to budge an inch:—

"*Musta.*—Those desperate English ne'er will fly!
Their presence still doth hinder others' flight,
As if their mistresses were by
To see and praise them while they fight.
Soly.—That flame of valour in Alphonso's eyes
Outshines the light of all my victories."

The English, at length, seem to retire; and Solyman impels the advance, in his haste to conquer the heroic husband and wife whom his generosity desires to save. Afterwards comes a scene between Alphonso and the Admiral. The latter summons him to assist his receding force, but at the same time informs him that his Ianthe lies wounded in the English quarter. Now stands Alphonso—"this way and that dividing his swift mind," as Tennyson puts it. Rhodes or Ianthe? Honour on the one side; Love on the other. Love prevails, and Alphonso proceeds to his Ianthe. Then enter Pirrus, whose troops have been repulsed, with the loss of seven crescents. Enter Mustapha, and a good many martial speeches are ground out. Enter Solyman, who reproaches his army for their want of courage, and announces that if he cannot take Rhodes by the sword, he will reduce it by famine. The scene changes to the besieged town. "Enter Villerius, Admiral, Ianthe. She in a night-gown; and a chair is brought in." Her companions inform the wounded heroine that her life is in no danger; and that the assault of the Turks has been defeated, chiefly by the splendid courage of Alphonso, who, like herself, is slightly wounded. He enters, led in by two mutes. Husband and wife exchange affectionately penitential speeches; he, for having sunk so low as to doubt her faith; she, for having taken umbrage at his jealousy.

"*Alph.*—Accursed crime! O let it have no name
Till I recover blood to show my shame.

Ianth.—Why stay we at such distance when we treat?
As monarch's children making love
By proxy to each other move,
And by advice of tedious councils meet.
Alph.—Keep back, Ianthe, for my strength does fail
When on thy cheek I see thy roses pale.
Draw all the curtains, and then lead her in;
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin."

He is led out by the two mutes, while Ianthe is carried away in a sedan-chair! Enter Solyman and Roxolana, the latter attended by her women. Solyman reproaches her with her jealousy, which, he says, her women have inspired and cherished. And he concludes thus:—

"Thy war with Rhodes will never have success
Till I, at home, Roxana, make my peace.
I will be kind if you'll grow wise;
Go chide your whisperers and your spies.
Be satisfied with liberty to think;
And when you should not see me, learn to wink".

The play ends with a grand chorus of soldiers rejoicing in the discomfiture of the Turks:—

"You began the assault
With a very long halt;
And as halting ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.
To himself as a dainty
He keeps his Ianthe,
Whilst we drink good wine, and ye drink but coffee!"

APPENDIX B.

P. 230. "THE MAN OF MODE."

Of "The Man of Mode," a brief analysis may be interesting. Dorimont, the Man of Mode, belongs in many respects to the same category of fashionable and fascinating gallants as Dryden's comedy-heroes, while the other principal male character, Sir Fopling Flutter, is his counterfoil; a fool and a fribble, who imports his affectations from France. In the first scene of the first Act we find him conversing with an orange-girl, who informs him that a handsome gentlewoman and her mother, lately come to town, have, in their ignorance, taken lodgings at her house. They are recognized by his friend Medley, who next enters, as Lady Woodvil and her wayward, rich, and lovely daughter Harriet. Lady Woodvil's business in London, of which she has a great horror, is to conclude a marriage between Harriet and a certain young gentleman, named Bellair, whose affections, however, have already been engaged to Emilia, a ward of her Aunt Townley. In the conversation which ensues between Dorimont, Medley, and Bellair, much cheap wit is employed in ridicule of marriage; but Bellair remains constant to his loyal in-

tentions. He is called away, and his friends discuss him. "He's handsome," says Dorimont, "well-bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit." "Ever well dressed," rejoins Medley, "always complaisant, and seldom impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I see." "It is our mutual interest to be so: it makes the women think better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation: it makes *him* pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and I upon others for a very civil person."

Thus we see that, in the society of the Restoration, it was accepted as a law of nature that wit and morality could not go together; that a rake must necessarily be a man of parts, and a clean-living man a fool.

Emilia, the lady-love of Bellair, is worthy of him in her virtue and discretion. Dorimont has vainly endeavoured to subdue her, but still hopes for success when she is married. Meanwhile, Dorimont is engaged to Belinda, whom he has met, masked, at the play, on condition that, in her presence, he insults *her* friend and *his* mistress, Mrs. Lovitt, as a proof of his love. To carry out this gentlemanly design, he has written a note to Mrs. Lovitt, appointing to call upon her in the afternoon; and while, preparatory to his visit, Belinda agrees to excite Mrs. Lovitt's jealousy, and thus afford him an excuse for his insults, and he undertakes to represent himself as resentful of her attentions to Sir Fopling Flutter, though he very well knows that she hates him.

Act II. We now find the elder Bellair in town, with the intention of marrying his son to the fair and wealthy Harriet Woodvil. By a strange *contretemps*, he has taken lodgings in the same house with Emilia, his son's lady-

love, of whom he himself becomes enamoured. The elder Bellair is a country squire of fifty-five, and his suit to Emilia he presses in rustic fashion, applying rough names to her affectionately, and swearing, "a-dod," that she is a beauty and a rogue. So the plot thickens between the two Bellairs and Emilia, and an amusing game of cross-purposes is played. Meantime, Belinda, in pursuance of her compact, calls on Mrs. Lovitt, and stirs up her jealous wrath; Dorimont enters, and a coarse scene follows, in which this "man of mode" wins the hand of Belinda by his vulgar insolence to his discarded mistress.

Act III. From a conversation between Harriet and her woman, Bury, we learn that the former is by no means the pattern gentlewoman her aunt imagines; and that she has come to London from no desire to marry Bellair, but from a wish to indulge in its dissipations. She confesses to have seen the fascinating Dorimont, and to have been absolutely charmed by him. Young Bellair enters; and after some sparring they agree that they will not marry one another, but for the present will amuse their parents with a pretended engagement. The scene changes to a crush at Lady Townley's, where Sir Fopling Flutter appears, and Dorimont and Medley befool him to the great entertainment of the men and women of fashion present. Next we pass to the fashionable promenade of the Mall, where the gallants muster in great force; Dorimont attends sedulously upon Harriet, while Mrs. Lovitt and Sir Fopling Flutter indulge in a mild flirtation. In the evening there is to be a dance at Lady Townley's, at which Dorimont will be present under the name of Mr. Courtage —in order not to alarm Lady Woodvil—and intends to prosecute his suit to the wild, witty, lovesome, and beautiful Harriet.

Act IV. Country dance at Lady Townley's. The pretended Mr. Courtage produces a favourable impression on Lady Woodvil, while old Bellair dances attendance upon Emilia. Sir Fopling and masquers enter; and the scene is one of wild dissipation, which does not close until dawn of day. Old Bellair retires to his wine, and Dorimont steals away to keep an appointment with Belinda, who, with delightful modesty, has promised to visit him in his lodgings at five in the morning. We are introduced to his lodgings just as Belinda is leaving, having obtained Dorimont's promise that he will give up Mrs. Lovitt. Sir Fopling and a party of roysterers suddenly break in upon them; and with difficulty Belinda escapes by a back-stair into a sedan-chair, which, as she, in her confusion, forgets to give any instructions, is set down at the accustomed spot, near Mrs. Lovitt's door in the Mall. As Belinda is seen by Mrs. Lovitt's maid, she must needs pretend that she has come to pay her a visit, and accounts for the early hour by saying that some Welsh cousins had pressed her to accompany them to buy flowers and fruit at Covent Garden. She has bribed the chairmen to say that they took her up in the Strand, near the well-known Market, which even then, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, had acquired a reputation.

Act V. Belinda's quick invention is accepted by her friend; but Dorimont suddenly makes his appearance, and, much agitated, she retires into another room. His object is to recover his influence over Mrs. Lovitt, so that she may compensate him for her studied neglect of him in the Mall by publicly insulting Sir Fopling before his friends. Belinda breaks in upon them, and hurls reproaches at Dorimont, of which Mrs. Lovitt partially

guesses the meaning. We pass on to Lady Townley's house, and discover that Smirk, a domestic chaplain, has, with her Ladyship's sanction, married Emilia to Bellair the younger. When old Bellair and others enter, he is hurriedly concealed in a cupboard. Old Bellair has everything prepared for his marriage to Emilia, and Dorimont has contrived to bind his lofty self to nuptials with the witty and lovesome Harriet. But when Smirk, the chaplain, is released from his cupboard to perform the ceremony for the elder Bellair and Emilia, he refuses, on the ground that he has already married the young lady once that morning. The *dénouement* provokes much laughter; old Bellair comes in for a good deal of ridicule; and the young couple are duly forgiven.

As a picture of "high life," *sub Carolo Secundo rege*, "The Man of Mode" is not without its value; but the coarseness of its tone and the corruption of its atmosphere point to the unhealthy condition of Society which then obtained. Love is burlesqued and degraded; marriage laughed at; woman's virtue and man's honour are represented as the dreams of fastidious minds; and the dramatist seems wholly unable to perceive that the hero on whom he has lavished so much pains, whom he so triumphantly puts forward as the mirror of fashion and the ideal of a gentleman, is nothing after all but a libertine and a snob. If a man is to be judged by the company he seeks, we ought to judge a playwright by the heroes he invents.

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER III.

P. 143. Arrowsmith's comedy, "The Reformation," was published in 1673. It was originally produced at the Duke's Theatre. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, says: "The Reformation in the play being the reverse to the laws of morality and virtue, it quickly made its *exit* to make way for a moral one," *i.e.*, Davenant's alteration of "Macbeth." It seems to have been partly directed against Dryden.

P. 144. Sir Richard Steele's criticism of Banks's tragedy, "The Unhappy Favourite," is as follows: "There is in it not one good line, and yet it is a play which was never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience: a remarkable instance that the soul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama are laid together so happily that the spectator makes the play for himself, by the force which the circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry discourses, and expressions almost ridiculous with respect to propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it untouched with pity. I must confess this

effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in nature to be moved by her first suggestions."

P. 144. Baker ascribes three tragedies to the surgeon, John Bancroft: "Sertorius," 1679; "Henry II.," 1693; and "Edward III.," 1691.

P. 145. Alexander Brome's "Cunning Lovers" is founded on "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," Davenant's "Unfortunate Lovers," and a novel called "The Fortunate Deceived."

P. 147. Lord Orrery's plays, in chronological order, are: "Mustapha" (tragedy), 1668; "Henry V." (tragedy), 1672; "The Black Prince" (tragedy), 1669; "Tryphon" (tragedy), 1669; "Mr. Anthony" (comedy), 1690; "Guzman" (comedy), 1693; "Herod" (tragedy), 1691; "Altemira" (tragedy), 1702.

P. 148. Of John Corye, or Corey, nothing is known but that he lived in Charles II.'s reign, and produced one comedy, which is a plagiarism from various authors—Quinault, Corneille, Randolph, and Beaumont and Fletcher. It was published in 1672, under the title of "The Generous Enemies; or, The Ridiculous Lovers."

P. 149. We subjoin a complete list of Crowne's dramatic compositions:—

"Juliana" (tragi-comedy), 1671; "Charles VIII. of France," 1672; "The Country Wit" (comedy), 1675; "Andromache," 1675; "Calisto" (a masque), 1675; "City Politiques" (comedy), 1675; "The Destruction of Jerusalem" (a tragedy, in two parts), 1677; "The Ambitious Statesman" (tragedy), 1679; "The Misery of Civil War" (tragedy), 1680; "Henry VI." (tragedy, in

two parts), 1685; "Thyestes" (tragedy), 1681; "Sir Courtly Nice" (comedy), 1685; "Darius" (tragedy), 1688; "The English Friar" (comedy), 1690; "Regulus" (tragedy), 1694; "The Married Beau" (comedy), 1694; "Caligula" (tragedy), 1698; and "Justice Busy" (comedy), not printed. In reference to "Sir Courtly Nice," Crowne's best play, John Dennis, the critic, says: "All that is of English growth in it is admirable; for though we find in it neither the fine designs of Ben Jonson, nor the general and masculine wit of Wycherley, nor that grace, that delicacy, nor that courtly air which make the charms of Etherege; yet is the dialogue so lively and so spirited, and so attractively diversified and adapted to the several characters; four of those characters, are so entirely new, yet so general and so important, are drawn so truly and so graphically, and opposed to each other; Surly to Sir Courtly, and Hothead to Testimony, with such a strong and entire opposition; those extremes of behaviour, the one of which is the grievance, and the other the plague of society and conversation; excessive ceremony on one side, and on the other rudeness and brutality, are so finely exposed in Surly and Sir Courtly; and those divisions and animosities in the two great parties of England, which have so long disturbed the public quiet and undermined the public interest, are so happily represented and ridiculed in Testimony and Hothead, that though I have more than twenty times read over this charming comedy, yet I have always read it not only with delight but rapture; and it is my opinion, that the greatest comic poet that ever lived in any age might have been proud to be the author of it."

P. 150. To the list of Sir William Davenant's plays

here given must be added: "Britannia Triumphans" (a masque), 1637; "Salmacida Spolia" (a masque), 1639; "Love and Honour," 1649; "Entertainment at Rutland House," 1656; "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," 1658; "History of Sir Francis Drake," 1659; "The Fair Favourite," 1673; "Law against Lovers," 1673; "News from Plymouth," 1673; "Play-house to be Let," 1673; "The Siege," 1673; "The Distresses," 1673; and alteration of "Macbeth," for which Matthew Locke wrote his celebrated "Music." With respect to "Love and Honour," a tragi-comedy, of which the scene lies in Savoy, Downes tells us that it was produced with much splendour of costume; the King giving Betterton his coronation suit, in which he acted the part of Prince Alvaro; the Duke of York giving his to Mr. Harris, in which he played Count Prospero; and Lord Oxford gave his to Mr. Pain, who performed Lionel. It was originally called "The Courage of Love," and was afterwards named by Sir Henry Herbert, at Davenant's request, "The Nonpareilles; or, The Matchless Maids." "The Man's the Master" (borrowed from Scarron's *Jodelet* and *L'Heritier Ridicule*) was the last play written by Davenant, being finished not long before his death.

P. 161. Dryden's tragi-comedy of "Secret Love" is founded, according to Baker, on a novel called "The History of Cleobuline, Queen of Corinth," pt. vii., book 7, under whose character that of the celebrated Christina, of Sweden has been confidently affirmed to be represented. The characters of Celadon, Florimel, Olinda, and Sabina are borrowed from the history of Pisistrata and Corintha, in *The Grand Cyrus*, pt. ix., ver. 3; and that of the French Marquis from *Ibrahim*, pt. ii., ver. 1. Dryden has also

made some use of Shirley's "Changes; or, Love in a Maze."

P. 193. "The Spanish Friar" was severely criticised on its first appearance both by Dryden's personal enemies and the partisans of the Duke of York. The former declared it was mainly stolen from other authors; the latter affirmed that it attacked the Roman religion. In respect to the latter charge, Charles II. said that knaves in every profession should be alike subject to ridicule; and as to the former, he exclaimed, "God's fish! steal me such another play any of you, and I'll frequent it as much as I do the 'Spanish Friar.'"

P. 200. Dryden's "Albion and Albanius." Downes records that this play happening to be performed at an unlucky time—the very day on which the Duke of Monmouth landed in the West—it ran but six nights.

P. 201. "Don Sebastian." See Addison's criticism on this play in *The Guardian*, No. cx.

P. 224. The complete list of D'Urfey's dramatic compositions is as follows:—"Siege of Memphis" (t.), 1676; "Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters" (c.), 1676; "Madame Fickle" (c.), 1677; "Fool turned Critic" (c.), 1678; "Trick for Trick" (c.), 1678; "Squire Old Sapp" (c.), 1679; "Virtuous Wife" (c.), 1680; "Sir Barnaby Whigg" (c.), 1681; "Royalist" (c.), 1682; "Injured Princess" (t.-c.), 1682; "Commonwealth of Women," 1686; "Banditti," 1686; "Fool's Preferment; or, Three Dukes of Dunstable" (c.), 1688; "Bussy D'Ambois" (t.), 1691; "Love for Money" (c.), 1691; "Marriage-Hater Matched" (c.), 1692; "The Richmond Heiress; or, A Woman Once in the Right" (c.), 1693; "Don Quixote" (in three parts), 1694-6; "Cynthia and Endymion" (op.),

1697; "Intrigues at Versailles" (c.), 1697; "Campaigners" (c.), 1698; "Masaniello" (play, in two parts), 1699-1709; "Bath" (c.), 1701; "Wonders in the Sun" (comic opera), 1706; "Modern Prophets" (c.), 1709; "Old Mode and the New" (c.), 1709; "The Two Queens of Brentford;" "Grecian Heroine" (t.), 1721; and "Ariadne" (opera), 1721.

P. 235. The Hon. Edward Howard's plays are: "Usurper" (t.), 1668; "Six Days' Adventure" (c.), 1671; "The Women's Conquest" (tragi-com.), 1671; "Man of Newmarket" (c), 1678; "The Change of Crowns;" "The London Gentleman;" and "The United Kingdoms." The last three were not printed.

P. 236. The Hon. James Howard produced a perversion of "Romeo and Juliet," in which both the hero and the heroine were preserved alive; it was never printed. Besides the comedy of "The English Musician," he wrote, in 1672, "All Mistaken."

P. 236. Thomas Killigrew's plays are: "Prisoners" (t.-c.); "Claricilla" (t.-c.); "Princess; or, Love at First Sight" (t.-c.); "Parson's Wedding" (c.); "Pilgrim" (t.); "Cicilia and Clorinda; or, Love in Arms" (t.-c., in two parts); "Thomaso" (c., in two parts); "Bellamira, her Dream; or, The Love of Shadows" (in two parts). In "The Parson's Wedding," the device employed by Careless and Wild to beguile Lady Wild and Mrs. Pleasance into marriage seems borrowed from Marmion Shakerley's "Antiquary" and Lodowick Barry's "Ram Alley."

P. 236. Sir William Killigrew was the author of "Pandora; or, The Converts," 1664, originally a tragedy, but altered into a comedy to please the public taste;

"Ormasdes; or, Love and Friendship" (t.-c.), 1665; "Selindra," 1665; "The Siege of Urbin," 1666; and "The Imperial Tragedy," 1669.

P. 243. The prologue to Lacy's "Sir Hercules Buffoon" was written by Tom D'Urfey, who refers to its posthumous character:—

> "Know that famed Lacy, ornament o' th' stage,
> That standard of true comedy in our age,
> Wrote this new play—
> And if it takes not, all that we can say on't
> Is, we've his *fiddle*, not his *hands*, to play on't."

P. 258. Nevil Payne was the reputed author of three plays: "The Fatal Jealousy" (t.), 1673; "The Morning Ramble" (c.), 1673; and "The Siege of Constantinople; (t.), 1675. "The Fatal Jealousy" is borrowed from "The Unfortunate Lovers" in Beard's "Theatre."

P. 259. "Tom Essence; or, The Modish Wife," by Thomas Rawlins, is founded on two French comedies, the "Cocu Imaginaire" of Molière and the "Don César d'Alvaros" of Corneille. Rawlins died in 1673. The pieces which pass under his name, in addition to "Tom Essence," are "Rebellion" (a tragedy), 1640; and "Tunbridge Wells" (a comedy), 1678. In the preface to his tragedy he says: "Take no notice of my name, for a second work of this nature shall hardly bear it, I have no desire to be known by a *threadbare* coat, having a calling that will maintain it *woolly*."

P. 259. In this chapter we have accidentally omitted the name of Edward Ravenscroft, who lived in the reign of Charles II. and his two successors, and deserves mention as one of the very worst of the Restoration dramatists. His compositions, or rather, compilations, are twelve in number: "Careless Lovers" (c.), 1673;

"Mamamouchi" (c.), 1675; "Scaramouch, a Philosopher" (c.), 1677; "Wrangling Lovers" (c.), 1677; "King Edgar and Alfreda" (t.-c.), 1677; "English Lawyer" (c.), 1678; "London Cuckolds" (c.), 1682; "Dame Dobson" (c.), 1684; "Titus Andronicus" (t.), 1687; "Canterbury Guests" (c.), 1695; "Anatomist" (c.), 1697; and "Italian Husband" (t.), 1698. "Mamamouchi; or, The Citizen turned Gentleman," is borrowed wholesale, without acknowledgment, from Molière's "Monsieur Pourceaugnac" and "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." In like manner, as Langbaine points out, "Scaramouch, a Philosopher" is taken from Molière. In "The Wrangling Lovers; or, The Invisible Mistress," Molière has again been laid under contribution.

P. 259. Of Revet's comedy of "The Town Shifts; or, Suburb Justice," acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1671, Langbaine speaks as an instructive and moral piece, and bestows much praise on one of the characters, Lovewell, who, though reduced to poverty, not only maintains in his own actions the principles of "innate honesty and integrity," but even labours to recommend them to his two comrades, Friendly and Faithful. According to the preface, this play was begun and finished in a fortnight. The world would have sustained no loss if it had never been begun, or never finished.

P. 260. According to Langbaine, Charles Saunders was a King's Scholar at Westminster School when he produced his tragedy of "Tamerlane the Great," which is warmly praised by Banks and other of his contemporaries.

P. 264. We subjoin a complete list of Elkanah Settle's dramatic compositions:—

"Cambyses, King of Persia" (t.), 1671; "The Empress of Morocco" (t.), 1673; "Love and Revenge" (t.), 1675; "The Conquest of China by the Tartars" (t.), 1676; "Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa" (t.), 1677; "Pastor Fido; or, The Faithful Shepherd" (pastoral), 1677; "Fatal Love; or, The Forced Inconstancy" (t.), 1680; "The Female Prelate: being the History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan" (t.), 1680; "The Heir of Morocco" (t.), 1682; "Distressed Innocence; or, The Princess of Persia" (t.), 1691; "New Athenian Comedy," 1693; "The Ambitious Slave; or, A Generous Revenge" (t.), 1694; "Philaster; or, Love Lies a Bleeding" (t. c.), 1695; "The World in the Moon" (opera), 1697; "The Virgin Prophetess; or, The Fate of Troy" (opera), 1701; "The Siege of Troy," 1707; "City Ramble; or, The Playhouse Wedding" (c.), 1711; and "The Lady's Triumph" (comic opera), 1718. "Philaster" was Beaumont and Fletcher's play, with the two last acts rewritten.

P. 272. By a misprint Shadwell's comedy of "The Scowerers" has been turned into "The Scriveners." From *Lady Gimcrack* in "The Virtuoso," Congreve has evidently borrowed his *Lady Plyant* in "The Double Dealer." "The Miser," 1672, is an adaptation from Molière's "L'Avare." "Psyche," 1675, is what we should now call a spectacular drama. Music, dancing, and scenery secured for it a great success. It is founded on "The Golden Ass," by Apuleins, and "Psyche" by Molière. "The Woman-Captain," acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1680, is full of lively incident. In his preface to "Bury Fair," the author says that his comedy was written "during eight months painful sickness;

wherein all the several days in which I was able to write any part of a scene, amounted not to one month, except some few which were employed in indispensable business." "The Amorous Bigot, with the second part of Teague O'Divelly," is very inferior to "The Lancashire Witches." In 1693 was published a posthumous comedy by Shadwell, "The Volunteers; or, The Stock-Jobbers."

P. 276. The dates of Southern's dramatic compositions are:—"The Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince" (t.), 1682; "The Disappointment" (c.), 1684; "Sir Antony Love; or, The Rambling Lady" (c.), 1691; "The Wives' Excuse; or, Cuckolds Make Themselves" (c.), 1692; "The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Anything rather than Fail" (c.), 1693; "The Fatal Marriage; or, The Innocent Adultery" (t.), 1694; "Oroonoko" (t.), 1696; "The Fate of Capua" (t.), 1700; "The Spartan Dame" (t.), 1719; and "Money the Mistress" (a play), 1726. The plot of "The Loyal Brother" is taken from an old fiction, called "Tachmas, Prince of Persia." That of "The Disappointment; or, The Mother in Fashion," partly from "The Curious Impertinent" in "Don Quixote." "Money the Mistress," when produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, proved a failure. Southern, who was then in his 67th year, was behind the scenes when, on the first night, the audience were hissing vigorously. Rich, the prompter, who was standing by his side, asked him if he heard what the audience were doing? "No, sir," replied Southern, "I am very deaf." "The Spartan Dame" was written in 1687, though not acted until 1719, when its success was so great that the author's profits amounted to £500. The subject is derived from Plutarch's "Life of Agis."

P. 279. The music to Sir Robert Stapylton's comedy of "The Stepmother" was composed by Matthew Lock. Two Masques are introduced, called "Apollo's" and "Diana's."

P. 280. We give a full list of Nahum Tate's dramatic compositions:—"Brutus of Alba" (t.), 1678; "The Loyal General" (t.), 1680; "Richard II.; or, The Sicilian Usurper," 1681; "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Coriolanus," 1682; "Cuckold's Haven; or, An Alderman no Conjurer" (f.), 1685; "A Duke and No Duke" (f.), 1685; "The Island Princess" (t.-c.), 1687; "Injured Love; or, The Cruel Husband (t.), 1707; "Dido and Æneas" (op.). None of these have any originality. The last-named is simply a bad abridgment of Webster's "White Devil."

P. 281. Sir Samuel Tuke was of Temple Cressy, in the county of Essex, and a Colonel of horse in the service of Charles I., "while the affairs of that monarch wore any appearance of success." He was created a baronet in March, 1664, and died at Somerset House on January 26th, 1673. His one dramatic effort was extraordinarily successful. Echard says of it:—"This is one of the pleasantest stories that ever appeared upon our stage, and has as much variety of plots and intrigues, without anything being precipitated, improper, or unnatural, as to the main action."

P. 296. A note or two on Mrs. Behn's plays may be acceptable. The two parts of "The Rover" are described as "both of them very entertaining; they contain much business, bustle, and intrigue, supported with an infinite deal of sprightliness." The plot is based upon Killigrew's "Don Thomaso." In reference to "The Forced Marriage"

we are told that Otway, the poet, having expressed an inclination to turn actor, Mrs. Behn gave him the king in this play as a probation part; "but, not having been used to the stage, the appearance of a full audience put him into such confusion as effectually spoiled him for an actor." The comedy of "The Amorous Prince; or, The Curious Husband" is chiefly bas ed on Cervantes' novel of "The Curious Impertinent," for which the old dramatists had a curious fancy. "The Dutch Lover" is from a Spanish source. "Abdelazar; or, The Moor's Rev enge," is an adaptation of Marlowe's "Lust's Dominion." "The Town Fop; or, Sir Timothy Tawdry" is largely borrowed from George Wilkins's comedy, "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage." The prologue and epilogue to "The Debauchee" (an adaptation of Richard Brome's "Mad Couple Well Matched") were written by the Earl of Rochester. Hints for "Sir Patient Fancy" have been borrowed from Molière's "Malade Imaginaire" and "M. Pourceaugnac." The dedication of "The Feigned Courtesans; or, A Night's Intrigue," to Nell Gwynn, contains the following extraordinary passage:—"I with shame look back on my past ignorance, which suffered me not to pay an adoration long since where there was so very much due; yet even now, though secure in my opinion, I make this sacrifice with infinite fear and trembling; well knowing that so excellent and *perfect* a creature as yourself differs only from the Divine Powers (!) in this: the offerings made to *you* ought to be worthy of you, whilst *they* accept the will alone." "The City Heiress; or, Sir Timothy Treatall" is largely plagiarised from Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," Massinger's "Guardian," and Middleton's "Inner Temple Masque."

The prologue was written by Otway. "The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause" is greatly indebted to Tatham's comedy of "The Rump." The tragi-comedy of "The Young King; or, The Mistake" owes its plot to the story of Alcamenes and Menalippe in Calprenède's romance of "Cleopâtre." In indelicacy "The Lucky Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain" probably surpasses all that Mrs. Behn ever wrote. The farce of "The Emperor of the Moon" is from the French piece, "Arlequin Empereur dans la Monde de la Lune." "The Widow Ranter; or, The History of Bacon in Virginia" is borrowed from the well-known story of Cassius who, in the belief his friend Brutus had been defeated, caused himself to be put to death by the hand of his freedman Dandorus.

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